CELEBRITIES AT HOME

924 W89 3

Columbia University
in the City of New York

LIBRARY

The
Nathaniel Currier Fund
for the
increase of the Library
Established 1908

M. A. Gottschalk.

Uniform with this Volume,

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

Second Series.

—o—

CONTENTS:

The Duke of Richmond and Gordon at Goodwood House.
Père Hyacinthe at Geneva.
Sir Henry Thompson in Wimpole Street.
The Pope at the Vatican.
Victor Hugo in the Rue de Clichy.
Mr. Toole at Orme Square.
Dr. Pusey at Christ Church.
Mr. Frederick Leighton, R.A., at Kensington.
Richard Wagner in Bayreuth.
Professor Tyndall in Albemarle Street.
Mr. Matthew Dawson at Heath House.
M. Jules Simon in the Place de la Madeleine.
Mr. George Augustus Sala in Gower Street.
Lord Houghton at Fryston Hall.
Mr. Santley at St. John's Wood.
M. Gambetta in the Chaussée d'Antin.
Father Ignatius at Llanthony.
Mr. Darwin at Down.
Prince Bismarck in the Wilhelmstrasse.
Cardinal Manning at Archbishop's House, Westminster.
Mr. J. J. Mechi at Tiptree Hall.
Mr. George Lewis at Ely Place.
Sir William Thomson, F.R.S., at Gilmorehill.
Professor Ruskin at Brantwood.
Mr. George Payne in Queen Street.
Kaiser Wilhelm at Babelsberg.
The Bishop of Manchester at Bishop's Court.
Sir Joseph Whitworth at Stancliffe.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

REPRINTED FROM 'THE WORLD.'

Third Series.

LONDON: OFFICE OF 'THE WORLD,'
1 YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1879.
[*All rights reserved.*]

924
W89
v. 3

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Marquis of Hartington at Hardwick Hall	3
The Astronomer Royal at Greenwich	15
Robert Peck at Russley	27
Mr. Archibald Forbes at Maida Vale	39
Mr. Sims Reeves at Beulah Hill	55
Moltke at the General Staff	69
Colonel Henderson at Scotland Yard.	79
Mr. Jowett at Balliol	95
Lord Chief Justice Cockburn in Hertford Street	109
M. Émile de Girardin in the Rue de La Pérouse	123
Mark Twain at Hartford	135
Mr. Wilkie Collins in Gloucester Place	145
Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt in the Avenue de Villiers	159
Mr. Frank Buckland in Albany Street	173
The Earl of Wilton at Egerton Lodge	185
Mr. John Arthur Roebuck at Ashley Place	201
M. de Lesseps in the Rue Richepanse	211
Sir Robert Peel at Drayton Manor	223

PAGE

LORD NAPIER AT THE CONVENT, GIBRALTAR . . 237

THE EARL OF CARNARVON AT HIGHCLERE . . 251

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT DUBLIN CASTLE . 263

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY IN PORTMAN SQUARE . . 273

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AT THE DURDANS . . 287

MR. W. HARRISON AINSWORTH AT LITTLE ROCKLEY . 297

LORD DERBY AT KNOWSLEY 309

MONSIGNOR CAPEL AT KENSINGTON 321

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN AT RIDEAU HALL . . 333

I.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT HARDWICK HALL.

THE MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON AT HARDWICK HALL.

It has been said that 'manners ofttimes makyth man;' yet the well-known 'Cavendish manners' are hardly of the kind to advance man in the world. Apparently cold and reticent to the extent of shyness, and absolutely brusque when intruded upon, the Cavendishes have shone in Court and council by virtue of other qualities than courtly bearing. Admitted that their ancestor, the true founder of his family, was the gentleman-usher of Wolsey and that imperious prelate's very humble servant, clever enough to take an important part in the destruction of the monasteries, while securing his share of the plunder, and pliant enough to retain the office of Treasurer of the Chamber to the King through three reigns, it will not be forgotten by the admirers of the mothers of great men that the broad lands, the hard cash, and, what is of almost as much value, the strong will and manly straightforwardness of the Cavendishes came mainly from their other great ancestress, Bess of Hardwick. No better motto than *Cavendo tutus* could have been devised for Sir William, who lived and flourished in

times when men's heads sat loosely on their shoulders. But there is more than cleverness in the Cavendishes. From castle-building Bess they have inherited many qualities of greatness: it would seem that the usher of Wolsey was a man of character too; for he has impressed his image distinctly upon his descendants, who are as like to him as Berkeley to Berkeley or Ashley to Ashley. The portrait of Sir William hanging in the great dining-room at Hardwick Hall is an exact picture of what the Marquis of Hartington must become if he increase in weight with years. The forehead is there already, and the eyes with their cold thoughtful expression; the jaw only requires flesh to develop into the Hapsburgian jowl of Sir William.

Since the first appearance of 'Disraeli the younger' and the introduction of the present Sir Robert Peel to political life, no greater excitement has been felt in the House of Commons than on the momentous day when 'Lord Granville's novice' was selected to move a vote of want of confidence in the Government, then for a short time in Conservative hands. Up to that period he had been chiefly known as one of a band of young lordlings who loved to hear the chimes at midnight. Perhaps the easy joyous life led by Lord Hartington in his early manhood was one of the results of the special education to which, together with Lord Frederick and Lord Edward Cavendish, he was subjected by his father; a system of training which, if it did not prove its own

excellence, at least demonstrated the soundness of the material that could undergo such an ordeal unscathed. Paternal schemes of education may be very good things in their way when tried on such exceedingly tough stuff as Cavendishes are made of, but if applied to youths less richly endowed with powers of resistance might prove disastrous. Few parents, it would be thought, were better qualified for the task of educating their sons than the present Duke of Devonshire, who was second Wrangler, senior Smith's prizeman, and first class in the Classical Tripos in 1829. Education, moreover, is a tradition in the Cavendish family, and is *un peu comme toutes les traditions*, albeit one very noteworthy tutor of theirs—to wit, the philosopher of Malmesbury—sleeps in the village church of Hault Hucknall, close by Harkwick Hall.

Unspoiled by private and special training, the Marquis of Hartington went to Trinity, and took his degree in 1854, being then just of age. Two years later commenced the training of 'the novice' for political life. He accompanied Lord Granville on his special mission to Russia, and on his return was elected as one of the members for North Lancashire. With great sagacity for so young a man, perhaps aided by that complete absence of vanity which is one of his most prominent characteristics, Lord Hartington refrained from all but small efforts in debate, and bided his time while acquiring knowledge of parliamentary business. At last the opportunity came.

In 1859 it was determined by the Liberal party to move a vote of want of confidence in the Derby-Disraeli Government, and Lord Granville brought forward his 'novice' to lead the attack. Unlike the maiden efforts of Lord Beaconsfield and Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hartington's speech was a decided success, and old hands declared at once that this young man would make his mark. Many young orators, flushed by the success of a speech which turned out a Ministry, would have gone on occupying the attention of Parliament; but Lord Hartington's absence of vanity again saved him from a dangerous pitfall. For four years very little was heard of him. Then came the Stansfeld-Mazzini affair, and the 'novice,' novice no longer, was formally inducted into official life as Civil Lord of the Admiralty, to be thence transferred, first to the Under-Secretaryship, and then to the Secretaryship for War. While occupying the latter position, he developed much of the rough-and-ready ability necessary to a working Minister. Then, as ever, plenty of questions were asked of the Minister of War. The memory of our Crimean blunders and disasters had hardly died away, and a feeling was growing in the country that the entire administration of the army required reform, if not reconstruction. Lord Hartington was equal to the occasion. Late in the day he would be seen striding down to the War Office with a string of queries, and would emerge in an hour or two loaded with facts and dates and arguments to bring his opponents to naught.

This fighting in the open, however, was not the most difficult part of his task. It must be recollected that Lord Hartington preceded Lord Cardwell, and that the Augean stable required defending and cleansing at the same time. In endeavouring to carry out some measures then deemed revolutionary, Lord Hartington encountered the opposition of the Duke of Cambridge, at that period unconverted to army reform, and it required all the tact and firmness of the young Minister to impress his views on the Commander-in-Chief. Only those who have intimate knowledge of the condition of the Horse Guards at the period referred to can do justice to the temper and discretion exhibited by the Minister for War. From this thorny situation he was rescued by the defeat of his party, and on their resumption of power, after two years' eclipse, accepted the office of Postmaster-General with a seat in the Cabinet, while the portfolio of war was intrusted to the hands of Lord Cardwell. To a vain man the acceptance of the Postmaster-Generalship, after once occupying the position of Minister for War, would have appeared a humiliation. It did not present itself in this light to the Marquis of Hartington. It was rumoured at the time that he was—although prepared to go firmly through with his duty, if required to do so—by no means averse to intrusting it to hands less fettered than his own by a host of social ties. On Lord Cardwell—a scholar of retired, if not ascetic, habits—the work of cleansing the war administration of

the country fell far more lightly. He came to the disagreeable task unencumbered with any atom of sympathy for the system he was about to sweep away. On the other hand, the heir to one of the greatest of English dukedoms, a favourite and leader of society, would have found it not—to a man of his firmness of character—absolutely impossible, but yet intensely painful and disagreeable, to ride roughshod over the prejudices and interests of an army of personal friends.

The circumstances attending the translation of Lord Hartington from the Postmaster-Generalship to the Secretaryship for Ireland, and his promotion, on the retirement of Mr. Gladstone, to the difficult position of leader of the disconnected fragments of the Liberal party, as well as the good taste and discretion he has displayed in that onerous post, need no comment in this place. Suffice it to say that he has so borne himself as to merit, and, what is more, to acquire, the confidence of his own party and the respect of his opponents. So far as his every-day existence is concerned, a distinct line can be drawn between what may be called his earlier and middle manner. From the instant that he accepted official responsibility he put away the vanities with a gentle but unflinching hand. Always glad to meet his friends on a higher social level than that on which the days of their hot youth had been passed, he eschewed their ways and became a steady hard-working bachelor, with a rubber of whist and a spin over the Rowley

Mile as his only distractions. At one moment it was rumoured that the house of Cavendish was about to have the honour of an alliance with that of Hanover; but this story had no foundation, save in the minds of those imaginative persons who pass their lives in putting two and two together and making five. Of later years Lord Hartington has been given up by scheming dowagers and match-making mammas, and left to enjoy his whist in peace. Like many lovers of this noble game he is only a second-rate player, but in this humble position does more to advance the true interest of the game than many more skilful performers. He has from the outset of his career discouraged the fashion of playing for high stakes, recognising, with his usual unselfishness, that they give an unfair advantage to very rich men like himself, and, with the acuteness of a man of the world, that high play leads perhaps slowly, but, as recent instances have testified, quite surely, to cheating, even in the best and most exclusive circles. This principle of moderate gambling he carries with him on to the turf, a taste for which is a legacy of the Cavendish blood. At the present moment there hangs at Chatsworth, at the head of the grand staircase, among pictures of emperors and empresses, kings and queens, the portrait of as highbred an animal as any of them. There is at least no mistake about his pedigree and performances; yet of the forty thousand visitors annually admitted to Chatsworth, how few, save Yorkshiremen, turn aside to glance upon an equine

monarch whose fame has filled the world! The great frame holds the portrait of Flying Childers, most famous of racers; and the ticket in the corner is the certificate of his age given by Mr. Childers, who sold him to the Duke of Devonshire. Lord Hartington loves horses, and, unlike the Cavendishes generally, may often be seen pounding along in the first flight; but his great delight is in racing, and the air that he prefers to breathe is that of Newmarket Heath. As not unfrequently happens to ardent lovers of racing, he is not very successful in getting good animals, Rylstone and Belphœbe being perhaps the best he has had; but ill-luck affects him not a jot. He likes racing for itself, and not as mere gambling—although he is not so severe on this point as Lord Falmouth—and now and then invests a 'quiet monkey.'

As a bachelor with abundant dwelling-places he rarely remains at Hardwick except for part of the shooting-season, and then brings with him a rare company to people the immense apartments of 'Hardwick Hall, more window than wall,' one of the monuments of the immortal Bess. As a specimen of an Elizabethan mansion Hardwick Hall is magnificent and priceless with its exquisitely trim gardens, hedges clipped so closely and squarely as to resemble green walls, and exquisitely shaven lawns; but as a residence it is breezy enough to satisfy the keenest lover of fresh air, and needs all the fine tapestry with which it is hung to keep the draughts out. But it is a right

lordly dwelling for all that, and gay and cheerful when the bright autumn sun shines through the immense windows and plays hide and seek with the shadows round the throne of Mary Stuart. There is needlework wrought by the fingers of the unhappy queen, and many other memorials of her imprisonment in old Hardwick Hall, close at hand. But no gloom afflicts the joyful company at Hardwick when the Marquis of Hartington plays the host. There is on these occasions little in his demeanour to remind us of the rising statesman, whose firmness was proof against the social pressure brought to bear upon the War Minister, and in the Post Office enabled him to contend against the prejudices of officialism. Free from vanity and absolutely unselfish, he is one of those princely hosts who, having spared no pains to secure the happiness of their guests, allow them to enjoy themselves in peace. Simple in his own tastes, little of a *gourmand* and less of a *gourmet*, he is not that most dismal of *convives* who lets his indifference to good cheer appear openly. By foreigners a character like that of Lord Hartington is not easily to be comprehended; but even these, if they will take Byron's advice to 'break through the confounded ice' which surrounds a sterling nature, and have once an opportunity of seeing him at home at Hardwick, will soon learn to appreciate the value of the scrupulous truthfulness and unwavering fidelity concealed beneath his apparently cold manner and brusque address. In his stately mansion of Hardwick the poorest room is his

own, a severely furnished apartment on the lower floor in which few would care to sleep, for there hangs opposite the bed, and in full view of its occupant, a gruesome piece of tapestry. The subject is the Judgment of Solomon—the Israelitish monarch being in the act of winking at the soldier who holds his sword over the contested babe. Possibly the leader of her Majesty's Opposition may find some parallel in modern politics to the grim scene portrayed on his chamber-wall; but his guests attribute his occupation of this dismal apartment to his absolute and complete unselfishness.

II.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL AT GREENWICH.

THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL AT GREENWICH.

Le Verrier, the great French astronomer, is dead, but Sir George Airy, our Astronomer Royal, still lives. Entering that curious hive of diligent exact workers, known as the Royal Observatory, we thread a maze of passages all labelled with their names, till we arrive at the plainly-furnished office of the directing genius. A thick-set, vigorous, large-headed man steps actively from a lofty armchair, mounted on wheels, and advances to greet us. A white-haired man with eyes deep-set, with eyebrows, ears, nose, and jawbone strongly developed. Not a delicate-looking figure, but one hewn with great axe-strokes from its native rock—grand in its rugged massiveness—instinct with force, mental as well as physical, not spending itself in irregular spasmodic sputterings, but accurately directed into the proper groove, and sustained there till the end is achieved. Yet the face is by no means stern, the steady gaze being enlivened by a merry twinkle, the large well-shaped mouth wreathed with a pleasant smile, so long, that is, as perfect order and exact discipline are maintained.

On these points the Astronomer Royal is inflexible. A Lord of the Admiralty may come thundering down to the Observatory with a distinguished foreigner under his wing, after two o'clock in the day, and find the door shut in his astonished face. All the notice Sir George Airy condescends to take of an irregular application is to draw the attention of my lords to the regulation, that no visitors shall be admitted after two o'clock. That settles the question. Two and two make four, and not all the power of my lords can make five of them. This instinct of the mathematical mind is revealed in every one of the many scientific departments perched on the high ground beyond Greenwich Park. The labour which, without the direction, method, and arrangement impressed upon it by mathematical and mechanical genius, would produce a mere accumulation of facts, availing but little either to the scientific or the great working world, is now so distributed, classified, and registered that not a stroke of the pen is wasted. Sir George Airy is justly proud of his system of arranging correspondence and reports, which, by many punchings and tyings, are made into compact volumes, every one of which is carefully indexed. Our attention is directed by our host to the letters classed under the general head of 'Insanity'—subdivisions, 'Astrology' and 'Squaring the Circle.' A little startled at the mention of astrology, we hint that we thought that sort of thing did not trouble the Observatory very much. 'On the contrary,' answers the Astronomer

Royal, 'not a week passes without our receiving several requests of the kind before you. Read them, and then perhaps you will agree with me that people are as superstitious as ever; the form in which it is manifested may be slightly changed, but the quantity is constant.'

The letters are astonishing enough, and more particularly when read in the very stronghold of positive science. They are from all sorts and conditions of men and women, but in by far the greater proportion from members of the fair sex, whose spelling is already reformed according to their own individual lights. One lady writing from the country asks whether the Astronomer Royal will 'work the planets' for her—if so, at what price; and moreover, as two or three friends of hers wish their planets done, would there be any reduction on taking a quantity. Another, who encloses twelve postage-stamps on account, is in serious trouble. She has enemies, and enemies of the worst kind—her own blood-relations. She knows—how it is not explained—that these wicked persons have had the planets 'worked agin her,' and she wants to know how much it will cost to 'have them took off her.' An unhappy mother, whose son has gone wrong and lost his watch, addresses Sir George Airy as follows: 'Mr. Hairey Extrollinger Grimage Park.' The private planet of a gentleman who seems to take considerable pride in his sidereal estate has 'got wrong' somehow. This correspondent is possibly a happy orphan, as he does

not accuse kith and kin of causing the vagaries of his bright particular star, and attributes its present position to its own vagabond propensities. He also wishes to know 'the figure' at which the gentleman at the Observatory will undertake the job of putting the errant luminary in the right way again. He has no doubt that the price will be high, but he likes his work well done. Another correspondent wishes to know what the stars have to say, if anything, concerning a law-suit he is engaged in; and several young ladies ask—well, the usual question. We hazard a remark that those people must be tiresome. 'Not at all,' declares the Astronomer Royal; 'I like them. It is so odd to imagine oneself sitting up here and rearranging the planets to suit the views of a person in Hampshire. The would-be horoscope-buyers and star-propitiators are infinitely more amusing than the circle-squarers. These are incessantly cropping up, and sending in formulas exploded dead-and-gone years ago. Still they persevere, and there is no more chance of their extinction than of that of the horoscope-mongers and earth-flatteners.' Assuming, prematurely, that these letters are merely preserved as curiosities and are never answered, we are taken aback by the reply, 'They are answered every one, and the copies of the answers are affixed, as you see. It is my duty as a public servant to answer the inquiries of the public.' So the horoscope-mongers, the star-arrangers, the circle-squarers, and the earth-flatteners all receive an official reply, stating that 'it

is not the practice of the Astronomer Royal to'—in short, to tell fortunes and correct sums.

Perhaps as vigorous, mentally and bodily, as any living Englishman of seventy-six summers, Sir George Airy owes much of his vigour to his well-balanced method of existence. At the end of a long morning's work at his desk, he throws off the extraordinary huge-pocketed garment which has till then inwrapped him, and sets out for a ten-mile walk—in all weathers—saving only a complete downpour. At his well-earned repast he is as thoroughly English as when working and walking. Differing *toto cælo* from the Frenchman who wrote,

'Mieux vaut être ici bas
Gastronome
Qu'astronome,'

he only demands fair quantity and prime quality, believing in the gospel of plain living and high thinking as opposed to that of kickshaws. It is a noble sight to behold this fine specimen of an Englishman, whose name is known and honoured in every latitude and longitude of the habitable globe, sit down to the grand old nautical dish of pork and pease-pudding. It is a sharp lesson, too, to those who prate of indigestion and nervousness being the companion or consequence of a life of severe mental exertion. Here is a man who has worked his brain without pity for at least sixty years, and is yet no invalid relegated to toast-and-water and beef-tea. Brillat-Savarin, who wrote a great deal of nonsense about cookery and

other things, said, 'Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are,' would, we take it, have been puzzled to evolve the idea of an Astronomer Royal, a superb mathematician, and a brilliant mechanical genius, from a leg of corned pork reposing on a couch of pease-pudding.

The leisure hours of the evening are variously passed by Sir George Airy. At times he joins in the chat of his family circle, and asserts his belief that he is the best walker left in it. At others he will exercise his wonderful power of concentration, and sitting down in a corner will plunge into the most abstruse calculations amid the general buzz of conversation. When jovially inclined, he plays at cards, not at whist, écarté or Napoleon, baccarat or lansquenet, but at the good old English game of cribbage, the exact computation of the runs, pairs, and fifteen-twos affording him infinite amusement. Curiously enough, the Astronomer Royal, when playing cribbage, exhibits a faculty diametrically opposed to concentrativeness, the faculty of vigilance, the attribute of the savage. Chingachgook, the great serpent of the Mohicans, was not more awake to the rustle of a leaf or the cry of a bird than is the chief of the Observatory to the scoring of 'two for his heels' or 'one for his nob.' His memory is remarkable for its strength and precision. Of all that he has read he has retained the more important part. It is not surprising that he should be able to correct an Horatian or Virgilian quotation ; but it is strange that when

appealed to concerning a passage in Cornelius Nepos, an author only read to be forgotten, he should be able to cite it, line for line and word for word. Now it must be sixty years since Sir George Airy read Cornelius Nepos; and the memory that can survive the erasing power of sixty busy years must, like the frame that holds it, be of no ordinary toughness.

This last attribute is the specialty of the present Astronomer Royal. The Northumbrian lad, who, after preliminary schooling at Hereford and Colchester, went up to Trinity, went thither as Newton and Whewell had gone—as a sizar. Successively he secured a scholarship, came out as Senior Wrangler, was elected to a fellowship of Trinity, and in 1826 took his degree as Master of Arts. Even at this early period of his career, he—far from confining his attention to pure mathematics—displayed a decided bent towards mechanics, occupying himself with telescopes, the defect in the conformation of the eye known as astigmatism, and a theory of clock-escapements. In 1826 he became Lucasian Professor, occupying the chair whilom held by Barrow and Newton. The professorship founded by Lucas had long been a sinecure; but Professor Airy did not understand sinecures, and proceeded to lecture and to work most vigorously. His lectures on the undulatory theory of light attracted particular attention, and between whiles he occupied himself with the double refraction of quartz and numerous astronomical investigations. Under his care the equatorial, the mural circle, and

the Northumberland telescope were mounted on the Observatory at Cambridge—the last-named instrument having been constructed from his working drawings, a proof of the remarkable combination of mechanical skill and optical science which distinguishes many more of his works. Becoming President of the Astronomical Society in 1835, he was chosen by Lord Auckland to succeed Mr. Pond as Astronomer Royal, the post which he has since so worthily occupied. This post is not only of advantage on account of its scientific and public eminence, but is also a species of brevet of longevity. Flamsteed—for whom Sir Christopher Wren built the handsome but now disused octagonal observation-room—Halley, Bradley, Maskelyne, Pond, and Airy are all famous names; but it is rare that a post which must be filled by a man already eminent is occupied by him for an average of thirty years. During the forty-two years Sir George Airy has ruled at Greenwich he has never ceased introducing new instruments and new methods of calculation. All the astronomical instruments have been constructed from his designs and erected under his direction, the working drawings of the great equatorial telescope having been all produced during a month's holiday from routine work. Another great undertaking was the arrangement of the enormous store of observations made at Greenwich since 1750, useless while in a chaotic condition. As science advanced, the Astronomer Royal was always found in its most

advanced rank. It was at his suggestion that magnetic and meteorological departments were added to the Observatory at Greenwich, and many other extensions made from time to time. The mere catalogue of his most important undertakings would occupy a large space. The most noteworthy are perhaps his investigations into the causes of the variations of the compass on iron ships, the determination of the longitude of Valencia, the reconstruction of the national standards of length, weight, and capacity, and the perfection of marine chronometers and lighthouses. He has also written almost a scientific library of books and articles, and at least once spoke in verse in the columns of the *Athenæum*. The occasion referred to was supplied by the failure of the inventor of the calculating-machine to obtain national and substantial help for concluding his labours. The rhymes on 'The Engine that Charles built' remain as a convincing proof that mathematical genius may not be devoid of humour.

At the age of seventy-one, when President of the Royal Society, the merits of the Astronomer Royal were acknowledged by a Knight Commandership of the Bath after he had been a member of the Legion of Honour for sixteen years, and had been awarded the Lalande medal of the Institute of France, the Copley medal of the Royal Society, the Royal Medal of the same society, and numerous other decorations. Few men have served his country better than the white-haired philosopher, who may be seen on any

reasonably fair day marching across Blackheath with the purposeful doggedness he brings to bear upon every operation of his useful life. As he strides steadily on, his mind is, we may be sure, not less active than his limbs. He is the last man in the world to walk, as the jolly young waterman rowed, 'along, thinking of nothing at all.'

III.

ROBERT PECK AT RUSSLEY.

ROBERT PECK AT RUSSLEY.

For the last quarter of an hour, after leaving an apology for a road some five miles from Shrivenham Station on the G.W.R., we have been on the turf of the Berkshire Downs. Weathercock Hill is on the right dimly visible, and our driver, pointing in a somewhat vague direction, says that there is Ashdown. We look through the driving rain that is coming down in sheets, and see no signs of human habitation. Suddenly we begin to descend; we seem conscious of masses of foliage, of the gracefully curling smoke, of chimneys and gables, of blocks of stabling. Presently, though barely, as it appears to us, a minute off the Downs, we are standing in the hall, and a well-known figure in a light-gray suit—the wearer is one of the best-dressed men of the day—comes forward to bid us pleasant welcome. It is Robert Peck, and we are at Russley.

In a dell, scooped out, as it were, in the midst of that beautiful range of down country on which the eyes of Great Western travellers often rest admiringly—a country essentially speaking of old England long before it knew tall chimneys, blast furnaces, and

'shoddy,' a country eminently agricultural, and, except in the substitution of a few acres of arable land in lieu of pasture, presenting much the same appearance that it did in the era of Alfred—lies the abode of one of the most successful trainers of the day. You see at once that it is meant for a trainer's home. Secluded from the world, surrounded with downs that have not their equal in England for the elasticity of the turf and 'good going' all the year round, with air the purest and most bracing, excellent water, large paddocks—what can the heart of trainer and owner desire more ? It is, to be sure, six miles from the nearest railway station, and locomotion on wheels, particularly in winter, is difficult, and not quite unattended by danger. Neither does its seclusion exempt it from the evils of 'touts,' a couple of these dire necessities (as racing is now conducted) residing at Lambourne, some two miles distant, who daily take stock of the Russley team. It is satisfactory to know that they are generally restricted to ground on which distance lends enchantment to the view; and they are compelled to trust a good deal to their glasses, and more to their imaginations, for what they see. But these drawbacks apart, Russley is, in its way, a training gem, an abode of bliss for one who loves what may be called the poetry of the high-mettled one's life; who, far away from the racecourse and its crowd, watches day by day the development of the young idea, notes the form—the improving form, let us hope—of the more matured, and sees the

bread that has been cast upon the waters of many sales returning to him in the distant days. It was said of the late Lord Zetland that he loved the training-ground more than the racecourse; and Sir Joseph Hawley was even suspected of what our modern fine young English gentlemen would consider a very childish taste. It is a pleasure to win doubtless, but the preparation for the racing battle is a good half thereof.

We are keeping our host waiting. He is called 'Robert' by half England, and young man as he is—he was born in 1845—has made both name and fame. Modest and unassuming; with a frank air, and eyes that look you in the face when he is talking to you; reticent, as becomes him, in the affairs of his employers, but ready to pour out his stores of knowledge of other men, horses, and stables; a very good judge, and emphatically clever,—such is the present owner of Russley. Yorkshire born, brought up in a racing-stable (his father's at Malton), and early imbued with the love of the profession he adopted, he learned its rudiments in a grand school. Twenty-two years ago was a palmy era for Yorkshire. Blink Bonny had won Derby and Oaks, and John Scott had carried off the Leger with Impérieuse. Then came Gamester and Caller Ou, the Marquis, Blair Athol; horses such as Yorkshire has not since seen. Gladiateur was the first to lower the pride of the North, and Lord Lyon and Achievement followed suit. Robert Peck had helped to look after Regalia when

she was trained at Malton, and we may conjecture that her defeat by 'the Frenchman' was not relished by the young trainer, who was then in the employ of Lord Stamford, and passing his time between Enville and Newmarket. He was two years with Lord Stamford, afterwards returning to Malton, where his brother had a training establishment at Spring Cottage. Charles Peck, who had a great affection for his brother, as well as the highest opinion of his judgment and ability, always said that Robert would make a name for himself if he ever had the chance; and the chance came when he went, in the autumn of 1870, as private trainer to Mr. Merry at Russley. From that day his star has been in the ascendant; and though Mr. Merry had the reputation of being a somewhat troublesome gentleman to deal with and had quarrelled with most of his trainers, Robert Peck always got on very well with him ('I found him particularly agreeable and pleasant,' says Robert); and seeing that other people did not, Robert may fairly claim credit for tact and *savoir-faire*. The first big race which he helped his new employer to win was the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, with King of the Forest, a horse who had run a dead heat for second place with Albert Victor in Favonius's Derby, and now here defeated Hannah, who had won the Oaks and subsequently won the Leger. But his great triumph was to come, when in 1873 the outsider Doncaster won the Derby, and he and Marie Stuart made that splendid finish on the Town Moor

that will live among the most memorable of the many contests seen there. It is to be noted too that on this occasion Mr. Merry wished to depend on Doncaster alone, but he yielded at last to the persuasion of his trainer, and started the mare with Merry Sunshine to make the running. The issue is well known; but Peck is of opinion that Marie Stuart would have won easier if Tom Osborne, who rode, had not eased her a little after disposing of Kaiser. This enabled Webb to bring up Doncaster, who otherwise would not have got so near as he did. The future career of this horse is history—his Ascot and Goodwood victories, and his last appearance in the Alexandra Plate in '75, when Robert Peck astonished the racing world by offering Mr. Merry 10,000*l.* for him. The offer was accepted, and a fortnight later the fortunate trainer sold him to the Duke of Westminster for 14,000*l.*

But these are old tales. The great ironmaster, rough in speech and brusque in manner—a man not seeking the bubble popularity, rather scorning it, indeed, but trying to walk justly, according to his racing lights—has passed away, and another and greater than he reigns in his stead. It is somewhat curious that the yellow jacket has became a Russley heritage, and that the colours of Mr. Merry should be identical with those of his Grace of Westminster. In 1873, when Mr. Merry retired from the Turf, Robert Peck took Russley, and started as public trainer, the Duke not long afterwards becoming one of his chief employers. Singularly fortunate has he been; and

reference to Julius Cæsar and Forerunner, their good performances and their better sales, is all that is necessary to show this. What a *coup* was Hampton's, too, in the Goodwood Stakes! 'The greatest certainty,' said Robert, 'that ever I knew in racing.' How lucky he has been at Shrewsbury, York, and Doncaster the *Calendar* will tell; and there seems greater luck in store, for Mr. Gee, who has given up breeding and taken to racing, looks with his mares very much like the coming man. With such Belgravian mothers as Lord Falmouth and himself possess, who is to stand against them?

Let us join our host at his early breakfast on the morning succeeding such a day of downpour as the Berkshire downs, fruitful in watery influences, have seldom witnessed. Now the scene is changed. The sun is in the heavens, the wind (despite a frost in the early morning) balmy. Our horses are at the door. The quietest and most charming of cobs carries us on our route to 'the Near down;' and 'Percy,' the hope of Russley and, we fancy, the apple of his father's eye, trots on his clever pony by our side. We are supposed to be on the road that leads to Lambourne, but it is one on which no sane man, after partaking of Russley hospitality, would care to travel in the dark hours. A course of tumps and deep ruts varied with rabbit-holes are its prominent features, and our host has many an amusing tale to tell of the mishaps befalling those who fail to keep what he is pleased to call 'the track.' Russley has its draw-

backs certainly. In winter nights to find yourself on the downs, returning, let us say, from the Faringdon Ball ('I am very fond of dancing,' says Robert, with a pleasant smile), surrounded with a darkness that may be felt, conscious that you must be within sight of Russley (if you only could see it), and not knowing whether to turn to your right hand or to your left, is not pleasant. You cannot even see the little white heaps of stones placed at intervals on the downs to define the track. All you can do is to shout, which at last brings relief in the shape of stable-boys with lanterns.

'If one could only have two or three houses dotted about here, with some pleasant people in them,' says our host, pointing to Botley Wood (a sure find of the Old Berkshire), 'why, one could get through the winter better. I don't mind when I can get out; but to be shut up in the house, as we were yesterday—' and he breaks into a canter, unable to pursue the subject farther.

But we are ascending 'the Near down,' as it is called, and soon catch sight of a sheeted string of some thirty horses winding round the hill. The turf, despite the tremendous soaking of the previous night and day, is in wonderful order, elastic and not the least holding. A solitary tout—the Near down is the only ground round Russley on which he and his brethren can come—moves away from a position he had taken up close to a bush, and tries, but ineffectually, to assume the air of a casual pedestrian. We

see him no more; but the next day, we are bound to add, we read a very accurate account in the journal with which he is connected of what was out and what was done that morning. He had missed one horse, that was all, and it says much for him. 'He is not a bad sort of a fellow,' we are told, 'and I never interfere with him nor he with me.' Clearly our host accepts the inevitable, and inevitable the tout is.

And now we are on the down, and Robert taking up his position at what we will call saluting-point—it is a three-quarter of a mile gallop—the sheeted string come on in divisions. The useful Percy—the horse, not the hope, of Russley—leads the much more useful Dalham, who goes strong and well, and looks as if he was determined on some early day to make up for his sad behaviour at Brighton. An interval, and then come Julius Cæsar and Forerunner, the latter going freely; then 'the little' Hampton, as some people call him, though he looks bigger here than he does on a racecourse; Pellegrino, who gave Peto twenty-six pounds the week before the Derby; the beautiful and speedy Grace, the Woodcote winner Cyprus, La Merveille, and the great Maximilian. The latter is as yet only great in that he cost 4000 golden guineas as a yearling. Here, walking about in a rather forlorn way, is a celebrated Russley failure. It is Morier, the horse about whom seven to four was taken for the Two Thousand, and who was beaten in the first quarter of a mile. He has been all to pieces since, and the hopes that his trainer enter-

tained of Morier's vindicating his character in the Leger had to be given up. 'I believe him to be a downright good horse,' says Robert, as we look at him taking his solitary exercise, 'and I hope I may show you he is yet. He fairly astonished me with what he did this spring.' Morier does not look this morning very much like astonishing anybody again; but we are bound to believe him to be one of those heartbreaking circumstances in racing-stables — a good horse gone wrong. Why is it that the good ones always come to grief? Why do not the rogues and jades go in their hocks, their legs, or feet? But they always thrive, and one or two of them are out this morning, going wonderfully well, and looking as if they were above such low proceedings as 'cutting it' opposite the Stand.

But time wanes. We must see what Robert calls 'the Derby gallop' before we go; so we trot back to Botley Wood, and canter up the ascent to Bishoptone Down, a good trial-gallop and a good preparation for the Epsom gradients. Another canter on to 'One-o'clock Bush,' so called from the sun being on it about that hour ('The soft ones shut up here,' we are told), and we descend into Russley, look down the lime-avenue—one of the features of the place—and then our dog-cart stops the way. But the parting-glass—what Yorkshireman will let his guest depart without that? The canter on the downs *has* excited a thirst. 'Shall it be Perrier Jouet of '67 or "Donington"?' A racing brand that latter, recalling

poor Lord Hastings's days. Yes, we will have 'Donington;' and we will drink, Robert, your good health and your family's, and success to the yellow jacket wherever it be borne.

IV.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES AT MAIDA VALE.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES AT MAIDA VALE.

'Relics from the war!' exclaims our host, a square-shouldered thin-flanked man of nine-and-thirty, muscular and active, with close-cropped hair silvering by hard work and exposure. 'Relics from the war! There is nothing I despise so much as relics—bullets and broken swords and rubbish. I have brought absolutely nothing home save a few photographs and visiting-cards. Stay, though; I have brought something that any kind friend is welcome to—the dregs of a Danubian fever.'

Contemptuous of relics, which he deems only fit for cockneys to buy on the field of Waterloo, Mr. Forbes has yet, in his snug house, many objects of interest; but they are of another kind from 'bruised arms,' representing rather pages of modern history than the accidents of an instant. 'Under fire?' he replies to a question of ours. 'I cannot tell you how often I have been under fire. A correspondent cannot see anything while hanging in the rear. For my part I have always found the front the safest place. I have had some close shaves of course; but was only wounded twice, and then slightly, although I was once left for dead in the street at the hands of

a Paris mob. You tell me this is not journalism, that the historian has not interest enough in the quarrel to risk his life. Some brother journalists often tell me this. When I jumped on board the Nyanza from my tug to capture the mate of the Cospatrick and get his story first, I was told that "wily turns and desperate bounds" of this kind were not journalism. When I volunteered to go down with the exploring party into the Pelsall colliery, I was told that was not journalism. It is a matter of temperament, I believe; but I like to see what is going on.'

Very few men have been so far or seen so much in a few years as the war-correspondent of the *Daily News*. A slender chronicle of his exploits in the field is found in his collection of 'Legitimation' papers from 1870 to the present time. Among these curious documents is that dated Coblentz the 23d July 1870, and signed Von Goeben, and another from the German royal—not yet imperial—'Generalstab' signed by General Podbielski. There is also the pass of General Schlotheim 'von St. Denis nach Paris,' and the 'legitimations' obtained from the various Governments that Spain has enjoyed during the last few years; for example, that granted by General Contreras, afterwards the Intransigente hero of Cartagena; that granted by the Carlist chief, Dorreguray; and a third signed by the chief of the staff of King Alfonso. The second of these was the result of Mr. Forbes's impatience at the inaction of General

Contreras. Tired of looking on at nothing, he ran the blockade of Vich in Catalonia, was made prisoner coming out by General Dorreguray, and was then let loose with a safe-conduct. Another historic pass is the last document signed by Colonel Henri under the Commune, a couple of hours before the Versaillists entered Paris. Of more recent date are the Servian legitimations and the last Russian device, the *carte de visite* of the special correspondent sealed on the face and indorsed by the authorities. This last represents Mr. Forbes with a pointed beard, which, having been later removed, caused much doubt as to identity in the minds of the less intelligent of the Russian officials. Disposed in a frame by the side of this curious series of papers is a large number of visiting-cards, exchanged in camp and on the field. To many of these a story is attached, and the collection of oblong bits of white cardboard inscribed with black letters is strangely suggestive of a cemetery.

Scattered on the wall are photographs of the remarkable men with whom the adventurous life of our host has brought him in contact, nothing being admitted on general grounds, but only such pictures as illustrate in some way his own experience. While accompanying the Prince of Wales on his Indian tour, however, he relaxed his rigid rule—not in favour of 'relics,' but of the productions of the country. There are beautiful specimens of Indian weapons and art-work scattered about the home of the war-correspondent: gauntlet swords from Gwalior,

kukri knives, strings of garnets, dainty filigree, the brass work of Benares, cups and salvers from Jummoo, and photographs of Anglo-Indian ladies. Of greater personal interest than these is the equipment-room. In this little apartment repose, till the moment when they are wanted, two portmanteaus and a bullock-trunk—the first portmanteau packed with a summer, the second with a winter, outfit; the bullock-trunk with a complete kit for India. Over these hang the riding-boots and spurs, the courier-bag, the flask, and the revolver—a small six-shooter—which complete the costume of the campaigner. In another place, which, as the burglar is again on the war-path, it is needless to specify, is a no less useful requisite of travel—a bag of gold coin. All is thus ready for instant departure in any direction, even to the very sinews of war. The advantages of this preparedness are obvious, like many other things, when somebody has taken the trouble to work them out. At any moment the necessary outfit is ready for an immediate start on the arrival of a telegram, no matter how sudden. Mr. Forbes has started for India on four hours' notice, and for Spain on half an hour's notice. Passports are also ready viséd for most countries in Europe, so that neither hitch nor halt shall delay the 'special' on his way.

These indispensable articles are not the only tools of that branch of his profession in which Mr. Forbes peculiarly excels. He has a complete war-library, extending from Klausewitz on *War* to Von Scherff's

Tactics of Infantry, and embracing all the most recent works on the art military. Mr. Forbes holds that a war-correspondent should understand war practically and theoretically; should always be abreast of the latest systems and freshest ideas on his own peculiar subject; and, moreover, should have an accurate knowledge of the communications between the scene of action and the office of the journal he represents. 'Anybody can write,' he tells us, 'but a man must study to see with understanding, and to write so as to earn the respect of soldiers.'

Probably this habit of mind has been acquired from his military education. Finding the pursuit of liberal studies at the University of Aberdeen not sufficiently exciting, he enlisted in the Royal Dragoons, and at the end of five years' service obtained his discharge, marked 'good,' an adjective which he attributes rather to the kindliness than the justice of his commanding officer. His career is a remarkable example of the French proverb, *chassez le naturel il revient au galop.* As a scholar, he burned to be a dragoon; as a dragoon, he could not forget his literary tastes. Reading in every leisure hour all the technical works he could find in the barrack-library, he, like most men who write well, felt the necessity of writing on his own account. His early ventures to the *Cornhill Magazine* and then in the *St. Paul's Magazine* were mostly on military subjects, but his treatment of them was so successful as to bring occasional cheques to barracks, the effect of these

visitations being generally the temporary demoralisation of the troop-room which he chanced to inhabit. Still working at professional subjects, he found his occasional papers so well received by London editors that he finally determined on rejecting the sword for —*crede Bulwer*—the mightier weapon.

No longer dragoon, non-commissioned officer, and rough rider, he found his way into the hard every-day work of metropolitan journalism, producing by turns almost every kind of hand-to-mouth composition. Editing for a while the *London Scotsman*, he accepted the post of war-correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser* during the early days of the Franco-German war. His letters therein attracted the notice of Mr. J. R. Robinson, the manager of the *Daily News*, who, with the quick eye of an accomplished journalist, recognised a fresh and a strong hand. Accident soon brought him and his future war-correspondent together. Returning from Metz to reassume the editorship of the *London Scotsman*, Mr. Forbes, being possessed of much accurate information respecting the position of the contending armies, endeavoured to 'place' a letter on the subject in a leading journal. The communication was discouraged, and he stood in Fleet-street hesitating which of the three daily newspapers in the immediate neighbourhood to offer his 'copy' to. He decided, by tossing up, on the *Daily News*, and on the following morning made his first appearance in the columns of the journal with which he has since been so intimately associated. Next

afternoon he called at the office to volunteer some further articles on the war, and was not a little surprised to receive from Mr. Robinson marching orders at once. For a moment he hesitated. The *London Scotsman* and family-ties demanded his presence at home; but Mr. Robinson, *more suo*, suggested that there was a train that evening, that the sinews of war were strung, and that Metz was the very place in which glory awaited him. Setting out that night he carried with him instructions which mark an epoch in the history of journalism. It was arranged that he should carry out the idea, common to Mr. Robinson and himself, of sending complete letters by telegraph, instead of telegrams containing merely the dry bones of events. Up to the date of the Franco-German war, the custom had been to send short telegrams, and supplement them by long letters, which arrived, of course, at a time when the main interest of an event had been discounted. In writing full descriptive letters, giving an accurate account of the events of the hour, and in speeding these swiftly to the wires, the new correspondent of the *Daily News* displayed a peculiar genius for organisation.

It is perhaps hardly so well known to the public as it deserves to be, that it is one thing to be present at a battle; yet another thing to choose the best spot for forming an accurate idea of what is going on; yet a third requisite to possess the nimble brain to comprehend and the rapid hand necessary to record it as it develops; and yet another quite distinct gift

to organise the communications for getting the information swiftly from the battle-field to London. From the battle-field to the nearest telegraph-office the ex-dragoon was well fitted to be his own courier; and his great physical power of endurance enabled him to perform feats of an extraordinary kind. Capable of resisting the desire to eat and to sleep for a great length of time, he fairly electrified the public by the letters which he either contrived to get telegraphed or brought with his own hand from the scene of action. This new style of war-correspondence astonished and delighted the readers of the *Daily News*, and the reputation of Mr. Forbes was finally established by his adroitness in being on the spot when the late Emperor of the French surrendered his sword to the Emperor of Germany—an event commemorated by Mr. Jones Barker, from information given by Mr. Forbes, in a picture which now hangs in that gentleman's dining-room.

All this good work was eclipsed at the surrender of Paris. The correspondent of the *Daily News* was the first newspaper-man in Paris after that eventful day, and conveyed his impressions by means of a long-concerted scheme. Riding into Paris from the north side, he saw all that was to be seen, and after surmounting various difficulties, contrived to get out again, rode to Lagny, and travelled by train all the way to Carlsruhe, whence he forwarded his letter of three columns by telegraph to London, and then returned to Paris to find a couple of special corre-

spondents there to laugh at his apparently tardy arrival, and tell him—all in a good-natured fashion —that at last they had got the better of him, and left him 'out in the cold.' He did not reply. There is a Northern proverb to the effect that 'It's a canny thing to say nowt;' and on this he acted until the *Daily News* arrived in Paris, and his friendly rivals were thunderstruck to find that they had been anticipated by three days.

Throughout most of the year 1871 he was constantly passing and repassing the Channel, writing on the boat and in the railway-carriage, often passing an hour and a half or two hours in London, and then setting off again. During the affair of the Commune he contrived to be in Paris at the critical moment, and was eating salad with General Dombrowski on the afternoon of the eventful Sunday. This was an adventurous time for a special correspondent. While looking about Paris during the fighting Mr. Forbes was pounced upon by a party of Communists, and compelled to help in making a barricade in front of the Palais Royal; but was released with honour, in consequence of an amusing incident. The Communists, whose knowledge of military art was not equal to their courage, were making their barricade, and had two field-guns to arm it, but had forgotten the embrasures. Their captive, with insistance equal to that displayed by Captain Dugald Dalgetty concerning the 'sconce,' pointed out that guns without embrasures were not likely to prove very useful, and

was at once acquitted, in consideration of his military knowledge, of all further participation in hand-labour.

Once more during the chaos he found himself in an awkward position, compelled, by the alternative of being shot where he stood, to go through the form at least of participating in the defence of a Communist position in a triangle upon which three detachments of Versaillist troops converged. He escaped from them into a house; and a day later, when Paris was blazing, he determined on a desperate effort to carry his news away. He was not long in maturing his plan. Armed with one official envelope directed to the Queen of England, he escaped from the burning city, and by means of another dummy letter addressed to Lord Granville, obtained precedence at the crowded ferry. Thence he rode to St. Denis, and, writing by the way, came on to England by train and the mail-boat, on which he was the solitary passenger. At Calais he telegraphed to the *Daily News* to keep space, and arrived at the office, with his account of Paris in flames, at six A.M. At eight appeared the special edition of the newspaper, and at a quarter to ten Mr. Robinson found his correspondent asleep in his room with the *Post-Office London Directory* for a pillow. As Mr. Forbes's letter was the first intimation of the state of Paris received in this country, the excitement in London was great. In the afternoon a question was asked of Mr. Gladstone in the House of Commons whether the Govern-

ment had any information of the condition of the French capital, as set forth in the *Daily News*. He replied that he had no information, and sincerely hoped that the statements in that journal were exaggerated. Subsequent information proved that the account of Mr. Forbes was rather under than over stated.

In piping times of peace Mr. Forbes occupied his leisure with the Vienna Exhibition, and in meeting Sir Samuel and Lady Baker on their return from Africa, when he made the curious observation that Sir Samuel, who had lived on oatmeal and water for months, took exception to the style in which the first fried sole he had eaten for many years was cooked, and that Lady Baker, who had worn a sack in Africa, could hardly find anything bright and beautiful enough in Mr. Worth's *atelier* to deck herself withal. He intercepted one of the crew with a bit of the plate of the Megæra in his possession, showing the condition of that unhappy ship. The waifs from the La Plata also fell into his hands, and he may be said to have 'invented' Mr. Joseph Arch by first making him public. He also claims to have 'invented' the Ashanti war, and congratulates himself very fairly on having prescribed the plan of campaign, which was actually followed successfully. India he visited, first to tell the story of the Bengal famine, gaining a new experience and a sunstroke; and a second time to record the magnificent progress of the Prince of Wales.

After three campaigns in Spain he found himself again on very serious duty in the Servian war of 1876. After the battle of Djunis, which sealed the fate of the Servian war, he had one hundred and thirty-seven miles between him and his base of telegraphic communication with England. Starting just before sundown, he rode from Deligrad to Semendria —a hundred miles in fourteen hours—on ordinary post-horses, riding 'estafette,' as it is called. He then secured a carriole, and drove himself on to Belgrade in time to cross to Semlin and send off his telegram on the morning after the battle. During the Russo-Turkish war he almost lived in the saddle, riding all day in the field, and frequently riding all night with his news. Ascertaining that the first attack on Plevna was about to be made, he rode one horse for eighty miles to the field of battle, and rode him through that eventful day, till, after being hunted by Bashi-Bazouks, horse and rider lay down to rest together. So utterly wearied was the horse that he stretched himself at full length by the side of his master, laid his head on his knee, and slept without moving till the next alarm. In the morning came a ride of forty miles to Sistova, near the end of which the horse fell from sheer exhaustion, and the indomitable war-correspondent walked into Sistova with his saddle on his head. From this point he reached Bucharest, and between Ploesti and Cronstadt in Transylvania rode on relays of ponies until he handed in at the telegraph-office of the latter place that bril-

liant, graphic, and critical description of the battle of Plevna which excited so much comment in England, where it arrived on the third day after the battle.

After the battle in the Shipka Pass on the 24th August, Mr. Forbes, having already laid relays of horses, rode without a halt to the imperial head-quarters, distancing handsomely the aides-de-camp charged with the duty of conveying intelligence to the Emperor and Grand Duke. As he was the first bearer of news, he was conducted to the Emperor, and, after the delay occasioned by the interview, pushed on to Bucharest to forward his telegram, written, as telegrams from abroad must be, in a schoolboy roundhand, involving much physical toil to a man already overtaxed with work, and starved for rest and food. Perhaps the last has been one of the severest of all campaigns for a special correspondent. The distances to be traversed have been enormous, and the want of communications has taxed the ingenuity and vigour of the correspondent to the utmost. The excitement of battle, followed by long weary rides on dark nights, and heavy tramps through the sand without halt or food, are no insignificant trials in themselves; but when they are coupled with the duty of writing a long letter, and so telegraphing it that it shall reach its destination, the work becomes so severe that it is no wonder that it proved fatal to many, and at last struck down Mr. Forbes with a fever. As there is a growing belief that any gentleman who can ride across country and write a column

of graphic prose has in him the material of a war-correspondent, this sketch of the career of Mr. Forbes may prove both instructive and deterrent. Nearly two thousand years ago Cicero, in his famous oration, *Pro lege Manilia*, enumerated the qualifications of a successful general. It has fallen to our humble lot to point out those of the successful war-correspondent, of whom the most brilliant type in our own day is Mr. Archibald Forbes.

V.

MR. SIMS REEVES AT BEULAH HILL.

MR. SIMS REEVES AT BEULAH HILL.

More than thirty years ago there was a sensation at Milan—heavily-taxed, Tedeschi-patrolled Milan—not yet rid of the hated white coats. At the renowned theatre of La Scala a young Englishman had for some time been carrying off the highest operatic honours. A foreigner and a tenor, he was singing in Italian, and making native tenors appear to sing small indeed. His teacher, the famous Alberto Mazzucato, was in raptures. The great Italian tenor Rubini, full of years and honours, made much of the young Englishman—told him how often he had occupied his dressing-room at La Scala, and showed him a curious series of notches in the door, which recorded the number of nights he had appeared in various *rôles*. The Northern tenor was the lion of the hour. Just as he was at the height of his popularity he was unfortunate enough to take cold. Nature, which had given him a larynx of perfect construction and lungs of magnificent capacity, having lined the former organ with a mucous membrane of extraordinary thinness, he found himself suddenly unable to sing, or at least to sing as perfectly as he

wished. He begged the indulgence of the manager, and received a visit from the doctor, who refused him a certificate on the ground that there was 'no fever,' and that therefore he could sing. He remonstrated, but the medico was obdurate. In the Italy of that day no illness short of 'fever' was acknowledged, and the *forestiere* could not be made an exception to the good old rule. The singer argued and implored, but, meeting with a deaf ear, finally declared—his native English obstinacy being aroused—that he could not, and would not, appear at the Scala that night. The doctor departed, and presently came a message commanding the tenor to appear at the usual time. Now thoroughly exasperated he returned no reply, but did not go. This would never do: *Lucia* could not very well be played without Edgardo, and the carriage in which the principal singer was conducted to the Scala every night came back again for him—this time with a couple of gendarmes with orders to bring the obstinate tenor dead or alive—for all this happened in the good old times. The gendarmes performed their mission, and delivered the body—happily alive—of Edgardo to the manager. Alive unquestionably, but also kicking (mentally) more furiously than ever against the high-handed proceedings taken against him. Brought face to face with his tyrant he bethought him of a homely English proverb; and calling into requisition his utmost power of translation gave a rendering, in 'very choice Italian,' of 'You may take a horse to

the water, but you cannot make him drink.' Convinced at last, the autocrat of the Scala gave in, and Edgardo did not, on that particular evening, curse people and appeal to the tombs of his fathers, as was his wont.

This true story gives a fair idea of the almost morbid artistic conscientiousness which has, during his long and brilliant career, cost Mr. Sims Reeves a very large sum of money, and at times almost endangered his popularity. Nevertheless he has stood firmly by his opinion that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the composer and the public, and destructive to the singer, but he may now be heard to admit that perhaps he has at times been too sensitive. Not so with his other pet theories concerning encores and concert-pitch. On these he is seldom tired of dilating in his leisure hours at Beulah Hill. On the summit of that agreeable eminence, exactly on a level with the cross of St. Paul's, he dwells in a charming house of red brick, with ample garden following the slope of the hill towards the remains of the once gipsy-haunted wood. From Mr. Sims Reeves's billiard-room one may, under favourable atmospheric conditions, see towered Windsor. Verily a breezy spot, well suited to refresh lungs and brains suffering from the exhausted atmosphere of the theatre. The atmosphere of Norwood has stood Mr. Sims Reeves in good stead, for he is now as hale and active as when he first trod the boards of La Scala. A square-shouldered thick-set man, rejoicing at home in a suit

of tweed of uncertain hue—between a tortoiseshell and a tabby—relieved by a rose-coloured necktie, a turquoise-and-diamond ring, and that famous watch-chain—of mingled gold and coral—not to know which is to argue the absence of music from the soul. The once marvellous voice has naturally not improved between the ages of twenty-three and fifty-five, but its preservation is yet astounding enough when the wear and tear, heats and colds, of professional life are taken into consideration. It is entirely to the sage counsel of the venerable Mazzucato that the great English tenor attributes his long lease of voice. The method of the master may be explained in half a dozen words: 'When I took my boy over to study under him last summer, he said exactly the same thing he said to me long ago. "We must keep the voice in the middle." This is the secret of really fine tone, of the faculty of singing *cantabile* passages with effect, and of making a *coup* on a high note when it is wanted. Nothing is more destructive than perpetual exercise of the upper register. In singing a song written high, the voice becomes wearied before the *coup* is attempted, and recourse must be had to the horrible *vibrato*—the note never being clearly sung out at all. It is all very well to talk glibly of the *do di petto*. Duprez had it—a true genuine note, very unlike the *vibrato* effects of our day.'

As we admire the handsome presentation plate which adorns the table—the splendid silver-gilt salver presented by grateful Birmingham, and the silver

claret jugs from the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies—the great tenor continues: 'The voice should never be forced beyond its legitimate compass. I do not say that effort should not be used to produce an occasional high note, but it is the systematic straining upwards that is so objectionable. Various causes have contributed to bring about this unfortunate fashion, so destructive of the important middle part of the voice. Since the days of Hændel the tendency of pitch has been persistently upwards, especially in this country. Between Hændel's time and the year 1818, when a kind of opposition was made to the perpetual elevation of pitch, it had gone up half a tone, and since then has been raised half a tone more. The effect of this is obvious. When a singer is called upon to produce the A in "Sound an alarm," he actually produces the note which in Hændel's time would have been exactly B, a strain on the singer compensated by no adequate improvement in the effect, at least of the vocal part. Instrumentalists and makers of musical instruments have favoured this sharpening of the pitch, because it lends brilliancy to their work, but it is terribly severe upon the singer. Let us step up-stairs into my study, and I will show you the various tuning-forks.'

A slight climb takes us into a snuggery where there is of course a pianoforte and a compact library, musical and otherwise. Mr. Sims Reeves produces an arsenal of tuning-forks, collected at various times and places, to prove his theory, and also the incon-

venient fact that concert-pitch varies in a distressing manner. Thus, while what is called 'Society of Arts pitch' in this country is almost identical with French pitch and Naples pitch, that recognised in this country is half a note higher. Organs have been again and again sharpened to meet the requirements of the fanatics for high pitch, and the mischief against which Mr. Reeves has been protesting for many years past appears for the moment irreparable. 'This is not all,' in his opinion, 'that a vocalist has to contend against. The scoring of modern operas is exceedingly full, and unless the orchestra be like that marvellous one drilled by Wagner for the Bayreuth performances—perfectly under control, perfect in its piano—the singer has to do his utmost to make himself heard. No; I hardly think Meyerbeer's operas instances of exceptionally heavy scoring, but Verdi's certainly are. Verdi, too, has much to answer for in another way. He writes systematically high, and is fearfully hard upon all voices, especially the tenor. The old-fashioned bass has simply dropped out altogether, his place being occupied by the baritone.' As the smoke curls lazily upward from a magnificent chibouk—the gift of Blumenthal—we hint that Verdi's music is the most popular of all, and must therefore possess some peculiar merit of its own. Mr. Sims Reeves concedes his undoubted genius, but yet protests against the unnecessary noise of his orchestra and the fearfully high notes extorted from the unfortunate singers. 'I am afraid,' he adds, 'the

public really like it. High notes and full scoring produce a certain effect—call it electrical, call it contagious, as you like, but an effect undoubtedly. Of all men the tenor is expected to make great efforts. He does so, and the wrecked voices of the last twenty-five years tell at what cost.'

Perhaps many of Mr. Reeves's views are due to the fact that he is not only a singer, but a musician. The son of a musical father, he was early instructed in the classical school. While yet a very small boy he was exercised in the music of Hændel and Purcell, writ with figured basses, and, thanks to this severe but wholesome method of instruction, became well skilled in the theory of music. At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently skilled to secure the post of organist at North Cray church. As a child he was endowed with a fine voice, and was fortunate to escape the awkward 'break' which often reduces the childish soprano to a commonplace baritone. Struck by the quality of his voice, his father placed him under the care of a teacher of singing, who at first—deceived as to the real compass and quality of his pupil's voice—treated it as a baritone, and exercised it accordingly. As a baritone, then, the future Edgardo sang in Newcastle, Scotland, and Ireland, on the Northern and the Western Circuit. As a change from Count Rodolpho and Dandini, he introduced a song called the 'Flaunting Flag of Liberty,' which for the time being became popular, but has long since died out of memory. Then came a London

engagement, not at Her Majesty's, but at the Grecian Theatre, otherwise the Eagle, in the City-road, the home of that immortal Rouse whose name in the English language is inseparably connected with the expression of applause. From the lighter comic opera of the Grecian, the man who was to become the first of English tenors advanced to an engagement at Drury Lane, under the management of Macready, figuring as a Sicilian shepherd in *Acis and Galatea*, and subsequently in Purcell's *King Arthur*. It was in 'Come, if you dare,' that young Reeves made his first great stroke as a tenor singer, and it is characteristic of his painstaking character that the use he made of this success was to go to Paris to take lessons of Bordogni, and thence to Milan, where under Mazzucato he made such improvement as to enable him to appear at La Scala with the success already referred to. From the Scala he returned to England, and to Drury Lane, where, under the management of Jullien, he fully justified the brilliant reputation he had made in Edgardo. Then came a successful appearance in oratorio, and the electrifying 'Sound an alarm' (never to be forgotten), engagements in Dublin, in the North, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and at Her Majesty's Theatre. There is little doubt that, in his career on the Italian lyric stage, Mr. Reeves experienced all the serious difficulties which beset Englishmen who attempt to compete with Italians in a domain which they conceive to be their peculiar inheritance. At Dublin

the artist selected to sing Edgardo to the Lucia of Miss Catherine Hayes was a Signor Pagliere, whose failure was so complete as to induce the proverbially volcanic Irish audience to call loudly for 'Reeves, Reeves!' who, having completed an engagement in English opera, was present in the house. An amusing scene occurred. Mr. Reeves declined to sing to please the manager (Mr. Calcraft), but, bowing to the public, who demanded 'Reeves, Reeves!' asserted his readiness to sing to please them, and sang in Edgardo, to their great delight and the immense relief of Miss Catherine Hayes.

It might easily be imagined that an artist of Mr. Reeves's ability and independence of character holds a strong opinion on the subject of encores. In this respect at least he carries with him the more artistic section of the public. The prolongation of a miscellaneous concert to an inordinate length is a minor nuisance compared with the interruption of an opera or oratorio—often to the entire sacrifice of the dramatic situation, and the confusion of the composer's idea.

'I do not care,' adds Mr. Reeves, 'much for the practical view of the subject, that by encoring particular songs the audience get double as much as they bargain for. That is a small matter. I base my objection on other grounds. You sing your song; you do your best to attain absolute perfection, and if in perfect health and voice perhaps approach it within a few degrees. There is applause, enthu-

siasm, the impression on the audience is sharp and clear. Then comes the encore. As a mild species of lion you have made your spring. You have done your best, and can barely hope to equal your first effort, and let you sing never so well the impression cannot be so good. The sparkle is gone. Of all men I have no reason to complain of the public; but to be candid I must confess that at popular concerts at least they encore the worst and noisiest pieces, and the artist is compelled to repeat the showy bit of declamation that, in his musical consciousness, he despises.'

Reticent of his opinions on contemporary singers, Mr. Reeves is by no means chary of expressing his views of the giants of his early days. In Mario he recognises the singer *par excellence* of melody, the most skilful interpreter of *cantabile* passages; and in Tamberlik the master of musical declamation. No singer can entertain greater reverence for the 'intention of the composer.' The transposition of a part is to him a crime. 'The composer knew exactly the effect he wished to produce, and never wrote in a particular key without a reason. There is colour in music, and the transposition of a part deprives it of this colour. Witness *Don Giovanni* when the part of the Don was heightened from baritone to tenor.'

It will be seen that the great English tenor is a man of ideas. On the questions of pitch and encore he is immovable, but, despite his classical training, has a keen appreciation of the genius of Wagner.

Few men are more genial and clubable, although he is no longer seen at the Garrick. At the period when Thackeray, Justice Talfourd, and Serjeant Murphy haunted the old smoking-room of the club, Mr. Sims Reeves passed many of his happiest hours in their society; but he has long forsworn late hours, and lives entirely in his art and his pleasant home looking towards the Surrey hills.

VI.

MOLTKE AT THE GENERAL STAFF.

MOLTKE AT THE GENERAL STAFF.

On the Königs Platz of Berlin, in front of the column of victory commemorating Prussia's successful wars, a magnificent building has been erected for the official use of the General Staff. In this structure are the private rooms of the chief of the establishment, the famous Count Moltke. The aged Field-Marshal may often be seen passing to and fro over the large square bordering the outskirts of the Thiergarten. His wrinkled face, illumined by soft blue eyes, his slender figure, bent not so much by the weight of years, but rather by a habit of inclining the head when in thoughtful reverie, are familiar to most Berliners. Moltke's popularity is as great as that of the Emperor and Bismarck. Quite a legendary circle has been formed around the 'combiner of battles.' The 'grosse Schweiger'—an epithet generally accorded to the Field-Marshal—is nearly always described as taciturn, reserved, and inaccessible in his solitary loneliness. If on state occasions his words are few and his deportment stiff, he is in private sociable even to geniality, and enters readily into conversation. His knowledge is scarcely less wide and varied than his

experience, while the interest which he takes in art, poetry, music, and history is deep and real.

Helmuth Von Moltke was born on the 26th of October 1800 at Parchim, a small country town in Mecklenburg, to which his father, an ex-captain in the Danish army, had retired on half-pay. His parents, who were far from wealthy, were obliged early to part from their three children, two of whom were boys. Relations between Denmark and Germany were then much closer than now. The Danish kings, as Dukes of Schleswig-Holstein and members of the Diet, almost ranked as German princes. It is therefore not strange that Moltke's father sent his boys to Copenhagen, where, as sons of an ex-officer, they were entitled to a place in the cadet-school. At the age of seventeen Helmuth graduated with high honours, and became established as page in the royal household, with the grade of a lieutenant in the army. In the following year he entered on active service in a regiment of infantry. Notwithstanding the great influence possessed by the Moltkes in Denmark, some branches of whom had even been raised to the rank of Count, the now renowned Field-Marshal, for reasons unknown, left the land of his fathers, and proceeded to Prussia. In 1822 he was appointed a second lieutenant in the 'King's Own,' then garrisoned at Frankfort-on-the-Oder. By his scientific accomplishments and untiring diligence in pursuit of his studies Moltke soon attracted the attention of his superiors. Shortly after finishing his course of instruction at the Berlin

military academy he was attached to the General Staff. Unlike many of his comrades, who, on entering this much-envied *élite* corps, abandoned themselves to the frivolous pleasures of the capital, Moltke sought the acquaintance of scholars and professors. At the instance of Carl Ritter, the eminent geographer, Moltke received in 1835 leave of absence for a tour in the East. His landing at Constantinople took place just at the period when Chosref Pasha, under Mahmoud, the extirpator of the unruly Janissaries, was about executing his master's far-sighted reforms. In a conversation with the Grand Vizier on the system of the Prussian Landwehr, and their invaluable services in the wars against the great Napoleon, he so interested the leading Ottoman statesman that the latter requested him to prolong his stay. Intending only to pass a fortnight in Stamboul, he finally remained nearly four years. His assistance to the Sultan in reorganising the Turkish army, the signal intrepidity of which he witnessed in an expedition against the Koords and at the bloody battle of Nisib, has been described by him in letters addressed to friends and members of his family on *Affairs and Occurrences in Turkey from* 1835-1839, afterwards collected and anonymously published by Ritter. This was followed by a history under his own name on the Turko-Russian war of 1828-1829, a work which established his fame as a military author. 'For a siege of the Turkish capital,' he wrote in this book, 'besides two armies in Europe and one in Asia, as well as a

fleet in the Sea of Marmora, undoubted possession of one of the two passages, either the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus, is absolutely necessary.'

On his return from Turkey, Moltke was everywhere received with enthusiasm, and in recognition of his services attached in 1840 as first aide-de-camp to Prince Henry of Prussia, who, previous to his conversion to Catholicism, had taken up his residence at Rome. The campaign of 1864 against the Danes found Moltke already at the head of the General Staff. It was not, however, till 1866 that his unrivalled reputation as a strategist became universally manifest. When, on the heights of Chlum, the Emperor and his suite were watching with terrible suspense the storm of battle raging in and around Sadowa, and anxiously waiting the arrival of the Crown Prince with the guards, who were to decide the day, Moltke, fully convinced that the advanced guard must reach the field in time to gain the victory, alone preserved perfect calmness. This confidence in the accuracy of his combinations may also be discerned in the war of 1870-71, especially at the battles of Metz, during the astounding march to Sedan, and in the siege of Paris. The manner in which he seems to have forecast every possible contingency is almost incredible. Military critics—a generation or two hence—might indeed readily suppose that it was actual prescience, rather than instant promptitude of resolve, which enabled him to meet the successive emergencies of a crisis in a battle or campaign. No

one, however, is more convinced of the impossibility of doing this than the Field-Marshal himself, who, well aware that in strategy measures and numbers are of secondary importance to the moral powers, once said, 'Success in war chiefly depends on energy and will.' His orders are always concise and to the point, and he leaves to the different commanders full liberty to exercise their own judgment within a certain scope. In battles directed by him Moltke never actively took part in the affray, although repeatedly exposed to imminent danger. A painting shown to the Field-Marshal, depicting him in front of the troops, stimulating them to the attack on Mars la Tour, evoked the modest remark: 'I should have been out of my place in leading on soldiers in presence of the general whose special duty it was to command.'

The honours heaped on him since the proclamation of the new German Empire have not effected the slightest change in the simplicity of his nature, so well in correspondence with the self-chosen motto on his escutcheon, *Candide et caute*. A kind benefactor to the deserving poor, Moltke always finds, despite his onerous occupations, time to fulfil the obligation of president in the Oberlin Verein, a benevolent association for the education of forsaken children. At Kreisan, his estate in Silesia, purchased by him after the war of 1866, he has undertaken the management of the civil registry, so that many of the country people contract their marriage-vows before him. The greatest part of the winter he spends in Berlin, where

his attendance is also required for the discharge of his parliamentary functions. Seldom missing a sitting, he rarely rises to speak, and then only on military questions and after much preparation. His voice is unfortunately too weak to penetrate to the remoter parts of the House, and therefore on his manifesting his intention to address the members, the gentlemen quit their seats and assemble round the tribune. When the sitting is over, he invariably returns on foot to the General Staff. The grand entrance to this edifice, a lofty hall and marble staircase, is seldom used by him. With characteristic modesty, he prefers a small doorway on the left wing, appropriated to servants and other domestic purposes, and by traversing the court and mounting a winding staircase arrives at his official suite of apartments, completely furnished at the expense of the State in accordance with his instructions. Here everything displays taste, style, and elegance. Adjoining a moderately-sized dining-room is Moltke's favourite resort, the music *salon*. All along the walls, decorated with paper-hangings of light soft tints, extend comfortable divans of crimson silk. The furniture and doors are white, the latter set off by coloured medallions representing the emblems of art; a magnificent piano of fine white wood, bearing a dull polish and enriched with careful carvings painted in the so-called *rococo* porcelain style, is in union with other articles gracing the *salon*. Not far from this apartment is a corner room, somewhat removed from the noise and

tumult of every-day life, and the culminating point of interest, viz. Moltke's study. In front of the middle window the Field-Marshal's massive writing-table is placed, and not far from it a long board covered with charts, maps, and books. The walls, of a brown dull colour with veins of gold, are crowned with painted frescoes portraying momentous epochs in the history of Prussia and Germany.

Moltke's mode of life is very regular. He rises at seven. After breakfast, served in German style, and consisting of coffee and rolls, he takes a cigar. Letters and papers, arriving with the morning mail, are delivered to him at nine, and quickly but thoroughly read. Shortly after eleven, when he changes his comfortable dressing-gown for regimentals, and replaces a black smoking-cap for a wig of a light-brownish colour, he confers with his aides-de-camp and leading officers of the General Staff. During this occupation, which is speedily transacted, he takes cold meat and a glass of beer for lunch. On the stroke of two he leaves his study and sets out for a walk or ride. On horseback his appearance, generally more resembling that of a scholar than a soldier, undergoes a marked transformation, the rather curved figure becoming erect and full of animation. Dinner, commencing at four, at which he drinks his favourite beverage, a light Moselle wine, is taken in the midst of his family, and enlivened by unrestrained mirth and conversation. Then follow coffee and a cigar in the study. From five to seven he resumes his writing.

Although his pen glides easily over the paper, corrections are seldom necessary, his thought, despite his advanced years, being always concentrated. Before supper, the evening papers are carefully read by the Field-Marshal, who is much interested in all current events of the day. Theatres and public concerts are rarely visited by him. He only appears at court on the most urgent occasions, much preferring home life to the gaieties of society. He is very fond of a quiet game of whist, and plays it nearly every evening. The hour previous to retiring is generally devoted to music. No proficient in this art, Moltke has a most cultivated ear, and is an especial enthusiast of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Schubert. On going to rest he often takes one more glance from the balcony at the capital, the outlines of which dimly rise beyond the grand monument, and may well serve to remind him of his great achievements and eventful life.

VII.

COLONEL HENDERSON AT SCOTLAND YARD.

COLONEL HENDERSON AT SCOTLAND YARD.

When her Majesty the Queen is graciously pleased to open Parliament in person, and on some other occasions of State, the assembled crowd is mystified by an officer wearing incomparably the handsomest uniform in the procession. Generals and Field-Marshals make but a sorry figure by the side of the tall cavalier, who is as exceptionally well mounted as he is well dressed. This six-feet-three of soldierly humanity, in dark-blue and silver, galloping here and there, and giving orders instantly obeyed by everybody, naturally provokes curiosity and comment. Well-informed individuals in the crowd make daring shots at his individuality. His blue uniform suggests that he is an artillery officer; but then he wears silver instead of gold, and, as we once heard a youth say, he "'asn't got a muff on 'is 'ead.' Opinion generally settles down into the belief that he is something about the Court—the Lord Chamberlain, the Groom of the Stole, the Silver Stick, or some equally mysterious functionary. Only practised sight-seers are aware that the dark-blue horseman is Colonel

Henderson, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, ruling over a territory of nearly seven hundred square miles, occupied by four and a half millions of inhabitants—the most populous and incomparably the richest spot in the world.

It is only on occasions of ceremony that Colonel Henderson dons his much-envied official costume. At ordinary times, when he is working steadily through his increasing mass of duties at Scotland Yard, he appears in ordinary morning dress, and displays neither in look nor in manner the slightest mark of officialism. That is to say, when he is seen; for it is one thing to go to Scotland Yard, or rather to the entrance to the office in Whitehall-place, and quite another to see Colonel Henderson. Not that he is an inaccessible Grand Lama, by any means, to those provided with proper credentials. He is not a whit more remote than a newspaper editor, for instance, and the formula to *dépister les fâcheux* is the same in both cases. Applicants are asked to write, or, if their business be with the Executive Department, are handed over to the polite and obliging Chief-Inspector Harris. There is no delay at the door. The caller is relieved of his card, and is at once shown into a narrow and lofty room, not unlike an *oubliette*. Here he remains until his fate is decided, and he is requested to write, or handed over to the department under which his business falls. These precautions, as policemen and journalists well know, are absolutely necessary. The head of a great engine

cannot be interrupted at every moment, and to secure leisure to do his work must be hedged, if not with divinity, then with *oubliette* antechambers and clever subordinates, more jealous of the 'Chief's' time than he is himself. After two minutes in the *oubliette* we are ushered into the presence of the Chief Commissioner, who sits alone in a vast room, warmed by an enormous fire. Before him is a table of proportionate dimensions covered with masses of papers, licenses, reports, and so forth. In the farther corner of the room is a screen—suggesting that Sergeant Teazle of the Detective Service is concealed behind it; and on the opposite side of the room is a mighty bookcase looking like a dummy—framed only to hide a file of policemen. There is no deception, however, about these stagey-looking adjuncts. The 'property' bookcase once held a collection of law-books, and the suspicious-looking screen hides no Huguet with arquebuse and lighted match. Colonel Henderson, like most men accustomed to the criminal class, holds it in far too profound contempt to suspect the arrival of an assassin with forged credentials. With plenty, and more than plenty, of work to get through, he has plenty of time to listen to our inquiries. We want to know all about the gangs of burglars supposed to infest the suburbs of London.

'Gangs!' replies the Chief Commissioner, in his most mellifluous tones; 'there are no gangs of burglars. Does it not occur to you, as a public writer, that there are particular seasons for particular crimes?

Long nights are favourable to the burglar, who, if a clever man in his profession, will have nothing to do with a gang. He would only be encumbering himself with unprofitable partners—fellows who would eat and drink their heads off, and be of no possible use. One or two men, armed with the best modern appliances, can do any "job" that comes in their way far better than half a dozen. Your best man, your really eminent burglar, works alone—fights for his own hand. This is a tradition of the profession, illustrated by the practice of the best artists. There are no "bands of fierce barbarians" lurking about London. It is unsafe to have partners in anything, especially in burglary. A great deal has been heard recently of the detectives. Neither they nor anybody else could detect habitual marauders, if there really were honour among thieves. There is nothing of the kind. They sell each other whenever they can do so safely. This tendency is susceptible of several explanations. They are always poor, always in want of a pound or two, and, perhaps, professional jealousy goes for something: so your good workman works, as I have told you, alone. The so-called gangs of burglars are, for the most part, amateurs, and bungling amateurs. They spring from the worst class of artisan, as the poacher springs from the worst class of agriculturist. The village ne'er-do-well takes to poaching as the duck takes to water; and the man who does odd jobs in and around London, who is a bad carpenter or incompetent plumber or locksmith,

or a good one but too fond of drink, takes to burglary at the proper season. There has been more than the average amount of burglaries this season, I confess, but this is referable to the state of trade. Statistics teach unerringly that when trade is bad, crime increases—mainly from the influx of amateurs into the criminal class. It is not difficult to pick out the work of new hands. From an artistic point of view it is contemptible. They break and tear things, and seldom steal anything worth having, while your trained burglar never makes an attempt without knowing that it is worth while. Chief-Inspector Harris will show you some of the tools of regular artists, the men who work singly, and not the clumsy amateurs who are frightening suburban London. It is impossible for the police to watch every house in Nightingale-lane, for instance; and if they did, there are at hand acres of ground, more or less enclosed. This is rare cover for the burglar, and would require an army of police to patrol it. I believe the scare in Clapham has been caused by very few men, as the post-office robberies point unmistakably to a very few hands. In most cases of burglary masters and servants are equally to blame. Masters are careless of fastenings, and servants are always sleeping or eating.'

Having seen the burglar disposed of for the present, we laughingly refer to the duty of the police in arresting and leading away stray curs lest they should communicate rabies. 'This scare,' says Colonel Hen-

derson, 'is just like other scares,' and arises from no fault of my men. The dogs caught by them are conveyed to the police-stations, and thence to the Home for Lost Dogs, where, by the way, they have had no cases of rabies. It is useless to blink the fact that this dog-catching occupies a great deal of time. You are aware that since the duty of dog-catching was imposed upon the police—that is to say, during the last ten years—we have caught more than a hundred thousand stray dogs; last year nearly nineteen thousand canine arrests were made without detecting a single case of rabies. As a matter of fact, the few cases of death from hydrophobia which have occurred within the district have been multiplied by terror into an epidemic. It is the same in other large towns. In New York they had a general massacre of dogs one summer, because a few boys were bitten by exasperated animals. But this dog-catching is only a small part of the work of my men. You will see by my report for 1876 that at night they try the windows and doors with considerable success, for more than twenty-five thousand were left open. We also have more than a hundred men stationed round London as a sanitary cordon to prevent the entry of diseased cattle. My men are also in charge of the Government dockyards, and attend races, Lord Mayors' shows, and other celebrations, besides controlling and marshalling the traffic of the streets, receiving and conveying the first intelligence of fires and keeping back the crowd

while the firemen are at work, and carrying out the provisions of a Smoke Nuisance Act. The German philosopher, who defined the Government of a country as the chief policeman, took a comprehensive view of things, doubtless suggested by a study of this department. The mass of papers you see before me are licenses and applications for licenses issued by me under the Hackney Carriages Act. In this section of my duty I am judge, jury, and policeman. They all come to me: omnibus-drivers, hansom-cabmen, steady old growlers, and the gay young gentlemen who drive the summer coaches. You know that the fines and other punishments incurred by omnibus and cab men are indorsed upon their licenses, and that all this must be considered when a renewal is applied for. It is puzzling sometimes. On the one hand, one cannot allow the public to be injured, frightened, or insulted by intoxicated savages; and on the other, it seems hard to take a man's bread away because he has quarrelled with some tight-fisted traveller. As you ask me, I will tell you that I do not think cabmen a "bad lot." They have a very hard and rough life of long working hours and exposure to the weather, and their earnings are precarious. We are perpetually hearing of the superiority of the cabs in foreign cities. This is nonsense: the vehicles meant by the cosmopolitan critic, who abuses every English product, are not cabs at all, but a superior class of carriage specially engaged at a higher price. The men are very honest, as I have means of judging.

I have seen a great deal of them, and I must say a great deal of good. The cabman is put down as being perpetually intoxicated. Now more than a thousand of those employed in the district are teetotalers; and I am certain that this is a larger percentage of total abstinence than could be extracted from the majority of working trades. Cabby is not a bad fellow, by any means, although he gives my men a great deal of trouble.'

We should naturally like very much to have Colonel Henderson's own private opinion on the Detective Case. He tells us frankly: 'I expect to be called upon shortly to give evidence in another place, so I must reserve my energies a little for that occasion; but to be candid, I think the importance of the case and of the detective force altogether enormously exaggerated by the public. There must be policemen in plain clothes—otherwise "detectives"—of course; for the thieves and associates of thieves who give information concerning one another would not dare to be seen speaking to a constable in uniform; but the "detective" has been unfairly magnified at the expense of his workaday brother. There are hundreds of men in uniform perfectly qualified for detective work, and who do in fact acquire valuable information and make important arrests. But the public have been taught to believe that the detective has some extraordinary method of working; and I think you gentlemen of the press and, as one of my officers would say, "other writers of fiction" are re-

sponsible in great measure for this error. As for the trustworthiness of detectives, I am afraid they are like other people over whom it is impossible to exercise proper control. Cases of misconduct in the force generally are not difficult of discovery, because the ordinary constable is under constant supervision, and if found wanting is punished severely; but who is to detect the detective? There is a Latin version of this question which would please old-fashioned people; but you young lions prefer, I know, to roar in English. By the very nature of his occupation the detective officer is withdrawn from the observation of his superiors. He cannot be watched; for if he could be, he would not be good for much in his particular line. He must therefore be trusted implicitly; and it is not to be wondered at that sometimes temptation proves too strong for him, as for other men. We select the best men we can for the post; but there our power ends, for we cannot keep them "in hand" as we can an ordinary constable. There is, by the way, a prevalent notion, which it may be worth while to correct, that anybody in trouble anywhere has only to telegraph to Scotland Yard for a detective to receive one by return of post, and that officers in our pay are allowed to work on their own account. This is downright nonsense; but it is useful in novels and on the stage, where, I hear, the actor playing the once popular detective was recently hissed.'

We hint that the Chief Commissioner and his blue

army appear to be very sensitive to all said and written about them.

'Very attentive to all that is written, beyond doubt. To what is said on the stage and elsewhere we are more indifferent, or the Christmas pantomime season would be a sore trial. But we miss nothing that appears in print. Chief-Inspector Harris reads all the London newspapers, and cuts out every line concerning the police, whether recording the opinion of a magistrate or of an able editor. I read all this every day, and initial it, as you see, as well as the "states" or reports from the various divisions at different times of the day. It is especially my duty to award praise and reward where they are due, as in the case before you, wherein a constable caught a couple of men on their way to do a "job" of burglary with crowbar, picklocks, wedges, &c., in their possession. This, if you reflect for a moment, is the proper function of a policeman. His first and highest duty is not the detection, but the prevention, of crime — the protection of person and property intrusted to his charge.'

On our hinting at comparison between our own and continental systems of police, Colonel Henderson tells us that high German authorities assure him that the police service of London is better performed than that of any of the continental cities, where the policeman is looked upon with very different eyes from those which keenly scan and criticise him here. Here he is a humorous personage whose supposed invisi-

bility has furnished endless material for jokers. Abroad people do not laugh at the policeman—quite the contrary. They view him with a mixture of respect, terror, and aversion. 'It is difficult,' continues the Chief Commissioner, 'to obtain accurate statistics of foreign crime. The Paris police make a larger percentage of arrests than we do; but this is not entirely a test of efficiency, as the percentage of crime in Paris may be greater than in London.'

Colonel Henderson has had considerable experience of the criminal classes and of prison organisation. An officer of the Royal Engineers, he was selected by Lord Grey as Controller of the Convict Department in Western Australia; and after serving there for some years returned home to succeed Sir Joshua Jebb as Surveyor-General of Prisons, from which post he was advanced by Lord Aberdare to that of Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police on the death of Sir Richard Mayne. Accustomed by his previous career to the preparation of reports, he suggested to Lord Aberdare the elaborate document which now places every year before the public an account of the metropolitan district from the police point of view. Not less mindful of external adornment than actual efficiency, he invented the new uniform of the police, including his own handsome dress. Familiar with every species of criminal, the Chief Commissioner is of course not astonished at any development of crime; but perhaps the most remarkable feature in his undoubtedly kindly nature is the

feeling that the people he has ruled so long, and now watches so closely, are not so much worse than others as might be supposed. 'I was never more delighted in my life,' he tells us, 'than at one of those charming actions of the Queen in which her kindliness of nature and good sense were admirably exemplified. I had had the honour of showing her Majesty over Parkhurst Prison. Among the women there several had had children born during the term of their imprisonment. Two days later I received an enormous box of toys for the little prison-born children.'

At this juncture Chief-Inspector Harris arrives with a fresh mass of papers, and we take our leave of the Chief Commissioner, who has before him work enough and to spare. Under the care of Mr. Harris we visit all the queer nooks which make the heterogeneous collection of buildings known as Scotland Yard one of the most interesting places in London. As we stroll round the various departments we hear that the best raw material for a policeman is a countryman—cockneys, wild Irishmen, and old soldiers being especially objectionable. Each of these classes of persons is apt to think he knows more than his superiors, and cannot, except with rare exceptions, be taught his duty. The cockney who has read novels thinks himself a born detective, and is loth to submit to the two years' hard work necessary to make a really intelligent officer, able to act promptly on his own responsibility. We see many curious things in Scotland Yard. Here is a printing-office employing

eight men to print off the lists of 'informations' to the police and to pawnbrokers; a telegraph-office, with an educated staff of policemen, communicating with Mr. Cross in his office and every police-station in the district; a wonderful collection of lost goods, found and deposited by cabmen; several albums filled, for the purpose of identification, with photographs of bodies found; and a still more curious repository of the property of persons now 'in trouble,' ranging from diamond pins to hairbrushes. There is above all this a species of Blue Chamber filled with the ghastly instruments of crime; but this hideous repository has been found so interesting by serious and thoughtful newspapers that a list of blood-stained razors and murderers' rags can well be omitted on this occasion.

VIII.

MR. JOWETT AT BALLIOL.

MR. JOWETT AT BALLIOL.

The visitor to Oxford, who has made his way inside the precincts of the famous college which stands at the corner of Broad-street, and chances to scrutinise with more than ordinary attention an almost painfully new building in that quarter of the grounds known as the 'Grove,' will very probably be saluted with the polite inquiry, whether he would like to see the hall. For the building at which he gazes is none other than the new hall of Balliol College; and the question, if it does not proceed from the lips of the Master of Balliol himself, has at least been dictated by the Master to the official who respectfully asks it. Mr. Jowett plumes himself on the structure, and it is but seldom that he can resist, when he sees a stranger rapt in wondering contemplation of it, offering his services as cicerone in person. The Master of Balliol is as proud of his new hall as the College of Balliol is proud of its Master. From the lips of Mr. Jowett, at whose initiative the work has been executed, and through whose exertions subscriptions sufficient to defray a portion of the expenses incurred have been raised, the visitor may hear the story of the building

pleasantly, quietly, and concisely told. The tone in which the Master of Balliol speaks is bland and smooth, the words are cautious and precise, the utterance is rather quick. The voice and the manner are in perfect keeping with the expression of the face. From head to foot, Mr. Jowett is dressed like a college dignitary of the old school. He wears the trencher-cap and a master's gown, an evening swallow-tail coat, a complete suit of black, relieved by a large expanse of shirt-front as snowy white as is the cravat triply encircling his throat. In stature he is some five feet ten inches, though his height is apt to appear less than is really the case, in consequence of the unusual size of the head. The hair is almost as well bleached as the linen, and a copious fringe of it is displayed under the academic headgear. The face is remarkable—remarkable not from the pointedness of its features or the severity of its aspect, but from characteristics quite the reverse of these. Indeed, the features are small and gentle as a child; the skin is smooth and clear; there is an absence of all hard lines, and a general look of plumpness, comeliness, and rotundity. The eyes are a clear blue, and they look at the stranger with an expression of placid benevolent interrogation, with which it may be that there is blended just the least shade of satirical humour and cold contempt, as though they would ask him whether he is quite convinced of his existence; and if so, whether he is certain that it is, on the whole, desirable to exist at all.

Such is the Master of Balliol—a hale, healthy, well-conditioned man of sixty years of age, the absolute monarch of no insignificant little world; a man in whose presence there is a subtle influence which communicates itself in some shape or other to all—who has read and thought and written, as few have done, for forty years, and yet is as fresh and untired after it all as if he had only dipped periodically into study at the bidding of an occasional impulse. And certainly, without the impulse and the wish, Mr. Jowett has never worked at all; but, then, both have ever been there, and so it is that the industry of his career has been incessant. To say that a capable and clever man is idle—such is the doctrine which the Master of Balliol used never to be weary of impressing upon his disciples—is a contradiction in terms; the power to work means the wish to work. It is a salutary maxim; and if Mr. Jowett was further asked how the wish to work was always to be secured, he would assuredly say by never overtaxing one's energies. The Master of Balliol is no advocate of herculean efforts. To do little at a time, but to do it thoroughly and regularly; never to let a day pass without a few hours, and these hours as far as possible the same, given to work—this is his motto, and this his perpetual monition. There have, indeed, been times when he has failed to preserve this golden rule. Some years ago, with what he felt to be the whole educational responsibility of Balliol resting upon his shoulders, with weighty books yet to be written, and

whole volumes of translations and analyses to be made, Mr. Jowett transgressed in practice the precept which he has always maintained in theory. But it was not for long, and the effects of the transgression warned him against its repetition. In one sense Mr. Jowett is always busy—that is, the intervals of rest which he gives himself are very short. But they are frequent, and the consequence is that he gets through an immense amount of labour with incredibly little of fatigue. An early riser, by those who pique themselves on early rising, the Master of Balliol would not be called. His breakfast is over, however, before ten, and the duties of the day begin at once.

If the new hall at Balliol be regarded as the crowning token of Mr. Jowett's efforts, he is not the less entitled to say that, if he wants to discover the monument of his toils, he has but to look around. Balliol, as Balliol now is, is the work of his own hands. The Balliol tutors and lecturers are men whose minds he has moulded; the Balliol scholars, exhibitioners, and commoners are youths whom his prestige has attracted; the social, political, and religious atmosphere of the place is what he has made it to be; the economic management of the college is of his own devising. The institution of a coöperative store for undergraduates inside the college-walls, the custom of renting furniture of the college instead of the necessity of purchasing it—of these and many other reforms the authorship belongs to Mr. Jowett alone. The actual teaching in which the Master of

Balliol now engages is of course small. He has recently delivered his lectures, as Professor of Greek, vicariously, his deputy being a Mr. Forbes, a former pupil, and long associated with him in his Plato, Aristotle, and Thucydides labours. It is the last of these authors—the historian—the preparation of an English version of which now occupies all Mr. Jowett's time; and when that work is safely through the press, there are the *Politics* of Aristotle to follow. The manner in which he prepares these translations for the public is peculiar. First, he commits to paper a tolerably close and literal rendering of his author, sometimes in his own handwriting, sometimes dictated. Secondly, when he has digested both the original text and the English version, he puts aside the letter of each, and then, being careful chiefly, or only, to preserve the style appropriate to the author, reproduces the substance of the Greek in exquisitely idiomatic English. This is the way in which he accomplished his Plato—a method admirable and acceptable in the case of the general reader, but one which does not satisfy the severe conditions of the verbal school of Cambridge critics, who professed to detect within the compass of Mr. Jowett's *Republic* thirty-three grammatical mistakes. Many as are the hours in each day which he gives to these labours, nothing is permitted to interfere with the work of general supervision and control of college discipline and affairs. A single undergraduate, two or three together, are seen walking through the quadrangle

in the direction of the Master's lodgings. What is the object of the call? It may be that they have been sent for to be remonstrated with on insufficient attendance at chapel or roll-call; or that they represent a deputation from the dinner committee, to prefer some complaint or suggest some alteration; or that they are students about whose work the Master is specially anxious. Mr. Jowett can find time to attend to each class of duties. If the youth in cap and gown who has just been ushered into the Master's presence has gone thither with the intent to brazen out his dereliction of duty, or to essay his powers of plausible statement and repartee, it may be predicted with confidence that he will be miserably defeated in the encounter. Mr. Jowett has always had a surprising knack of making self-sufficient undergraduates look and feel remarkably small, and of causing any feeble efforts at impertinence to recoil with killing effect against their author. Nor has he cultivated less successfully a habit of criticism, which crushes by a single expression, for the benefit of aspiring young authors, who may have brought him essays written in magniloquent and pretentious style. A single exclamation is enough. The simple 'What stuff! what rubbish!' is uttered in the small incisive voice, and the juvenile penman is overwhelmed in an agony of shame.

The 'Master's lodgings,' as they are modestly called, are at the end of the enclosure immediately opposite to the new dining-hall. In ordinary lan-

guage they would be described as a capacious and extremely handsome house, newly built in the time of Dr. Scott, Mr. Jowett's predecessor, in the course of the last ten years. As one approaches them from the opposite end, the figure of the Master may be seen pacing up and down his study, which is on the first-floor. Adjoining the study is the drawing-room, while below is the dining-room—a noble chamber, with a huge Gothic window of painted glass, and once forming portion of a chapel that has long since disappeared. Two or three rooms on the ground-floor are, or till lately were, occupied by Mr. Abbott, a fellow and tutor of Balliol, whom, as there were no eligible apartments for him elsewhere, Mr. Jowett, with characteristic kindness, received into his own house. The 'Master's lodgings' have entrance-doors opening into the college quadrangle and the street. Both are well known to not a few of the most distinguished men and women of England. Mr. Jowett's house is abundantly furnished with bedrooms; and Mr. Jowett, himself the most hospitable of hosts, never enjoys himself more than when they are tenanted by visitors. The Master of Balliol's Sunday dinner-parties are famous far beyond the college precincts. Either round the dinner-table, or else in the drawing-room when dinner is done, all that is most notable in Oxford society is asked to meet the eminent strangers from town. George Eliot, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Mr. Matthew Arnold, are some of the more distinguished of the company

visible on such occasions. Nor is it the aristocracy of intellect which is alone represented. Men and women illustrious for their station as well as for their achievements are there—men born to large estates and influence, hereditary senators whose titles signalise them as the lords of parties; women brilliant in the world of fashion. Mixed with these are youthful students whom Mr. Jowett is desirous to encourage or exhibit, rising dons, possible professors of the future. It is a company more noticeable than any other which could be found out of London, and which could be found out of London only in the house of the Master of Balliol at Oxford. With the exception of the dining-room—and the furniture and appliances of that are as modern as they are handsome—there is nothing which savours of the antique in Mr. Jowett's home. The study library is a spacious apartment covered with bookshelves, much after the fashion of the rooms which Mr. Jowett occupied when fellow and tutor of the college, and which look down upon the Martyrs' Memorial; the tables are strewn with papers and Greek texts. There are a few pictures on the wall, whose subjects are religious rather than classical. Above the mantelpiece is suspended a superb photograph of the 'Last Supper,' and the line engravings are copies of Raffael's cartoons. Immediately in front of the photograph, with his back turned towards the fireplace, Mr. Jowett likes to stand The position is one whence he can see the greater portion of the quadrangle, and it may be that the sight and its asso-

ciations inspire and refresh him as he dictates to the amanuensis at the table. Mr. Jowett may be said to create his own secretaries. The youth whom he at present employs in that capacity is the son of his butler, Knight; his predecessor was the son of the college porter: both were educated to such a pitch by the Regius Professor of Greek that they were able to attend his lectures on Thucydides.

Mr. Jowett's manner of life, and in some respects his house itself, are interesting and noticeable, not merely because of the space which the Master of Balliol occupies in the public eye, the influence which he has exercised both in Oxford and far outside Oxford, but because they symbolise almost everything that is characteristic in the new *régime* upon the Isis. At Oxford the ancient and the modern, the classic and the mediæval, meet and struggle for predominance. The oldest authorities in literature, philosophy, politics, are still ostensibly studied; the newest lights are for ever being thrown upon them. Paganism and mediæval Christianity, old-fashioned simplicity and nineteenth-century luxury, blend together. This mixture of heterogeneous forces can be seen with more completeness under the roof of the Master of Balliol than elsewhere; for at Lincoln, the home of Mr. Mark Pattison, the old is ignored and only the new recognised. Mr. Jowett's habits of life display the dualism. The host who entertains at an eight-o'clock dinner, arranged upon the improved principles of new-fangled æstheticism, a party most of

whose members have little or nothing in common with the thoughts and ways of Oxford as Oxford once was, breakfasts, whether by himself or when he happens to be entertaining a company of Balliol undergraduates, in the approved Oxford manner, and off dishes venerable in the days of Tom Warton. In the same way, when he sits down to his lunch, the meal before him consists of the commons of cold meat, and the pint or half-pint of beer supplied from the college kitchen and buttery. Similarly as regards the furniture and decorations of the Balliol lodge; the former is for the most part solid, handsome, as appropriate here as it would be in a bishop's palace. It would be an unjust deduction from these facts, or even from the very miscellaneous character of the guests to be met with in the Master's house, that Mr. Jowett is indifferent to, still less disrespectful of, the Christian proprieties. Mr. Jowett attends college-chapel morning and evening with as much regularity as any other head of a house in Oxford; and if it be morning, when the service is over, will walk round the Balliol grounds with some favourite undergraduate, instilling words of good counsel into receptive ears. The power which he has of attaching young men to himself is unique; and it is tolerably certain that the college don never yet lived whose name and teachings have penetrated farther into, or coloured more deeply, the youth of the upper classes, and especially the titled classes, of English society. Not that he quite exclusively devotes himself to the lat-

ter. He has disciples and admirers among the humble as well as among the high, among the lowly Scotchmen whom he patronises as well as among the patrician youths whom he has drawn to his college. It would be strange if it were otherwise. The Master of Balliol is one who, when he is intent upon acts of generosity, conceals from his right hand what his left does. It is not in one or two cases only that his seasonable benevolence has been experienced, and has borne good fruit, but in tens of cases. The Master of Balliol alone knows how many young men, whose University career it had seemed must have inevitably come to an end in consequence of the *res angusta domi*, have been able to finish their course by some quiet act of opportune bounty, the author of which they have at the time barely, perhaps, conjectured.

In society Mr. Jowett, though a pleasant, and occasionally even a brilliant, talker, is, happily for his friends, little given to monologue. He displays consummate art in judiciously sorting his guests, and preparing for each a social surprise. He leads the chorus of tongues, when it wants leading, very effectively, and shows, by the kind of comments which he interposes, how admirable a judge he is of what is calculated to superinduce the best sort of conversation all round. These comments are always sententious, always suggestive, always certain to fructify in the minds of those who hear them. Controversial and acrimonious utterances seldom fall from his lips; and, indeed, Mr. Jowett is now much less in the habit

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN IN HERTFORD STREET.

It is six o'clock on a dull December evening as a decidedly stylish brougham drives at a sharp pace up that thoroughfare, narrow, cramped, abounding in abrupt angles, generally perilous for coachmen, and stops opposite the door of No. 40 Hertford-street, Mayfair. Before the servant can descend from the box-seat, there steps out, with tread neither heavy nor inelastic, the proprietor of the carriage and the mansion, the owner of a name, and the holder of a dignity, which are part of our history, and which are identified with some of the most substantial services that a sagacious patriotism can render—the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir Alexander Cockburn. He has come from his Court, where he has been presiding for six long hours, following the while the labyrinthine threads of conflicting evidence or perplexed argument, or it may be delivering a charge to a jury which will be referred to in future generations as a masterpiece of precise and lucid exposition. Or it may be that Themis has given Sir Alexander once

touch the precious scrolls—singles out the particular document that he wants, is but another mode of cosmos. Not a minute has been lost. The Lord Chief Justice does not, after the manner of most men, require a brief interval of inaction for settling down and arranging his thoughts. What he has previously been busied about is despatched and done with, for the time. Genius has been defined as nothing more than an infinite capacity of concentrated attention. Without genius of that sort Sir Alexander Cockburn would never have mounted to his present height; it is impossible to know anything of his habits without being struck by its display now. Whether it be a mass of papers to peruse, or the heads of a speech to elaborate, or a work of general literature to be read, or, it may be, a copy of Latin verses to be written, Sir Alexander Cockburn does not allow himself a moment's pause till the task is completed; and when that is accomplished he will immediately betake himself to another. For the Lord Chief Justice is not merely admirable as judge, lawyer, orator; he is an appreciative and correct scholar, has a wide acquaintance with the literature of France and Italy as well as of his own country ; is, in a word, a marvellously accomplished, as well as polished, gentleman. If his colleague, Mr. Justice Denman, translated Gray's Elegy into Greek verse, let it not be forgotten that Lord Chief Justice Cockburn rendered the same poem into flowing and finished Latin elegiacs, in those odd five minutes in court which men of a dif-

ferent intellectual calibre would have left unemployed. He is what used to be called an eminently complete man; and whatever he takes up, whether work or pastime, to that he devotes himself heart and soul. His love and knowledge of music are not less than his love and knowledge of polite letters. To see Sir Alexander Cockburn at the opera, entirely absorbed in the sweet sounds issuing from the stage, and totally abstracted from all the life around him, one might imagine that he was a musical connoisseur, who made the indulgence of the taste the business of his life. The drawing-rooms in Hertford-street, which are exactly above the study and the dining-room, furnished with exquisite grace and elegance—the smaller drawing-room doing also duty as library—were, and indeed are still, the rendezvous of most gifted amateurs of vocal and instrumental harmony. There are some readers of these lines who will recollect a memorable evening, upwards of ten years ago, when such a company was assembled. Mrs. Nassau Senior sang a song of a rather plaintive character, and the Lord Chief Justice stood mute by the side of the piano, the tears trickling down his cheeks. Mrs. Senior was followed by Mrs. Rudolph Lehmann, whose music was in a somewhat livelier key. Sir Alexander Cockburn waited till the pianiste had finished, then clapped his hands in an ecstasy of delight, and could not check the exclamation, 'I would give a hundred pounds to hear that again!' There can be no doubt that this faculty of surrendering

himself absolutely to the immediate occupation, of passing rapidly from one mode of intellectual effort to another, from work to recreation, of getting all that can be got out of the latter as well as of doing all that can be done in the way of the former, explains the freshness, vigour, and acuteness which the Lord Chief Justice now possesses in apparently undiminished force. What is true of him in a London drawing-room, or at the opera, is true of him on a Scotch moor or on board his yacht. As Mr. Disraeli said, in the course of his notable reply to Dr. Kenealy five years ago in the House of Commons, 'The Lord Chief Justice is not a man who enters our drawing-rooms with an air of adamantine gravity.' When he treads the heather in quest of grouse, he has left the Bench as far behind him as when his thoughts are carried into the infinite on the wings of music. When he cruises in the Sibyl, he not merely puts on his sea-legs, but divests himself absolutely of all terrestrial solicitude.

It is a happy faculty this, which is possessed in so marked a degree by the master of 40 Hertford-street; and it is as pleasant to witness as it is happy in itself, because it is found in alliance with the most purely unselfish generosity—as in great things, so in small. Host could not more thoroughly devote himself to placing his friends at their ease, benefactor could not more anxiously look for the opportunity of doing good by stealth, than the Lord Chief Justice of England. See him to-day at the head of his own

table—for the reader will be so good as to suppose that the hour of eight has come, and the company of eight assembled—the model of a host, as in the excellence of his *cuisine* and cellar, so in his mien and bearing; with all the vivacity of youth tempered by the wisdom of age; able and willing to talk on every subject, save indeed one—himself. If it was said of Erskine—whose kindness in this respect was so happily caricatured by Hookham Frere in the *Anti-Jacobin*—that he could not utter a sentence in which the pronoun 'I' did not occur more than once, it may be said with equal truth of Sir Alexander Cockburn that he does not use the first person singular at all. The conversation is sure to be smart and agreeable; and perhaps there are no dinner-parties in London at which more genuine honest laughter is heard. Some of the most brilliant spirits who adorned Sir Alexander Cockburn's table have passed away. The wit and wisdom of the two Bulwers are heard no longer. The pleasantry of Sir Edwin Landseer has disappeared. Yet the salt of humour and wisdom, the spice of amiable banter and wit, are not lost to these banquets. Those who have shared, even in this present year of grace, the hospitality of the Lord Chief Justice of England, will have carried away with them many memories of the sagacious utterances of John Thaddeus Delane, and the varied reminiscences of Abraham Hayward. They will tell each other how the latest *cancans* of the hour were brought fresh from the Marlborough by Henry Calcraft. They

will repeat the winged words of suggestive criticism flashed from the lips of the most highly cultured of English Royal Academicians, Frederick Leighton. They will recall the pleasant presence of the eminent counsel who has eclipsed his fame as American statesman by those achievements which have placed him in the front rank of English commercial lawyers, Mr. Benjamin, Q.C. It will be long before there fades from their recollection the impressive picture of the massive-browed Joachim; of the thin, pale, ascetic face of Charles Hallé; of the fine profile of Mrs. Sartoris, who will occasionally delight the company with strains that are something more than echoes of those with which Adelaide Kemble, the English Norma, thrilled the ears and hearts of musical connoisseurs thirty years ago. The Right Honourable Robert Lowe still not unsuccessfully essays those sallies and swift repartees which used to delight the guests of Sir Alexander Cockburn when, at his pleasant villa of Kingswood, near Croydon, he was the neighbour of Mr. Lowe at Caterham. The late Dr. Quin here showed the power he possessed of tossing his badinage, with disregard admirably Hibernian of ducal dignity, at his Grace the son of the hero of Waterloo. Foreigners are to be met with not unfrequently; and with some of these Sir Alexander Cockburn's acquaintance dates from the period when, after he left a private school near Eton—at Eton College he never was—before he entered at Trinity Hall, Cambridge—he spent two or three

years in continental travel, with a view of adopting diplomacy as his profession.

The troops of acquaintances that the Lord Chief Justice has might be explained by his position, his hospitality, his *bonhomie;* that he has also troops of friends whose feelings towards him are those of intense personal attachment is to be explained by the presence of other and more precious qualities in his nature. What Sir Alexander Cockburn is as host and friend, he is as judge. No Lord Chief Justice has ever been more deservedly popular at Westminster Hall; and the base return made by Dr. Kenealy for the kindness with which Sir Alexander Cockburn treated him in times past only, by the force of contrast, brings out into stronger relief the esteem in which he is held by the legal profession at large. *Apropos* of Kenealy, the Lord Chief Justice is credited with a classical quotation so felicitous in this matter that it should not be omitted here. Shortly after the return of the disbarred and disgraced doctor for Stoke, a friend of Sir Alexander's laughingly applied to the editor of the *Englishman*, as a member of the House of Commons, the words used by Cicero in reference to Catiline: 'O tempora, O mores! Senatus hæc intelligit: consul videt: hic tamen vivit: vivit? immo *etiam in senatum venit.*' 'I think,' remarked Sir Alexander, 'that, as the honourable gentleman finds it difficult to induce members to sit near him, one might continue the quotation: "Quid, quod adventu tuo ista subsellia vacuefacta sunt? Quod

omnes consulares simul atque assedisti, istam partem subselliorum nudam atque inanem reliquerunt?"'

The mention that has been made above of Sir Alexander Cockburn's illustrious friend Bulwer, with whom he was at Cambridge, suggests a brief reference to his earlier days. Bulwer was, indeed, his chosen intimate; and when the old Cambridge days had been left behind by nearly half a century the Lord Chief Justice took the chair at Freemasons' Tavern at a dinner given in honour of his former college-chum. As for Cambridge, the mark which Sir Alexander Cockburn made there is very noticeable. When Macaulay went down from the University, Mr. Cockburn gradually succeeded him as *princeps* of the debating society then held at the Red Lion Inn, Petty Cury. Stirling had his admirers as a speaker, and C. J. Hare and others of the sentimental school preferred him to any other candidate for rhetorical laurels. But while Hare undoubtedly had about him much that was lofty, pure, and dignified, Cockburn, as a ready debater and a clever and subtle arguer, was infinitely ahead of him. Trinity Hall was then, as it is now, a small college, almost exclusively patronised by embryo lawyers. Such a society is not of the best sort for promoting friendships with men of other colleges; and Cockburn's friends, though 'fit,' were comparatively 'few.' When called to the Bar, he had no external interest to assist him in the first struggles of professional life.

His own unaided abilities proved, however, more than sufficient. He went on the Western Circuit, of which he became leader. His thoughts were then turned to Parliament. He was elected member for Southampton. He quickly made his mark in the House of Commons. His most successful speech was one made in answer to Mr. Gladstone on the Don Pacifico question. It has been hinted that this speech Mr. Gladstone never forgot nor forgave; and Sir Alexander Cockburn's protest, twenty years afterwards, against the promotion of Sir R. Collier to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council can scarcely have tended to improve the personal relations between the two men. Offered, on his succession to Sir J. Jervis as Chief Justice of the Pleas, a peerage by Lord Palmerston, he declined the honour, though it is certain no man was ever more qualified to shine in the House of Lords than Sir Alexander Cockburn. It has been hinted more than once that his ambition aimed at the Woolsack itself: but if the ambition had existed there is no reason why it should not have been accomplished. Sir Alexander Cockburn has meditated, and indeed actually commenced, more than one independent and solid contribution to literature. That he has not only been on the point of writing a treatise on the vexed question of the authorship of the letters of Junius, but that he has collected materials for a historical work on the times of Charles I. and the Commonwealth. Perhaps it is not to be regretted that these works have not advanced

beyond the stage of inchoation. The Lord Chief Justice of England has given, as it is, proof of accomplishments extraordinarily varied, and the foundation on which his fame rests is sufficiently firm and broad.

X.

M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN IN THE RUE DE LA PÉROUSE.

M. ÉMILE DE GIRARDIN IN THE RUE DE LA PÉROUSE.

Journalism has become one of the professions for good or for evil. You may have a career in it; that is to say, you may make a fortune. To prove as much, you have only to see Emile de Girardin at home. It is a home fit for an emperor out of place, and its tenant and owner has reared it all with his pen. The millions of lines he must have written to do it! One trembles to think of them for him, though not for his public, that would gladly take a million more. He has dabbled in many things of course, most of which have turned out well; but he started with nothing save his quill, and he has generally kept a firm hold on that in his wildest speculations for fortune and for fame. He has indeed sat in the Assembly; his candidature for one of the *arrondissements* of Paris being backed by Victor Hugo and Gambetta. But he is already forgotten as the deputy; he will always be remembered as the journalist. He is celebrated as the inventor of new styles and of new papers—the cheap press in France, and the lilliputian paragraph were both the off-

spring of his brain. It would be hard to say which has been the more extensively copied, though perhaps the paragraph has the better claim to the distinction; for that, like the tricolor, seems to be making the tour of the world. Here is a specimen from one of his articles:

'No Chamber of Deputies—no Senate!
No Senate and no Chamber of Deputies—no Constitution!
No Constitution—no Government!
It is the Dictatorship!
And the Dictatorship is the Revolution!
The Revolution!
Who will have unchained it?
Who will have legitimised it?'

It reminds one of the method of mincing food for babes and the infirm. An argument reduced to these proportions has been found digestible by the weakest minds; and when it is sold at a penny, it is in like manner within the resources of the slenderest purses. M. de Girardin has vulgarised political discussion in the least offensive sense, and he has had his reward in a series of the most striking successes that ever fell to the lot of a public writer. Like a doctor with a new cure, who does not care to see patients until they are at the point of death, M. de Girardin has always had a fancy for the purchase of papers that do not pay. He delights to find them *in extremis*, and to restore them to full vigour by judicious measures. He enters the office as a Napoleon might step on the scene of a battle going the wrong way; he gives his orders, and, in a few months that seem hours to those

who were waiting for an idea, the revived venture is carrying all before it. Then his intellectual interest in that particular undertaking appears to cease, and he soon disposes of the pecuniary one at a profit and looks out for another moribund concern. It was in this way that he sold *La Presse* and *La Liberté;* it is in this way that he has bought *La France*, and the stupendous growth of that journal would seem to indicate that it must soon pass out of his hands. These are great papers; but, as if he could not be out of any good thing, he has acquired an interest in *Le Petit Journal*, which, in respect of its circulation, is rightly advertised as 'the success of the epoch.' Every fresh venture has marked a phase of his political development, and his connection with *La France* coincided with his thorough conversion to Republicanism. He has made himself the literary executioner of the men of the 16th May. He has taken up point after point against them, and argued it exhaustively, according to his lights, in long articles—one point to the article, never more; he knows you must not give people too much to think about at a time. He learns what point to select by trusting to his unerring instinct as a *bourgeois* of Paris. He is no bookworm or dreamer; he knows the world, feels with it, and is generally in the prevailing mood, because he is simply one in nature and sympathies with the majority of men among whom it prevails. Sometimes you laugh over his article; you often frown; you always admit that, sound sense or folly, it is just what most men

have in their heads at the time. This accounts for his many changes of opinion; his bounds from one course to another; his surprises. Whatever the sensation in events, he generally contrives to cap it by a sensation in comment. The troubles of February 1848 were startling, but he outdid them in that class of effects by his historic recommendation to the King to take himself off. He has a plan for everything, a way out of every labyrinth; if Paris were being smothered like another Pompeii, he would contrive to get out a special edition with a scheme for averting the catastrophe, and turning the visitation to account by the sale of the cinders. Even during the agony of the *coup d'état*, he had his political doctor's prescription: all France was to be placed under a kind of social interdict until the offending Government had seen the error of its ways. Victor Hugo has described it in his *Histoire d'un Crime:* '"Let us make a void round Louis Napoleon," cried Emile de Girardin: "proclaim the universal strike! Let the trader cease to sell, the customer to buy, the butcher to kill, the baker to feed the oven! Let all society make slack time; surround this man with isolation, with solitude! Let the nation simply retire from him, and leave him in the void!"' It came to nothing; for somebody suggested that the nation would want its dinner in the mean time. Still, it was a plan. Other men of the like inventive turn for emergencies naturally look to him as to their oracle and prophet. Hence, when a committee of merchants

thought that everything might be happily settled by MacMahon resigning the Presidency, and accepting the title of General-in-Chief of the Armies of the Republic, with a palace and a million to keep up the title, they, as a matter of course, sent the project to *La France.*

The proprietor and editor-in-chief of that journal has his million already, and even his palace; for his house in the Rue de la Pérouse deserves no meaner name. It stands within a stone's throw of the Arc de l'Etoile, and it is one of the finest in that neighbourhood of new and stately buildings. It would be worth while going to see M. de Girardin at home, if only to learn how differently a French architect understands his duties from the builder of a London mansion. He will give you the utmost lightness of effect in colour and form, combined with a solidity of build worthy of the foundations of Baalbec. His staircase forms an integral part of his scheme, and is no mere spiral ladder for getting from floor to floor. In M. de Girardin's house this and the hall are exceptionally fine, and the latter is really a spacious gallery adorned with colossal works of art. There is a good distance between the door and M. de Girardin's workroom; so people who are about to intrude on him with nothing to say have ample time to repent of their design. Those who have a sufficient reason for their visit will find him any day at ten o'clock in a large room on the first landing, which is at once a study and a smaller *salon.* Here he does

all his work, and he rarely, if ever, enters the printing-office of the paper to write a line. No wonder, while he has a workshop like this at home—a room tastefully hung with drawings in water-colour, paintings, crayon-sketches, all by good hands, and very comfortably, though not ostentatiously, furnished in every detail.

The aged gentleman in a brown-velvet dressing-gown sitting at the writing-table in the centre, or rather now rising to receive you, is the master of the house. He 'features' Voltaire, as Mrs. Partington might say. Time was when he used to be considered to feature Napoleon I.; but the waste of years has played havoc with the oval line of cheek, and has altogether tended to lay the face out on a plan of very acute angles, like that of the Ferney sage. His glance is penetrating without being very animated; what is left of the fire of his nature now burns rather in his style than elsewhere. You will find him quite ready to talk on any topic—himself if you insist on it, but another if you like that better. In the former case he will tell you what *du reste* you may have learned for yourself—that the better part of the editorial matter in his journal is from his own pen, and that he is up for work every morning at five o'clock. He is simply writing, with brief intervals for a meal and exercise, all day long, down to the dinner-hour. After that time, like most literary Frenchmen, like most Frenchmen in every pursuit, he goes into society, or, what is still more agreeable to him, receives at home. This

daily communion with the world is his chief well-spring of ideas, and he finds men, as he knows how to read them, a thousand times more interesting, profound, instructive, and diverting than the best books. He is very hospitable, and he appears to have a high and becoming sense of the responsibilities of his position as a man of fortune versed in affairs. Eminent strangers in Paris may count on his courteous attention as surely as they once counted on that of Monsieur Thiers. He is no tuft-hunter; all are welcome to him who hold a representative position. In 1867 he entertained the foreign representatives of the press at the Exhibition no less splendidly than he entertained General Grant the other day.

He is perhaps seen at his best in his *salon* on one of these occasions rather than in his study in the mornings, for he is essentially a man of the world in the best sense of the term. The *salon*—the whole house, indeed—seems to have been designed to compel him to see company; it is so vast that no man could think of sitting in it alone. It would make an excellent ballroom, or, at a pinch, a hall of meeting for an Assembly if the regular one were occupied by the authors of another *coup d'état*. The marvel is how he has contrived to give it an air of luxurious comfort; yet this has been done. Its contents are about as varied as those of a public museum: huge paintings, busts, medallions, and rare masterpieces of cabinet-work meeting the eye at every turn. They are all of a nature to illustrate his varied relations

with his fellows in the course of a long and busy life. Here Rachel looks at him from one of the canvases, as friend might look upon friend. She is painted life-size in one of her classic parts, and near her hangs the rising or the risen star of the Comédie Française, Sarah Bernhardt. In these two pictures alone there are as many eras of memory for the old playgoer. The large and glowing work over the mantelpiece is by his friend Delacroix; the bust at the end of the room awakens a tenderer recollection —it is that of his first wife Delphine Gay, one of the most accomplished, and in every way the most fascinating, women that ever ruled French society from a drawing-room. If anything was better than her writings, it was her talk; if anything was better than either, it was her exquisite womanliness of nature and devotion as mother and as wife. Girardin has drawn many prizes in the lottery of life, but by his own and universal testimony his happiness in this union was beyond all question the best. There are other memorials of Delphine Gay in the house—indeed, no room seems to be wholly without them—and they abound, in the form of sketches from her pencil or volumes from her pen, in the long picture-gallery and library in one that runs parallel to the larger drawing-room.

Here we may see in the well-filled shelves one secret of Girardin's readiness as a writer. Like the man in Robertson's play, if he has not everything that may be required of him at a given moment, he

'knows where to find it.' If a fact, a date, a telling quotation from the earlier speeches or writings of a political opponent, it will be sure to turn up by diligent search among these volumes of encyclopædias, gazetteers, volumes of debates, proceedings of learned societies, and 'sets' of modern literature in every department of poetry, fiction, history, philosophy, and the arts. Girardin's library is an arsenal, with a weapon for every conflict in which its owner can possibly be engaged. The rest of its furniture is well calculated to remind him of the conflicts and of the friendships of the past; and it includes among its gifts, from two ruling families, a bronze in miniature, which was one of the most valued acquisitions of Prince Napoleon's Athenian tour. There are few houses in Paris so rich in these tributes of friendship from the statesmen, soldiers, authors, artists, of this and a former generation, as the one in which the man who has known them all in turn—and so many throughout the full period of greatness and decline—is now passing his vigorous old age, with no loss of the popular favour to mourn on his own account.

XI.

MARK TWAIN AT HARTFORD.

MARK TWAIN AT HARTFORD.

Among those American authors who, because they have had the courage to cut loose from the apron-strings of England, have achieved the greatest success both at home and abroad, Mark Twain is, in point of popularity, *facile princeps*. Those who only know him as the author of *The Innocents Abroad* and *Roughing It* are apt to imagine he is a kind of frontier joker, of the type with which Bret Harte has made us familiar. It may be that there is even yet a vague suspicion of this bent, although his external person certainly shows no trace of it. If you see him in his charming home at Hartford, in the valley of the Connecticut, surrounded with every object which taste and wealth can procure, you feel that such a conception has been erroneous. The mansion with its quaint old English architecture and its exquisite tiles and mosaics, the rich ferneries and half-tropical hothouses, are no mere extraneous accumulations such as any man of wealth might create, but a gradual and organic outgrowth of the owner's mind which gives you a delightful peep into the inner recesses of his character. The main building, as well

as the stables, is built of dark-red brick with dark-brown trimmings, interspersed with inlaid devices of scarlet-painted brick and black Greek patterns in mosaic. The whole has a most novel and pleasing effect—nothing gaudy and glaring, but all arranged with a rare artistic taste and a strict regard for harmony in colours and outlines. During the summer the outer window-sills are draped with hanging ferns and bright nasturtiums, and the wood-work of the broad East Indian portico is half-concealed beneath the foliage of clambering vines. But as winter reigns supreme during a good many months of the year in New England, Mark Twain has taken care to provide himself with summer vistas even while Nature does not afford them. His library, the place where the owner is most frequently to be found, opens into a miniature greenhouse, full of tall graceful ferns and blooming tropical plants. In the midst of all these luxuriant exotics a fountain is constantly playing, shedding its spray over the smooth white rocks at its base, and under the glass ceiling hangs a large cage in which a pair of California quails of brilliant plumage spend a brief season of happy captivity. Mark Twain cannot endure to see any bird or beast which Nature intended for freedom imprisoned within the narrow bars of a cage, and he bought these quails in the winter from a boy, meaning to set them at liberty in a neighbouring forest as soon as spring should arrive.

In the pleasant city of Hartford he has gathered

about him a delightful circle of friends, authors, business men, and lawyers, to whom his hospitable doors are always open. And he is, indeed, the prince of entertainers. Sitting in his richly-furnished library, to whose beauty and artistic completeness half the lands of Europe have contributed, he will tell an anecdote or discuss a literary or social question with a calm directness and earnestness, revealing to you an entirely new side of his character that has nothing in common with that which he is wont to display to the public who throng to his lectures. Even his drollest stories he relates with this same earnest impressiveness, and with a face as serious as a sexton's. His brilliancy has a certain delightful quality which is almost too evanescent to be imprisoned in any one phrase. You have no oppressive consciousness that you are expected to laugh; you rather feel as if the talker had unexpectedly taken you into his confidence, and you feel your heart going out towards him in return. Throughout his house Mark Twain has indulged liberally his taste for wood-tints and quaint carvings. Each of the doors in the library is surmounted with carved cherubs and other biblical and mythical figures, spoils from some European pilgrimage. In his study on the second floor he revels in sphinxes and griffins, whose reclining bodies and capacious wings fashion themselves into luxurious lounges, easy-chairs, and sofas. The mantelpiece, with all its magnificent superstructure, had once adorned an old English or Scottish country seat, and

Mark Twain was fortunate enough to pick it up during one of his many sojourns in England. Amid these surroundings Mark Twain spends the time between breakfast and dinner, composing with much serious reflection the sketches, novels, and dramas which have shaken the American public with laughter. After dinner the chances are that you will find him tranquilly smoking a cigar before the fire in the library, and chatting leisurely with some friend, who addresses him plainly as 'Mark,' as his *nom de plume* somehow persists in clinging to him both in his private and public relations. His real name is Samuel L. Clemens. He is still a man in the prime of life, being now about forty-four years old. His rich and varied experiences in the past, as a Western editor, gold-digger, and pilot on the Mississippi, have stored his brain with abundant material for future works which have still to be written.

On such occasions as these he will dwell on his experiences while travelling in England. Once, while going by rail from London to Liverpool, he was shut up in a *coupé* with a fellow-traveller, who was deeply absorbed in a yellow-covered book, which, on further inspection, proved to be *Roughing It.* He evidently regarded the thing as a very serious business, for he hardly ever moved a muscle. 'I presently began to feel very guilty,' Mark Twain went on, 'for having subjected a fellow-mortal to this prolonged torture. I gazed anxiously into his face in the hope of detecting some lurking shadow of a

smile. But no, his gloom seemed rather to be deepening. With a guilty conscience and a dreadful sense of responsibility I watched him turning the leaves, and slowly and gradually, as he approached the end, my heart began to grow lighter. At last, as he closed the book, I heaved a huge sigh of relief. But my exultation was somewhat premature. The man quietly opened his satchel, and pulled out the second volume. And now the same process was repeated, only with an intenser agony on my part. With deep anxiety I scrutinised his features, in the hope of finding some hidden trace of mirth. I would have been so grateful for the slightest fraction of a smile. But my friend was miserable. Before we reached Liverpool, I had serious thought of jumping out through the window.'

Mark Twain is a man of middle height; solidly built, but not stout; his features are all of a clear massive modelling, and the prevailing expression seems to be resolute courage and determination. His upper lip is covered with a thick brown moustache, and the broad territory of his forehead is usually encroached upon by his brown curly hair. His eyes are small and keen, but are by no means lacking in kindliness and humour. In his whole bearing there is a frank cordiality which is very winning. He is the father of two beautiful little girls, of whom he is very proud; and like the amiable prince of tradition he takes much pleasure, amid the serious business of his life, in playing with these two charming prin-

cesses. His library and his conversation testify to the excellence of his literary taste. Mark Twain is a devoted admirer of Macaulay, and has a habit of ever returning to him when the lighter literary pabulum of the day begins to pall upon his sense. The much-abused term, 'professional humorist,' can hardly apply to Mark Twain. He is rather a constitutional humorist, because his mind is so fashioned that, in dealing with any subject whatever, the humorous point of view first and most naturally presents itself to him. For all that he is very careful not to rush into publicity with a half-formed or half-perfected thought. His after-dinner speeches, which are probably read by a larger number of men and women in America than any public document, the President's Message not excepted, would no doubt have been very good and very laughable even if they had been entirely *impromptu;* but the careful and critical revision to which he subjects them before their public appearance certainly refines their quality.

When Mark Twain is not writing or making speeches he smokes, and if he feels any further need of recreation, he takes it in playing billiards. In the third story of his house there is an elegantly appointed billiard-room, where he often spends an evening with three or four masculine friends. Though he keeps handsome horses, housing them in a superb stable, and may be seen daily driving through the city with a fine pair of bays, he is not much of a connoisseur of horseflesh or a sportsman.

In politics he at first impresses you as an indifferentist, with perhaps a leaning towards pessimism; but if you happen to touch certain chords which never fail to respond in an American bosom, you soon discover that your first impression was very remote from the truth. The fact is, like many another thoughtful man, Mark Twain sees plainly the gravity of the present and future in the United States, and accordingly has very little patience with the spread-eagleism and cheap declamations of contending politicians. Probably his political creed is not very different from that of the Independents, a new and still unorganised party, which is daily growing among the citizens of the great Republic.

XII.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS IN GLOUCESTER PLACE.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS IN GLOUCESTER PLACE.

A SHORT man, with stooping shoulders and tiny hands and feet, with bright pleasant face looking out of a forest of light-gray, almost white, hair, greets us as we enter the big double drawing-room in Gloucester-place. This apartment is admirably adapted to the peripatetic style of composition now in increasing vogue, and to authors who can only think on their feet would be invaluable. Mr. Wilkie Collins is not of this class, and when at work sits at a massive writing-table furnished with a small desk of the same design as that used by Charles Dickens. On the left is a japanned tin box containing what Mr. Collins calls his stock-in-trade—plots and schemes for stories and dramas. For a plot he is never at a loss, his great difficulty being in working it out to his satisfaction, and in imparting the necessary literary finish to his composition. Hence he is a rapid inventor and a slow producer, constantly revising his work until he has reached something approaching his ideal of a simple natural style. 'I don't,' he admits, 'attempt the style of Addison, because I hardly think

it worth while. Addison was a neat but trivial writer, not in the least vigorous or dramatic; but the very reverse—analytical and painfully minute. His style bears about as much resemblance to good strong nervous English as silver filigree does to a bronze statue. Lord Byron's letters are the best English I know of—perfectly simple and clear, bright and strong.'

We hint, as we light a cigar, that there is more than meets the careless eye in the advice of the author of *Alice in Wonderland*—to take care of the sound, and let the sense take care of itself—and moreover that we can find sundry passages in Mr. Collins's writings in which the 'creepy' effect, as of pounded ice dropped down the back, is obviously produced by a nice attention to sound. 'That is perfectly true, and it is also true that those passages cost me enormous labour. I do not grudge it, as I think no trouble too great to produce a work of art. But I think so much of sound that, when I do not like the look of a sentence, I read it aloud, and alter it till I can read it easier. I think this test infallible. A long involved interparenthetical sentence which may be comprehensible on paper requires a tremendous effort to read aloud, and should therefore be avoided. When writing for the stage, I act all the play over by myself in this large room, repeating the speeches aloud, and striving to judge of their effect. Hard work, you say, but still delightful enough in its way.'

A little to the left of the writing-desk hangs a

picture by Mr. Collins's father, the Royal Academician. Born in the purple atmosphere of art, the future novelist yet served a rough apprenticeship to story-telling. At the school at Highbury, where he was placed after a residence of three years on the Continent, he was unpopular by reason of his superior knowledge of the French and Italian languages. It was in vain that he pointed out to his schoolfellows, who despised him as a French frog, that he was an excellent representative of the United Kingdom, as his father was English, his grandfather Irish, and his grandmother Scotch; for the boys could not forgive his proficiency in Voltaire's epic *Le Henriade*, still inflicted upon youth as a penitential study of French verse composition. In this awkward position little Collins was lucky enough to secure the favour of a big boy by telling him stories, and the big fellow protected him on account of this amusing quality. If, however, the young story-teller fell short at any time, and could not produce a story to order, his protector and tyrant had an infallible method for stimulating invention, being of opinion that a sound thrashing has an excellent effect in quickening the action of the brain. This painfully-acquired knack of story-telling clung to Mr. Collins, who had already commenced *Antonina*, when the death of his father set him to work on his biography.

No part of Mr. Wilkie Collins's career is fuller of interest than that of his intimate association with the late Mr. Dickens. Over the great majority of the

contributors to *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, the inventor of the modern art of picturesque description exercised an extraordinary influence. Albeit he never hinted that he wished his assistants to copy his method, the mantle of Dickens descended upon them after a fashion, not always in the peculiar folds which clothed the genius of the Master, but often sadly awry, and in a manner demanding laborious rearrangement at his hands. The effect of this mania for imitating the Chief was to infect the magazine with an air of sameness. It was against this sameness of style that Mr. Wilkie Collins's work was a perpetual and complete protest ; and it is a proof of the extreme keenness of Dickens's literary insight that he received Mr. Collins with open arms. Up to that period, his success in literature had been only moderate. His first work had met with the meed of success awarded to filial biographies; and *Antonina* was ushered into the world with a considerable blare of trumpets. The late Mr. Bentley received the young novelist in the genial fashion variously interpreted by successful and unsuccessful authors; he paid him handsomely for his work, and produced *Antonina*, bound in virgin white and gold. But the public looked on *Antonina* with unfavourable eyes. Time and place were remote, and they would have none of it. His next work was *Basil*, in which are visible traces of that weird imagination which afterwards became one of his most marked characteristics. But people would no more read *Basil* than they would

Antonina. Then came *Hide and Seek*, a fair success with the million, and of vast importance to the author, as introducing him to the notice of Macaulay and Dickens. Macaulay wrote him a letter filled with warm and lavish praise. Dickens, with unsparing expressions of delight and enthusiasm, asked him to write for *Household Words*. When Dickens believed in a man and trusted him, he believed and trusted thoroughly; and on Mr. Collins asking him whether he had not better get his story half or one-third done before commencing publication, he was met with generous assurances of confidence, and with considerable misgiving began to write the *Dead Secret* from hand to mouth. This effort justified all the prognostications of Dickens by its brilliant success; and, together with the admirable short stories afterwards published in a collected form as *After Dark*, established the author as a favourite with the English public. Mr. Collins's next work was that which is known to the entire world through the medium of translation into every civilised language—the *Woman in White*, a book that at once placed the author in the front rank of European novelists. It is in many respects a typical work, and the process of its construction was remarkable. Every author of mark has his own method of working. Mr. Collins's method is peculiarly his own, and can best be described by following the gradual development of the *Woman in White*, almost in the words in which we have heard it described by Mr. Collins's own lips.

The first step in the *méthode Collins* is to find a central idea, the second to find the characters, the third to let the incidents bring themselves about from the nature of the characters, the fourth to begin the story at the beginning—in direct opposition, be it observed, to the ancient system of plunging *in medias res*. It shall now be explained how these general principles were applied by Mr. Collins to his most remarkable work. Having to write a story for *All the Year Round*, he cast about for a central idea, novel and strong enough to carry three volumes on its back. It happened that at this time he received a letter asking him to take up some case of real or supposed wrongful incarceration in a lunatic asylum. His thoughts being directed into this groove, he next came upon an old French trial turning on a question of substitution of persons, and it at once struck him that a substitution effected by the help of a lunatic asylum would prove a strong central idea. This arrived at, the process of construction according to Mr. Collins is purely logical. The victim to be interesting must be a woman, to be very interesting she must be a lady, and as a foil to her, the person who is to represent her must be of inferior birth and station. Now as there is a person to be injured—innocent and beautiful of course—there must be a villain. It is not difficult to construct a villain; but a brand-new villain, a villain like the immortal Count Fosco, is not built up in a day. He is the quintes-

sence of a hecatomb of villains, not English, but foreign. 'I thought the crime too ingenious for an English villain, so I pitched upon a foreigner. You know that I have lived a great deal abroad, and have had many opportunities of observing foreign people. It seems that I did so to some purpose; for after the *Woman in White* appeared, I received a large number of letters from abroad accusing me of gross personal caricature or rather too accurate portraiture. The writers were in a great rage at having their personal weaknesses applied to a scoundrel and held up to derision. I need not tell you that Fosco is not modelled on any one or any half-dozen persons. His character grew on me,—a great danger to a novelist, by the way. I knew a man who loved canaries, and I had known boys who loved white mice, and I thought the mice running about Fosco while he meditated on his schemes would have a fine effect. You ask me why I made him fat: his greatest beauty in the opinion of the majority of competent judges. You give me good reasons for making him fat: that fat men are malevolent and ruthless, and that the first Napoleon was a fat man, together with the chemical demonstration that fatty substances when heated above a certain temperature develop an acid known as butyric acid. I knew all this, but none of these considerations influenced me. I had begun to write my story, when it struck me that my villain would be commonplace, and I made him fat in oppo-

sition to the recognised type of villain. His theories concerning the vulgar clap-trap, that murder will out, are my own.'

Smoking persistently, Mr. Collins goes on to tell us that, having thought out his big villain, he felt that a minor villain was necessary—a weak shabby villain, the tool of Fosco. Sir Percival Glyde then steps on the scene. To stamp his character with contempt he must commit a mean crime; therefore he is made a bastard, and must attempt to destroy a forged register. 'You will not think me vain when I tell you, as a simple matter of fact, that people took extraordinary interest in my mean villain, and laid bets concerning the nature of the mysterious crime which put him in the power of Anne's mother.' Mr. Collins continues: 'A man, too, wrote me a furious letter, complaining that I had drawn an exact picture of his dwelling as Blackwater Park. House, trees, lake, and boat-house all were there, and my correspondent was amazed and disgusted that I should have selected his house as the scene of a crime. I need not tell you that I had never heard of him or of his house in my life, and had never seen either. The *Woman in White* was exceptionally fortunate in exciting the interest of the public. No sooner was it finished than I received a number of letters from single gentlemen, stating their position and means, and their wish to marry the original of Marian Halcombe at once.'

Having formed the central idea of the *Woman in*

White—the substitution of one woman for another in a madhouse, and the destruction of her identity—invented the two women and two villains, and determined to bring Fosco at last to the Morgue, Mr. Collins thought it was almost time to begin his still nameless story. 'That is my difficulty,' he admits, as he lights another cigar; 'and I imagine is the difficulty of everybody else. With me, however, it is especially difficult; for my system of story-telling admits of no harking back, and compels me to carry my characters through with me. I always work with one set of characters, as I think the introduction of a second set weakens the interest of the story.'

With considerable trouble he hit upon the drawing-master and Marian Halcombe, and having made a beginning leapt at once to the third volume, and wrote the greater part of it. Probably no writer is, as it were, so hard upon himself in pruning away redundant incidents as Mr. Collins. A writer full of inventive power finds incidents, especially of the kind which does not bear upon the action of the story, spring up at every page and intrude themselves upon his notice, and it requires strong self-denial to throw them aside. Titles, however, are not so plentiful as incidents, and quite one-third of the *Woman in White* was written before a title could be found for it. Dickens was anxious to commence publication; but a novel requires a name of some kind, and he, like Mr. Collins, was for once at a loss. Perhaps this was the only occasion on which the author of *Pick-*

wick was fairly brought to a standstill, for probably no other writer ever possessed such an extraordinary power of inventing titles. Still Mr. Collins's story remained nameless, and the unhappy author cudgelled his brains in vain. To those clever people who are preternaturally wise after the fact, it will appear strange that he had already fully described Anne Catherick's strange fancy for dressing herself in white, and the effect of her sudden appearance in that garb upon Walter Hartright; but no title could be found for the book. Mr. Collins betook him, in despair, to Broadstairs. He walked for several hours on the cliffs between Kingsgate and Bleak House, and smoked an entire case of cigars, striving for a title, but with a barren result. As the sun went down the novelist threw himself on the grass, contemplating the North Foreland lighthouse, and, being hipped and weary, looked by no means lovingly on that hideous edifice. Savagely biting the end of his last cigar he apostrophised the building, standing coldly and stiffly in the evening light, 'You are ugly and stiff and awkward; you know you are: as stiff and as weird as my white woman. White woman!—woman in white! The title, by Jove!'

The author was content, but not so all his friends. The late Mr. John Forster, who had found for Bulwer the admirable title of *Night and Morning* for one of his most successful novels, and had been appealed to by Mr. Collins, but had failed to name his bantling, was loud in protest. The *Woman in White* was too

long, too irrelevant, was based upon a slight peculiarity, and so forth; and the opinion of Mr. Forster was indorsed by everybody but Charles Dickens himself. The Master was delighted with the title and the idea of the story, which at once seized upon the public. Still the band of depreciators continued to prophesy evil things of the *Woman in White*. It was successful as a serial, that could not be denied; but in the three-volume form it would fail completely. The system of dividing the story into several personal narratives, since so outrageously confused and abused by Mr. Collins's imitators, would, it was said, prove fatal to the story when published *en bloc*. Dickens entertained an entirely opposite opinion, and the justness of his literary instinct was again demonstrated by the extraordinary success of the *Woman in White*. The story, as it appeared in *All the Year Round* and in the first edition of the three-volume form, was marked by an extraordinary error, detected by the critic of the *Times*, who pointed out that, in a story turning upon exactness in a date, an obvious blunder had been committed. It was on landing at Dover after a yachting cruise that the author read in the *Times* the evidence of his mistake—corrected, it is hardly necessary to say, in all subsequent editions.

Mr. Collins has a strong belief in dramatic power and poetic insight in securing immortality for a writer of prose. 'Look at Fielding and Smollett, admirable painters of manners, but now only read by scholars. The reason is that neither had the slightest

poetic insight; while Goldsmith, who had, has left an imperishable work in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is the same on the great stage of the world. You tell me that the first Napoleon was, in the opinion of his contemporaries, a mean scoundrel and a shameless liar. Lanfrey's book has been written to bring that opinion home to men of our own day blinded, as you think, by the Napoleonic legend. It is good to tell the truth about Napoleon, of course; but you cannot break the idol, for his deeds strike the imagination. He was a dramatic man.'

With the view thus given us of the victor of Austerlitz, we may leave Mr. Collins to work at the dramas he now has in process of construction.

XIII.

MDLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT IN THE AVENUE DE VILLIERS.

MDLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT IN THE AVENUE DE VILLIERS.

You would say at once it was the home of an artist. It is in the artists' quarter. They dwell in sky-parlours at Batignolles or in the *pays Latin* while they are learning how to make their fortunes, and in villas bordering the Parc Monceau when they have learned. The streets are named after great workers with the brush, living or dead; one of them, for instance, bears the name of Fortuny; and it is at the corner of this Rue Fortuny and the Avenue de Villiers that Sarah Bernhardt lives, in a house lately built from her own designs. It is half studio, half mansion. The drawing-room window is large enough to illumine a cathedral, and there is as much skylight as roof. It has the same character within as without; the dwelling, one might think, of some fertile genius of the pencil, whose ideas overflow the canvas and the *atelier* to spread over all the premises. The hall is frescoed with paintings of Chinese life, and two winged figures join hands above the door of the drawing-room. The antechamber is as a section of 'sketches' in a public gallery, with this difference, that it also contains an immense painting of the

hostess in riding-costume, which is a finished work of art. With all this there are many things to remind you that you are in a home, and not in a museum—the solid comfortable tapestries of walls and ceiling, and, above all, the frequent intrusion of one or other of half a score of big dogs—Russian greyhounds, looking like 'Irishmen' of the same breed in light Ulsters—and now and then a beautiful poodle. These come in and out, examine you, take back their reports, return for further particulars, and at last range themselves in order of procession at your heels when you enter the drawing-room. But is it a drawing-room or is it a studio? Here there is more room than ever for confusion of idea. It is very broad, very lofty, lit both by the cathedral-window aforesaid and by a skylight—in consequence a studio. It is tapestried in velvet—a drawing-room then. It contains easels, unfinished pictures, busts in the rough—studio; daintily-fashioned chairs, *fauteuils*, satin couches—drawing-room; vases big as sentry-boxes, which may have come direct from the sale of the furniture and effects of the leader of the Forty Thieves—drawing-room again, if you like, but a drawing-room of Brobdingnag. And to add to the variety of effects, towering tropical plants tall enough for Kew, and a fireplace worthy, in breadth and depth, of the kitchen at Windsor Castle. In truth, it is the home at once of an amateur of pictorial art, and of the greatest living actress in France—that is to say, the greatest in the world.

It is just because Mdlle. Bernhardt is at the pinnacle of glory in the one pursuit that she has surrounded herself by so much that shows a taste for another. She has won all that is to be won on the stage, and her quick ambitious spirit, to which rest is but a form of death, is moving to fresh conquests in another domain. She is in a sense weary of the theatre; drives down rather sadly to the Français three nights a week to be seen and heard by a public that has booked its places for the pleasure a fortnight in advance, and then returns with delight to her studio. She is one of the very few players who never spend a holiday in going to the play. She may be said to have reached her highest elevation of histrionic fame on the night when she sat at dinner at the Grand Hôtel with Victor Hugo and a hundred and fifty of the most distinguished men in France. The poet as host was celebrating the reproduction of *Hernani*, and she, as the principal actress in the piece, was the guest of the evening. He honoured her in his speech as only he knows how to honour; and finally he told her that she had surpassed Mdlle. Mars, till now generally acknowledged to be the greatest *artiste* ever seen in the part of Doña Sol. What a difference between that scene and the one pictured by Sarcey in a recent sketch, where a little girl is seen demurely waiting her turn for the entrance examination at the Conservatoire, the chief musical and dramatic school of France! She is with her Jewish mother, who has just brought her from the

convent-school in which she has been trained in the Christian faith. The examiners before whom the child is to appear are the most eminent composers, actors, and writers for the stage in Europe. In a few moments they ask her to give a specimen of her powers. Unhappily she knows next to nothing; happily she is not aware of her ignorance, and she steps out with all imaginable confidence to recite a fable of La Fontaine which is usually taught by heart to French babies before they learn even to read. 'Deux pigeons s'aimaient d'amour tendre,' she begins; but, before she reaches the third line, an old gentleman among the judges calls her to his side, pats her on the head, and says he thinks that will do. It is Auber. Something in the girl had struck him; and his approbation was enough—she became a pupil of the Conservatoire.

What an interval of strange stormy experiences between these two scenes in the real life of an actress! Few women have had a career so full of incident, of alternations of triumph with what in a nature of less force must have been blank despair. At first all promised to go smoothly. She was educated thoroughly in declamation—for the French, curiously enough, believe that you must learn this art like any other, and that there are no Heaven-born spouters for the stage. She took a prize at the Conservatoire, and she was admitted to the Français—thus passing at one bound from school to the first theatre in the world. She was only a *pensionnaire*, of course—that

is to say, a member of the company on a salary, not a *sociétaire* or sharer in the profits—and she was soon made to feel that she was in the lower rank. There were misunderstandings—no more need be said. She was of a lively temper, full of ambition, wilful, and only too capable of holding her own in argument or repartee. The Français was not well managed at the time; her parts were not chosen for her with judgment; she was even poorly supported—at that house a sure sign of something seriously wrong in her relations with her comrades. Finally, there were scenes at rehearsal not set down in the book of the play; and, according to legend, the empty *auditorium* once echoed to the sound of a box on the ear. Then she left. There was for a long time but too much reason to fear that the echo of that *giffle* was not to die away, and that Sarah Bernhardt was for ever to furnish a subject for the small-talk of the journals. There were all sorts of stories about her eccentricity; she was the Georges Sand of the stage. It was said that she dressed like a man within doors, that she slept in a satin-quilted coffin—anything would do if only it involved a departure from the usages of her sex, the ways of common life. The truth is, she was sowing the wild-oats of genius in a sort of extravagant assertion of her own individuality. She would live after her own plan, but she sometimes made the mistake of thinking that she could know it for her own only when it was unlike the plan of everybody else. She had definite views as to the

way of becoming a great actress—half of them were wrong, and they cost her many a humiliation; but half of them were right, and they served. She won only by being resolutely true to all in turn, until she had tested their value—by allowing no one to step between her and her idea. She would *arrive* whatever happened; and, as a sign of her determination, she took *Quand même* for her device. The story of her rise reminds one of that of another of her race, Mr. Disraeli. In both the self-assertion, which was their strong point, was at times inevitably pushed to the verge of extravagance. The preposterous ties and fearful waistcoats of our Premier's early days were but *will* playing the fool in its plenitude of strength.

Her movements after quitting the Français were, to all outward appearance, wayward, uncertain. She passed through the Gymnase, nay, she even looked in at the Porte Saint-Martin to appear as princess in the fairy piece of the *Biche aux Bois*. The wiseacres had almost left off shaking their heads over her now; it was so clear she would never succeed. She played as no one had played before—they used to say that at the Français too; she did not respect the traditions; she would be fresh and what she called natural in the stateliest pieces. While they were all talking in this way, she entered the Odéon, and suddenly went straight at their heads with a performance of the magnificent part of a young Levite in Racine's *Athalie*, which took the town by storm. There had

never been heard more exquisitely felicitous diction —her French was as the music of a rippling brook— there had never been seen more natural dignity of bearing. Her very dress was a new idea in beauty; her manner of wearing it a new idea in grace. Her tall, but too slender, figure seemed now to have just the requisite fulness; the women, who had all been laughing at her for her incapacity to bring herself up to their standard, were ready to consider whether it would not be worth their while to reduce themselves to hers. After this she went on from triumph to triumph in the Anna Damby of *Kean*, the Cordelia of Shakespeare's play, the Zanetto of the *Passant* by Coppée, who lives to thank her for the greatest success he is ever likely to obtain as a writer for the stage; finally in the part of the queen in *Ruy Blas*. The Français asked her to come back, and she went; at first not to new triumphs, only to new struggles. There were two parties, both on the stage and in the house, the one for, the other against, her. Her antagonists would admit no more than that she was good in certain parts; and they thought they had taken her measure when she failed in Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle. She said nothing this time, but went on vigorously attacking all the grand *rôles*, gradually diminishing the party of opposition in every attempt. At last she threw down a desperate challenge to the shade of Rachel by appearing in the *Phèdre;* and, by the common consent of the 'oldest playgoers,' came off with the honours in at least the first three acts.

The fourth nearly killed her, as every great performance does, owing to the delicacy of her physique; but what she had done was enough. There was no party of opposition left. She was hailed as the first actress in France, and she subsequently confirmed the verdict by her performances in the *Fille de Roland* and the *Etrangère*.

The large painting by Clairin over the fireplace in her *salon* renders the nameless charm of the woman better than any other. She sits on a couch, as she sits in the *Etrangère*, an excessively frail but graceful shape, its outline half lost, half revealed, beneath masses of drapery, trailing far beyond her feet in statuesque folds. Above it a thinnish face of intense power, with delicately-cut features, framed, as it were, in a wild luxuriant growth of hair, falling low on the forehead, and forming a depth of shade to enhance the brilliancy of the eyes. You praise her because she looks like a picture, you praise the picture because it looks like the life. For any attempt to describe the quality of her charm, grace must be the first and last word—grace in diction, grace in dress, in gesture, attitude, regard; if still another word be wanted, *distinction* is the only one that can be found. She seems to have done all she cares to do on the stage, and the present passion of her life is the art of the studio. The French had barely come to a general understanding that she was without an equal among players, when she sent a group to the Salon by way of asking them what they thought of

her as a sculptress. They relish these surprises more than any other people in the world. She won a medal. Where would she stop? There was no knowing; there is no knowing even now. There is a painting on the easel—Triboulet the jester weeping over the dead body of his daughter; but, in its present state of incompleteness, it would be like betraying a confidence to criticise it in detail. There are rumours, too, of a poem in manuscript, and of a romance nearly done.

Her life is more than a busy one; it is a life of almost feverish activity. She works in her studio in the morning, and at twelve the *coupé* is at the door to take her to rehearsal at the Comédie Française. We all know how they rehearse there—it is a day's work in itself. She often swoons with fatigue on the stage, and she sometimes has the most alarming attacks of illness during the representations. She drives back in hot haste to be ready for visitors at five. If, by the hazard of a call, you have the good luck to be *tête-à-tête* with her, the conversation may easily take a turn that will lead her to give you her theory of life and art. The word that sums up her theory of life is *will;* the word that sums up her theory of art, *nature.* 'Represent things as you see them,' and she points to one of her busts, after the manner of Carpeau, which has all the animation of life, eyes that seem to laugh, and a fulness of human expression that is never found in our modern imitations of the manner of the antique. 'It is easy to

say this,' she goes on; 'hard to do it. People come in your way with conventions, and you must have a will of iron to put them aside. When I went to the Français, I startled them by saying "*Bon jour!*" in a modern comedy just as I should have said it in a drawing-room. I was told that it ought not to be said in that way. Why? Because there was the classic tradition—dating, perhaps, from the foundation of the house. They wanted more dignity; that is to say, more deliberation, solemnity, the pomp of the ancient manner. It was so all through. I dressed for my parts, according to my notions, solely with an eye to my personal advantages and defects. It was wrong. Why, again? Because Mdlle. Mars had not dressed so. "But Mdlle. Mars was almost an old woman when she appeared in that character, and I am a young one." "That is no reason." "It shall be reason enough for me." Now if you know the stage as I know it, you will see where the need of my will of iron comes in. I insist; but my work is only half done. There is the public, likewise under the same absurd prepossessions. "Things were not done like that in our day." "Probably; but the world has changed, and what I am trying to show you is human nature as it has shown itself to me." Humour them, conform to the tradition, and you may win some admiration. Dare to disregard it, and bear the chill of their temporary disfavour, and you will win all. It is the shorter if it is the harder road. To have made concessions in the hope of slowly revolu-

tionising their tastes would have been to take the longer one, and I really had no time for that. I wanted to *arrive*. My life has been a struggle, a struggle to have my own way where I felt I was in the right; and still I am only half satisfied. I have never yet had what I could call a part, a character that I could make mine. I think I shall find it in Shakespeare. I am learning English: when next you come to see me I shall ask you to judge how I am getting on.'

XIV.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND IN ALBANY STREET.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND IN ALBANY STREET.

'It's a jolly little brute, and won't hurt,' exclaimed Mr. Buckland, as we were about to retreat from the threshold. The monkeys had seized the jaguar's tail, and lifting it with its hind legs bodily to the altitude of their cage, were rapidly denuding it of fur. No animal with any feelings of self-respect could submit silently to such humiliation, and the jaguar was making the place hideous with his yells. Hearing the cries of her pet, Mrs. Buckland came to the rescue; and it was amusing to see this child of the forest, with gleaming eyes and frantic yelps, cast itself at her feet, and nestle meekly in the folds of her dress. She had nursed it through a very trying babyhood when Mr. Bartlett had sent it from the Zoo, apparently dying and paralysed in the fore legs, with a promise of fifteen pounds reward for a cure. That sum has long since been swallowed up in damages for clothes destroyed and boots devoured, as the invalid's health and appetite returned. Hard by, a laughing jackass was sportively chasing live mice up and down a glass jar, as an appetiser before eating them; and below, solemnly weighing the

doctrine of chances, a battalion of cats waited patiently what might befall. At a front window an intelligent parrot kept calling cabs from the moment we entered, and was equally readily to hail an omnibus if we preferred it. A peaceably-disposed piebald rat was enjoying gymnastic exercises on a pole, until seized by his master and told to 'sing up, old boy.' Held suddenly to our ear, melodious notes were heard issuing from the diaphragm, which Mr. Buckland considers as good as the carol of a lark, whether it arises from a parasite in the liver or not. All around, the walls were covered with the heads of curious hybrids and horns of extinct animals; and indeed there was everything in this wonderful museum to fascinate the mind, from a shoe left as a keepsake by Brice the giant to a 'lady's slipper' floating about in a wineglass of water. The latter was a beautiful little object like a fairy glass slipper, about an inch long, without heels, and exquisitely fringed and finished off. It belongs to the jelly-fish tribe, and was alive and well when we saw it.

The 'happy family' life, of which Mrs. Buckland is the centre, is carried on in an ordinary London house, formerly the home of Charles Dickens's father-in-law, Mr. Hogarth, in Albany-street, Regent's Park. In their time the room into which we were ushered was probably the drawing-room. At first, during the present tenancy, it used to be called 'master's room;' now it is termed the 'monkeys' room,' which Mr. Buckland remarks is Darwin going backwards.

The dining-room is indeed the one room preserved, but with difficulty, for the sole use of man. It is held, so to speak, at the sword's point against the incursions of animals from the neighbouring jungle. Sometimes the rule is relaxed in cases of sickness, or on the arrival of a welcome little stranger like the jaguar. It is to this room that all good animals expect to go, in a stuffed form, when they die. It is regarded as a Poets' Corner for the great; while the bodies of the less distinguished are consigned to honourable burial in the back green. Mr. Buckland was informed lately that there was not room to bury so much as a bird there now. Some excellent pictures adorn the walls of this room; one of Master Frank, by Phillips, 'aged 3, born at Christchurch, Oxford, December 17th, 1826.' He is characteristically portrayed hugging a rabbit in his pinafore. A bust of Mr. Buckland's father, the late Dean of Westminster, stands on a table which he and his wife purchased in Italy on their wedding-tour, and is composed of curious marbles. A handsome dish, representing a salmon, stands on the same table, and was a gift from his Royal Highness Prince Christian. Below all this we come upon the practical workings of the scientific mine. Next to the kitchen, and accessible to the area, is the casting-room, to which everything extraordinary, whether from the depths of the sea or the bowels of the earth, sooner or later gravitates. It is here that a prodigious amount of work is done, and goes forth in the most finished state, to adorn the South Kensing-

ton and other great museums, for the advancement of science and education of the people. Round the walls are ranged bottles, casks, and jars, containing specimens in every stage of what the naturalist might call preservation and the ignorant decay. Enjoying the rare art of imparting his knowledge to others, Mr. Buckland delights in showing his treasures. Regardless of fearful odours, he will plunge up to his elbows into a deep dark tank, and draw forth a slimy dripping reptile, and ask cheerfully 'if he is not a beauty?' It requires a strong stomach and no small diplomacy to know how to act, for he is ready on a word of encouragement to make another fatal plunge and bring up the other seven! But another joy awaits you—if you can bear it—in a jar, when he carefully hauls out a ribbon fish, and tells you it is the next of kin to the great sea-serpent. At that moment you heartily wish the great sea-serpent would bury its own relations; but Frank does not, and any one who would bring him the head of the family would be his friend for life. On the whole, Mr. Buckland prefers live snakes about him; but he has not yet succeeded in getting his household to agree with him. A live snake is considerably worse than a pickled snake, seeing that the latter, they find, is not so likely to be found under their pillows. Perhaps the worst moments for the family are those when the Parcels Delivery van drives up to the door. On these occasions there is a general closing of windows observable in the neighbourhood, and the only

light-hearted creature within the zoological circle of Frank Buckland's home just then is the persevering parrot, who takes the credit of the van's arrival to himself. The naturalist steals out to survey the state of things, and, if likely to be very odorous, the man feels uneasy, while the husband, deep and treacherous, drops a propitiatory sovereign into his wife's hand, and recommends her to try a little shopping in some distant region. Once it was a gorilla in a cask; and when his unfortunate wife returned to her home she found Frank in high spirits, and the gorilla in even higher. Mr. Buckland's chief domestic grievance is the duster, which he regards as a mischievous invention of women. Household operations have consequently to be conducted by stealth, and usually in his absence on official rounds as Government Inspector of Fisheries. Not long ago he returned home to find the giant's autograph whitewashed off the dining-room ceiling, and was in despair; but discovering the row of postage-stamps a foot or two above the door marking the giant's height, he was, in a measure, consoled, and fell back for comfort on the shoe still safe in the museum. Mr. Buckland makes the scullery his chief *atelier*, and shares the kitchen, when she will let him, with the cook. This invasion of her premises she might not indeed take in good part, but it mollifies her to see her master in his shirt-sleeves doing the very dirtiest work, and she has long since come to the conclusion that his place is far worse than hers. She deals, after all,

with what is fit for human food; but her master's whole time is devoted to skinning, dissecting, pickling, and poring over the bones of 'beastesses,' the like of which no one could look at, let alone handle or dress; yet her master is so kindly and pleasant a gentleman that she cannot refuse sometimes when he asks for her help. Not with that solan-goose, however, which master said contained all the elements of a balloon; it nearly gave her a fit when he made it cry out as if it was alive, and only by squeezing what he called the voice-box at the bottom of the windpipe. Let us stand by the kitchen-table for a few minutes while the master bustles to and fro over his work. He is just now busily washing a splendid sturgeon, a 'royal fish' which, properly dealt with, he declares a cunning cook could serve up as fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring. Quaint and original must be many of the dishes which issue from Mr. Buckland's kitchen. The long-suffering cook, were she free to speak, might tell some strange tales of mistakes inevitable—of young crocodiles boiled down for stock, of food misapplied, and of diets given to the wrong animals. Mr. Buckland's housekeeping books cover a wide range; his bills for rats and mice and other small fry exceed the butcher's. Not less peculiar than the fare provided by his kitchen is the company to be met at his parties. It is his especial delight to entertain celebrities on view in the town. This *penchant* makes him the idol of all the children and stray waifs in the neighbourhood, who crowd

round the door when a party is expected, or clamber up the railings to get a good view of the giant going in or the dwarf coming away. The due etiquette to be observed at these feasts is at times perplexing. When Chinamen, Aztecs, Esquimaux, or Zulus are the guests, the chief difficulty is with the bill of fare; but the ceremonial becomes complicated if Mrs. Buckland has to choose which arm to take of the four owned by the Siamese Twins; nor are matters put right by Mr. Buckland leading the way with the Two-headed Nightingale; while much discussion was needed to decide whether Mr. Buckland should hand in Julia Pastrana (the hairy woman), or that personage—by virtue of her beard—should take in the lady of the house. Now and again other *contretemps* occur at these feasts. Nothing could have been more appalling than what happened when Mr. Buckland was honoured at dinner by Tomati Hapiromani Wharinaki and a number of New Zealand chiefs. The party had adjourned to the monkey-room, to smoke the pipe of peace, when, for their amusement, the host turned some six-and-thirty slow-worms out of a box. Instantaneously the guests were transformed; the garb of civilisation slipped off, and they returned to the wild untutored savage. With one frantic glance at the slow-worms on the floor, they uttered wild yells and straightway fled. Down-stairs, the dining-room was open; through this into the garden, helter-skelter, like hounds breaking cover and filling the air with a *tapage d'enfer*. Thence they spread over the neigh-

bouring gardens, taking the low fences like deer. Two of them seeing another open window, and at it a peaceable old lady at work, headed for it, dashed in, and with their tattooed faces and awful cries nearly were her death. By this time the whole parish was up; a hue and cry organised, recruits joined from the railings, and the fugitives were run safely to ground. It appeared that they entertained a superstitious horror of the slow-worm; to them it was the 'Ngarara'—the incarnation of the power of evil.

Naturalist, scientist, experimental explorer in new and unknown fields, Mr. Buckland enjoys the *entrée* to the learned and pleasant circles to which his birth and education entitle him, and where his agreeable manners insure him a ready welcome; but his whole heart and soul are concentrated on the great work he has taken in hand. Since he left the 2d Life Guards, in which he served as Assistant-Surgeon, he has filled the onerous post of Inspector of Fisheries, and by his untiring energy and painstaking zeal has done excellent service to the State and to the nation at large. Two years ago, with his colleague Mr. Walpole, he was instrumental in passing no less than three acts of parliament, to wit—the Norfolk Fresh-water Fisheries Act; the Crab, Lobster, and Oyster Act; and an Act prohibiting the use of Dynamite for the Destruction of Fish. As becomes the son of the celebrated Dean of Westminster, he is a consistent pupil of the *Bridgewater Treatise* school; and, however wide may be the

spread of the doctrines of evolution, they will find no convert in Frank, who still steadfastly and earnestly believes that the Creation is the true manifestation of the power, greatness, and wisdom of God.

XV.

THE EARL OF WILTON AT EGERTON LODGE.

THE EARL OF WILTON AT EGERTON LODGE.

About forty years ago the town was one day electrified by the appearance of a poem, fashioned upon the lines of Churchill's *Night*, in which the most accomplished writer of *vers de société* then alive in England lashed the vices and lampooned the fashionable notabilities of his day. The name of the poem in question was the *Chaunt of Achilles*, and its author was Charles Sheridan. The statue of Achilles, 'raised by British fair to Arthur's fame,' was made to 'loose his brazen tongue,' while from the vantage-ground of his position upon a knoll overlooking Apsley House he surveyed the Park and its *habitués* as they passed beneath his gaze, and descanted upon their characters, bearing, and appearance. The poem purported to describe the 'Row' as it appeared in 1838, the year of the Queen's coronation; and so nice was the author's discrimination of character, and so neat the *tournure* of his rhyme, that even to this hour some of the best couplets are occasionally quoted in the bay-window of White's by gouty veterans, who were 'pretty fellows about town' when D'Orsay was at the

zenith of his unsurpassed popularity; when Jemmy Macdonald, still in a marching regiment, was portrayed as 'Handsome Jim, the friend of frolic and the soul of whim;' when Mrs. Mountjoy Martyn, being at that time not less slim than her second husband is now, 'sat her courser with a native grace, mirth in her eye, good humour on her face;' when young Benjamin Disraeli had just been sent for the first time to Parliament as member for Maidstone; and when the crack whips of the B.D.C., or Bedfont Driving Club, issued periodically from the portals of Chesterfield House, and made for Richmond or Salthill, 'their hands unsteady and their reins awry.'

Forty years ago the complex and anomalous character of Thomas Earl of Wilton was a puzzle and enigma to the accomplished author of the *Chaunt of Achilles;* nor will it be one whit less of a puzzle to those who essay to weigh 'the wicked earl' in the balance when 'finis' is written at the close of his long, self-indulgent, and diversified career. Born upon almost the last day of 1799, Thomas Grosvenor was the second son of Robert, Earl Grosvenor, who, upon the accession of William IV., was created first Marquis of Westminster in 1831. The boy—more fortunate in this respect than his elder brother—was born to the early enjoyment of a noble estate and of an independent title. Through his mother, the only surviving child of Sir Thomas Egerton, who was subsequently created first Earl of Wilton, he inherited

the fine and growing property of Heaton, near Manchester, and the earldom of Wilton, upon the death of his maternal grandfather in 1814. The second Earl of Wilton had not struck fifteen when, being then a Westminster schoolboy, he entered into possession of Heaton Park and of the property surrounding it, which he has thus enjoyed for more than sixty years. The proximity of Manchester and the prudent husbandry and thrift of the owner of Heaton have not lessened the annual rent-roll of an estate which is greatly enhanced in value by the vast commercial city lying outside of its gates. It is true that the smoke of Manchester draws its sooty brush across the blackened trunks of the trees in Heaton Park, just as the noble *entourage* of Wentworth House, the Yorkshire seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, is tainted by the mephitic breath of Rotherham. But it has never been the custom of Lord Wilton to pass more than a fractional portion of each year at Heaton; and therefore the smoke of Manchester, being symbolical of wealth and growing income, is far from being distasteful to a nobleman in whose veins runs his full share of the canny blood which is hereditary in the house of Grosvenor. In his eyes Heaton—and more especially since the extinction of Heaton Park races, for which extinction he has no one but himself to blame—never possessed such attractions as Doncaster, Newmarket, and many another racecourse, or London, Cowes, and Melton Mowbray.

It was in these words that, when Lord Wilton

was in his thirty-ninth year, Charles Sheridan sang of him:

> 'Next, upon switch-tailed bay, with wandering eye,
> Attenuated Wilton canters by.
> His character how difficult to know!
> A compound of psalm-tunes and tallyho;
> A forward rider, half inclined to preach,
> Though less disposed to practise than to teach;
> An amorous lover with a saintly twist,
> And now a jockey, now an organist.'

Fox-hunter, race-rider, Lothario, psalm-singer, composer of sacred music, and organist—such was the gamut of Lord Wilton's heterogeneous characteristics as they appeared to the keen eye of his not unfriendly critic in 1838. It seems to have escaped Charles Sheridan's notice that from the days of his earliest youth Lord Wilton had displayed a singular taste and aptitude for surgery, which led him to walk the London hospitals as an amateur medical student, and to familiarise himself with the application of tourniquet, with the use of knife, probe, and scalpel, with the deft manipulation of broken bones and the tying of arteries. It was upon the 15th of September 1830 that the first railroad line in England was opened to the public, and to witness the solemn ceremony of its inauguration a vast concourse of spectators was gathered together at Liverpool. The hero of the day was the illiterate pitman George Stephenson, to whose memory Lord Hartington, with excellent taste, paid a well-merited tribute at Chesterfield; and in order to verify the bold assertion that it was

possible for a train carrying two or three hundred human beings to attain a speed of thirty miles per hour, eight locomotives had been assembled at Liverpool, which were set to drag eight trains of carriages to Manchester. In the first train were seated the Duke of Wellington (then Prime Minister), Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson (who was one of the members for Liverpool), Lord Wilton, Billy Holmes, Joe Parkes of Birmingham, and many other celebrities. At Parkside Station, about seventeen miles from Liverpool, the engines were to stop in order to take in water. 'Here,' says Mr. Smiles, in his *Life of George Stephenson*, 'a deplorable accident occurred to one of the illustrious visitors, which threw a deep shadow over the subsequent proceedings of the day. The "Northumbrian" engine, with the carriage containing the Duke of Wellington, was drawn up on one line, in order that the whole of the trains on the other line might pass in review before him and his party. Mr. Huskisson had alighted from the carriage, and was standing on the opposite track, along which the "Rocket," was observed rapidly approaching. At this moment the Duke, between whom and Mr. Huskisson some coolness had existed, made a sign of recognition, and held out his hand. A hurried grasp was exchanged, but before it was loosened there was a general cry from the bystanders of "Get in, get in!" Flurried and confused, Mr. Huskisson endeavoured to get round the open door of the carriage, which projected over the opposite rail; but in so doing

he was struck down by the "Rocket," and falling with his leg doubled across the rail, the limb was instantly crushed. His first words, on being raised, were, "I have met my death," which unhappily proved true, for he expired that same evening in the parsonage of Eccles.' But Mr. Smiles does not add what is partially revealed by the *Annual Register*—that the first person to lift the injured statesman from the ground was Lord Wilton, who proceeded instantly to twist his handkerchief, after the fashion of a tourniquet, round the wounded limb, in order to stop the effusion of blood from the torn artery. The 'Northumbrian' was swiftly detached from its carriages, and, driven by George Stephenson himself, was turned in the direction of Eccles, with Mr. Huskisson, Lord Wilton, and one or two others on board. The distance of fifteen miles was accomplished in what was then regarded as the incredibly short time of five-and-twenty minutes; but despite the prompt and skilful surgical assistance that he received at Lord Wilton's hands, Mr. Huskisson died in extreme agony some ten hours after his arrival at Eccles.

There is yet another feature of this many-sided character which, in the lines quoted above, has escaped recognition. It is notorious that for many years Lord Wilton has been Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, nor is there any face better known each August at Cowes than that of the oldest *habitué* of its snug verandah-surrounded club-house. He

would, indeed, be himself the first to acknowledge that it is to many a long cruise on board the Palatine and her floating predecessors that he is more indebted for health and longevity than to winter after winter in the saddle, or to a generally temperate *régime* and prudent diet. Like his old friend, Mr. George Bentinck, M.P. for West Norfolk, who glories in being 'the oldest certificated master in her Majesty's mercantile marine,' Lord Wilton has never been a mere amateur or butterfly sailor, but has repeatedly stood across the Bay of Biscay, and carried his yacht into almost every port of the Mediterranean. It is but five winters since he paid a hurried visit in the Palatine to the south coast of Spain, whence he made his way to Malta and Naples, had a look at the Eternal City (not forgetting to worship in its English church), and returned by land from Genoa, accompanied by his youngest daughter, Lady Alice, and by her husband, Sir Henry Des Vœux, in time to pass the last few weeks of the hunting season at Melton Mowbray.

Nothing but the fullest meed of unstinted praise can be awarded to Lord Wilton by those who ever saw the Quorn, Cottesmore, or Belvoir hounds stream like pigeons across the Leicestershire pastures. At such moments it goes without saying that for the last fifty—it might almost be claimed, for the last sixty—years no Meltonian was ever more certain to be in the van than the noble owner of Egerton Lodge. Tall, wiry, sinewy, with legs like a lamp-post, and

hands not less exquisitely fine than the spider's touch, which 'feels at each thread and lives along the line,' Lord Wilton may safely be pronounced never to have had a superior, and rarely an equal, among those representative sportsmen whom, generation after generation, Melton has sent forth at the commencement of each season to meet the hounds upon the opening-day at Ashby Gate. 'Talk about all these men,' said Dick Christian, in 1858, while reviewing the famous horsemen that he had known in a long life spent at Melton, 'there's none as has kept up his riding better for thirty years than Lord Wilton. He's quite a front man yet. He don't ram his horses till hounds settle to their work, and he always rides perfect animals. If he misses a good thing he's sadly riled. There never was a better groom than one of his—Godwin by name; pleasant fellow as need be, and the best groom-rider as ever come to Melton. He is well pensioned off now, and got a house in Heaton Park as well.' When Godwin died, his master, while on a visit to Melton, followed him to the grave, in the cemetery of the fox-hunting metropolis, where the remains of an exceptionally good and faithful servant, who gloried in the fine riding of two generations of Egertons, have found their final earthly resting-place.

It is at Egerton Lodge that the happiest hours of Lord Wilton's long life have been passed, and he who would fain see the most perfect hunting-box and stables in existence had better betake himself to Mel-

ton and curry favour with the successor of Allen and Godwin, who in their time superintended the condition of such famous hunters as Bijou, Brilliant, Long-twelves, Pigeon, Wanderer, Cannon Ball, Roland the Brave, and many another animal which has left his mark in some historical run. Fifty years have well-nigh gone since Lord Wilton bought Egerton Lodge, as he subsequently named it, and proceeded greatly to enlarge the house and stables, in which he was preceded by Lord Darlington, who subsequently became the first Duke of Cleveland. Around its hospitable table have been gathered for half a century all the most refined and celebrated 'customers,' whose fine performance in the saddle has contributed to bestow its unique fame upon the little town in Leicestershire. Lord Wilton's affection for Melton is well known; and, not many months ago, when it was evident that increasing years had deprived his knees of that firm grip upon the saddle for which he was once renowned, he exclaimed, while announcing his purpose of passing some portion of each winter at Egerton Lodge, 'At least, if I can no longer ride to hounds as of yore, I can die at the place which I love best on earth.' It is at Melton that the pleasantest *souvenirs* of one of the best and hardest riders that ever negotiated a bullfinch will long survive; nor will it be possible for those who succeed him to select a better model for their imitation than the lathy and elegant horseman, with hands than which those of Frank Butler, George Fordham, or Jim Robinson

were not more delicate, and of whom it might be said without flattery that

> 'he grew unto his seat,
> And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
> As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
> With the brave beast.'

Upon the turf, of which he has been a patron as long as any man now living, it can scarcely be claimed that Lord Wilton has been as uniformly popular as in the hunting-field. It was upon September 25, 1827, that, in the words of a Manchester poet,

> 'A party who went, on pleasure bent,
> For a journey to Heaton Park,'

tasted the delights of horse-racing upon the course then opened for the first time, by Lord Wilton, for the public to enjoy a sport of which he has always been as fond as of fox-hunting. Here it was that some of his most superb finishes as a race-rider took place; and when Lord George Bentinck had not as yet set the seal of fashion upon 'glorious Goodwood,' and when Bibury was no longer the favourite tryst of gentlemen-riders, this meeting within Lord Wilton's park was for a short time the best of its kind in England. 'Earl Wilton,' says the Druid, 'had the cream of the Whitewall riding, and Whitewall then meant the Westminster and Chesterfield lots. His lordship walked over twice at Heaton on Touchstone, and won upon Hornsea and Scroggins. Don John came over from Doncaster to run there; Slashing

Harry and Miss Bowe ran the most slashing of dead-heats; the beautiful Vanish was great in gold cups; and the dam of Orlando did one of those short, sharp, and decisive things at which for half a mile she has, perhaps, never had a rival.' It was about this time that Lord Wilton bestrode a vicious horse belonging to Lord Eglinton, called Dr. Caius, upon whom Tommy Lye, Job Marson, and Cartwright had tried their prowess in vain. So exquisite was his lordship's manipulation of the ungenerous brute's mouth that, when he had steered him to victory, Tom Dawson declared there was not such another jockey in England.

Let us turn to Lord Wilton's career as an owner of racehorses, which began with his purchase from Mr. Batson of Mystic, by Hedley out of Cecilia, who won the Newmarket Stakes and ran in the Derby of 1822. Sometimes starting his horses in his own name, and sometimes availing himself of the pseudonym of 'Mr. White,' Lord Wilton at last became the owner of a good but unlucky horse when he bought Gladiator, by Partisan, from Mr. Walker, by whom many of the best horses that Yorkshire then produced were bred. Gladiator started but once, and then had the misfortune to encounter a mighty opponent when he ran second to Bay Middleton for the Derby of 1836. It is the blood of Gladiator which gave stoutness to Sweetmeat, his son, and to Macaroni, Cremorne, and Favonius, his grandsons. The only other first-class animal ever owned by Lord

Wilton was Wenlock, the winner of the St. Leger in 1872. As a competitor for handicaps his lordship has been more successful than in any other line; but his stable policy has always been too crafty and secretive to make his victories widely popular. Rather more than a year ago he was standing on the top of the Grand Stand at Liverpool Autumn Meeting, surrounded by friends who overheard his jubilant cry of 'I win! I win!' with a shudder. The victory of Footstep on that occasion was a sore blow to many who had backed half a dozen favourites without ever writing the name of the Stanton filly; and although Mr. Payne had done eight or ten commissions for the stable during that same week, no hint was given him to save himself on Footstep.

In literature the laurels won by Lord Wilton will scarcely prove of an enduring character. Truth compels us to admit that a worse book than the *Sports and Pursuits of the English* has rarely been published. It is a lame attempt to prove that Magna Charta, trial by jury, the impartial administration of justice, and the general prosperity and freedom of Englishmen are due to their love of fox-hunting, horse-racing, football, and cricket. The language and grammar are worthy of Lord Castlereagh, as painted by his caustic critic, Lord Byron; and the best thing in the book is a leading article quoted *in extenso* from the *Times*. It is as a rider on the flat and across country that Lord Wilton's best claim to be remembered rests; and we prefer, in conclusion, to wish

that he may yet see many happy days at Egerton Lodge, with which for generations his memory will be identified, and never without words of just eulogy and merited commendation.

XVI.

MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK AT ASHLEY PLACE.

MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK AT ASHLEY PLACE.

A LOW soft voice has never given expression to thoughts more strong than that used by Mr. Roebuck in his every-day conversation. Like Mr. John Bright, the veteran orator and politician cannot be taken at a disadvantage. It is not only on the formal occasions, on which he gives his constituents an account of his stewardship, that Mr. Roebuck is prepared with keen argument and apt illustration. The mind which, as well as the eyes, looks at you through that formidable pair of spectacles is always as bright and ready—the thin lips are as prompt to sarcasm—as when the member for Sheffield earned his famous nickname. Three quarters of a century have whitened, but not thinned, his hair, and have in no wise weakened that readiness for combat which in past times Mr. Disraeli could not afford to ignore. As the short slight figure, clad in a shawl dressing-gown, rises to welcome the visitor, one notices that the library-table is not covered with a litter of newspapers. Two only are present, the *Times* and the *Athenæum*. 'These,' Mr. Roebuck says, 'are the only newspapers I read:

the *Athenæum* from habit, the *Times* for news. Years ago I wrote for the latter paper, and I now read it; but solely for news. I should never value the opinion of any newspaper at more than that feather of my canary's that is fluttering in the breeze. I do this,' he continues, 'not because I think newspaper opinions erroneous. Far from it. They are often singularly correct. But what are they? What are the opinions set forth in the *Times?* They do not lead public opinion; they are simply its expression. The newspaper article is not the locomotive which pulls the train, but the second engine which pushes behind. So-called leaders of popular thought always remind me of the racehorse who did not finish in front, but drove the others before him. The essence of a good newspaper is its trustworthiness, and in this respect I prefer the *Times.* Mr. Delane, while he ruled at Printing-house-square, showed the intuition of the genuine journalist. He could distinguish between the probably true and the probably false report. His keenly prescient vision told him that certain things were impossible, and he declined to give them currency. By what combination of experience and logical faculty he acquired this power, I do not pretend to know; but I think it must be like the instinct of the politician, who sees at once that coalitions bruited abroad are simply impossible from the nature of their elements. I prefer the newspaper which, as a newspaper, is the most trustworthy, and I draw a line between war news and other news.

War news consists so much of prophecy, that I have almost given over reading it, and wait till victories are doubly and trebly proved before I give credence to them.'

What is Mr. Roebuck's opinion of that working man who has made himself an important factor in English politics, and of the future conditions of capital and labour? He says, 'I have a very high opinion of a large proportion of the working class. They do their work well, and have a right to be heard; but I have little sympathy with their leaders, the talking men, who do not work, but often misguide their fellows. I often think that, had I chosen to sacrifice my self-respect, I might have become a leader of working men myself. I don't believe that they respect the promoted members of their own class. They like, as soldiers do, to be led by gentlemen. They have no distrust of those who are socially their superiors. On the contrary, they trust them far more than their own brethren. They think a gentleman has nothing to gain, and they give him credit for perfect disinterestedness. In the main they are right. Sometimes I regret that I did not take them in hand. I feel certain I could have helped them; for I know their wants and feelings, their faults and failings, thoroughly, and I like and esteem them—that is, those who work instead of talking. You say I am frank in telling them of their faults. It is perfectly true, and they like me none the worse for doing so. You think the future of capital and labour is

dark and threatening. You tell me that the old kindly feeling between master and man is dead, and that money and manual labour are now ranged in opposite ranks. This is true, but not new, and threatens nothing but a repetition of what the world has seen before. You know the old story of the Italian Republics, in which the patrician element was pushed out by the plebeian, which became more patrician than its predecessor, to be destroyed in its turn. In England we have seen a great landed aristocracy, not suddenly, but gradually, yielding its territory to the new men whose fortunes have been acquired in trade. Old castles and old manors are now owned by lords of the spinning-mule, by chiefs of the coal-mine and blast-furnace. These men are more despotic in their claims than their feudal predecessors; but despite their pretensions, they will have in time to make way for others. Change the order as you will, you will constantly find the democrat getting on in the world, and becoming an aristocrat as tenacious of his rights as the lord of long descent. There are so many paths by which men may get on in this English world, that I do not believe in any crisis, any open war, between capital and labour. Every man, whatever may be his sense of loyalty to his class, believes in the "gospel of getting on in the world" for himself. You will never persuade an Englishman, except of the highest rank, to be content to remain as he is. And it is well that it should be so. It is a general law, and England affords it ample play. The workman of

twenty-five years ago is the master, the autocrat, of to-day; and fresh autocrats are daily springing from the working class. They are harder masters than those born, so to speak, in the purple, as the non-commissioned officer rewarded with a commission is a greater martinet than the officer of higher social rank.'

If, upon this, one ventures to remark that in France the social problem has already advanced further than in this country, and that the outlook there is full of danger, Mr. Roebuck at once rejoins,

'It seems so, but the danger may not be so great as it seems. France is only just recovering from the influence of one of the worst and most depraved Governments that modern times have seen. The late Emperor was a miserable scoundrel, and the men who surrounded him were fraudulent billiard-markers. Their scheme of government could never allow them to rest. Their only safety was in action for good or evil—mostly evil; and what came of it? Nothing but ruin, territorial and financial, and a wretched exposure of poverty of intellect. Great men and great minds do not grow under a despotism. Thought is repressed, intelligence is cramped, and personal rule begets a race of dwarfs. It is folly to talk of the Augustan age. Augustus was a shabby despot; but by sheer good luck his reign was gilt by the glory of the great men educated under the Roman Republic. The age of Louis XIV. was a great age for soldiers and men of letters; but these were all born and edu-

cated during the Fronde, as the so-called Queen Anne's men owed their vigour to the troublous times of the Revolution. Thus the despot reaps the honour of the more active age of thought and deed which preceded him.' On the comment that Cæsar Borgia missed his opportunity Mr. Roebuck will remark: 'He was well taught by Machiavelli, but did not profit by his instructions. And what wonderful Italian Machiavelli wrote! Fine sonorous language —the tongue of statesmen and historians! How unlike to the modern Italian, the language of pimps and parasites!'

In this outspoken style does the little man in the shawl dressing-gown hold forth of men and things without raising the clear tones of his voice. Without apparent animation of word or gesture he conveys that most valuable of all impressions in a speaker, the conviction that he believes what he says. This, indeed, is the secret of the strength of John Arthur Roebuck. Throughout his long political career he has always possessed the power peculiar to the man who speaks out boldly and honestly the truth which is in him. In his conclusions he may at times have been mistaken, but no man can doubt his perfect integrity of purpose.

Mr. Roebuck has enjoyed the advantage, not only of seeing, but of living in, other countries than his own. Descended on the mother's side from the poet Tickell, the friend of Addison,—who by his advocacy of him brought down upon his own head

Pope's famous lines on Atticus,—he was born in Madras and passed his boyhood in Canada. At the age of twenty-two he came to England to study law, and was elected member for Bath at the first election after the Reform Bill. After the publication of *Pamphlets for the People* he fought a bloodless duel with Mr. Black, the editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, and then, distrusting the reactionary tactics of the Whigs, became a thorough Radical. On the platform, as in his armchair, he is a daring and effective speaker. The motion for the Sebastopol Committee, which brought about the resignation of the Government of Lord Aberdeen, is part of history. With advancing years his opinions, like those of many eminent Radicals, have undergone perceptible modification; or it would be, perhaps, more exact to say that his opinions have remained constant, while those of the younger school have advanced. His long representation of Sheffield affords a curious study. The Radical of the Radicals could not bring himself to look calmly on the tyranny exercised over workmen by the trades-unions; but in his case as in many others the prophet was not listened to in his own valley, and he lost his seat for Sheffield in 1868, only to be returned at the head of the poll in 1874. It is to be regretted that the men of Sheffield refused to hearken to the voice of their plain-speaking guide, philosopher, and friend. Hallamshire, the very stronghold of trades-unions, has had bitter cause to deplore the success of those organisations in establishing the rights of working

men by driving work away altogether. In that once thriving district many mills are silent and many blast-furnaces cold through the impatience of workmen to participate in the profits of their masters. Mr. Roebuck foresaw this long ago, and amid roars and hisses told his constituents that they were killing the goose with the golden eggs. All he gained by his sensible advice was a suspension in his representation of Sheffield; but he was no wise cast down, being confident that he had done his duty. Those who imagine Mr. Roebuck to be only a hard-headed lawyer and keen politician soon recognise their mistake when brought into personal contact with him. They find a gentleman of culture and refinement, with a mind enriched by careful study of the best literature of Europe—a Radical endowed with the best attributes and instincts conventionally associated with Conservatism.

XVII.

M. DE LESSEPS IN THE RUE RICHEPANSE.

M. DE LESSEPS IN THE RUE RICHEPANSE.

Sitting in a well-curtained *salon*, full of the dainty things which the *grande dame* loves, with an *étagère* of books in the middle, which the great Paris lady does not usually include in her luxuries; with the murmurous hum of the Boulevard des Capucines just audible, we are startled by the hearty voices of children playing in the next room. This is the hôtel, or home, of the Vicomte Ferdinand de Lesseps, surnamed the Duke of Suez by many friends; and he is in his seventy-first year. The nursery can hardly be his. But why not? is the question that follows, as a hearty, alert, bright-eyed Frenchman almost trips into the room, and at once seems to fill it with his superabundant vitality. It is the same robust gentleman who, twenty years ago, made a progress through perfidious Albion, in quest of the capital for the great enterprise which notable English engineers had condemned as impossible, and upon which Lord Palmerston and other public Englishmen had turned a cold shoulder. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps in those days looked the man to bear down opposition. A rebuff met him smiling and confident. Disappointed in London, he

appeared hopeful and radiant in Manchester, in the Art-Treasures Exhibition season, to plead his cause before the cotton lords. Then he went on to Liverpool and Dublin and elsewhere—a traveller with one idea wedded to an iron will. You might shake your head over the enthusiast's figures, and resolutely button your pockets when you felt that his eloquence was telling upon you; but it was impossible not to feel the charm of the bright wit, the intellectual vigour, the happy humour, and, above all, the splendid courage under a multitude of difficulties, with which Ferdinand de Lesseps slowly gathered together the pecuniary and other forces necessary to the accomplishment of that work which Napoleon III. told him was *assez pour illustrer un règne.*

M. de Lesseps' record of the great work of his life, from his first talk with Said Pasha in the Libyan Desert to the glorious day when, in the presence of the Empress Eugénie and a brilliant host gathered from all corners of the world, the waters of the Red Sea and of the Mediterranean were joined, has in it throughout that cheery spirit which is peculiar to the man. Between 1854 and 1859, when, without the usual and usurious help of bankers, he had managed to make himself master of some four millions sterling to be applied to the digging of the Canal, he met with opposition at every step. Diplomats intrigued against him, as an insidious enemy who was secretly working out some sinister design of Louis Napoleon; the Porte took umbrage at the instigation of England;

the English Parliament opposed him; and scientific men laughed at the sometime Consul become engineer, daring to hold his opinion against the big-wigs of the profession. Alone, in the early days of his dream, his Sovereign supported him, and was ever ready to listen to his troubles and to smooth them. Louis Napoleon sympathised with Ferdinand de Lesseps, not only because he was a kinsman of the Empress, but because he himself had nursed a similar dream in his prison at Ham. The MS. of Louis Napoleon's long-pondered design for cutting a canal through Nicaragua, and of his plan for realising his conception, together with a rough map drawn by his own hand, have been examined by the guest of M. de Lesseps who writes these notes of the great man at home. The writer was the first to submit the curious MS. record of the Ham prisoner's unsuccessful venture to the triumphant 'Duke of Suez,' and it formed the starting-point for an interesting conversation at the breakfast-table.

It is only half-past ten in the morning, yet M. de Lesseps is ready for his guests, and appears, having dismissed a fair day's work. But he will be ready for as much more as may be wanted after breakfast. He is quickly followed by the young wife (Mademoiselle Autard de Bragard), whom he married five days after the solemn opening of his Canal, viz. on the 25th November 1869. The talk is about the children, and the husband sparkles and comports himself easily as the head of a *jeune ménage*. His seventy years are no

heavier than a garland of roses upon his head. Between a London breakfast given at ten o'clock to some twenty guests, who are expected to be clever over bacon and eggs and tea and toast, and a 'disjune' with a French celebrity, there are most striking differences. On the British side of the Channel, the mind recalls, with a yawn, a heavy angularly-furnished room of the Harley-street description—such a room as those in which physicians allow their patients to wait their convenience—a cold company, and a repast in which there is nothing to tempt the appetite that is not robust. Serious, even solemn, conversation to the clatter of teacups, and amid the mingled steamy fumes of coffee and tea; men fresh from the dressing-room and with the marks of the comb still sharp in their scanty hair; ladies who do *not* recall Chaucer's

'Up rose the sun, and up rose Emily.'

In fact, a dreadful morning, preluding to the weak a noon of indigestion, and to the strong a lunch to bury the remembrance of it. On the French side of the Channel the earliest hour is half-past ten; and by that time your host is in charming humour. He has tossed off the first pressure of the day's business, and the prospect of breakfast and a friend to share it will make him the happiest of men. At least this is still evidently the idea of Ferdinand de Lesseps, albeit he was in the diplomatic service of his country full half a century ago. We repair, laughing, to the *salle-à-manger*. It is surely permissible to record that Madame is in excellent spirits, devoid of domestic

cares, unruffled by the household duties, which have been discharged and forgotten at the *salon* door. What a pleasant *salle-à-manger!* A spacious round shining table, devoid of tablecloth (this is the good old French fashion), but brightened with sparkling glass and glistening silver. A dainty tea-service before Madame, bottles of ruby wine to the hands of the gentlemen. The dishes, covered, ranged around the centre-piece, and lighting expectation in the epicurean eye. This, and quiet servants, and a good anecdote by way of *lever de rideau*, will surely suggest a contrast not wholly to the advantage of the London early feast of reason. Moreover, when one breakfasts with M. de Lesseps, the talk which one hears is not of the droning *Contemporary Review* order, but to enjoy cheer at once refined and hearty, accompanied by bright conversation that travels half way round the world. The host has an appetite as healthy as his mind, and never allows you for a moment to remember that you are talking to a gentleman who has seen more than seventy summers. He has been in diplomatic capacities at Lisbon, Tunis, and Egypt. Forty-seven years ago he was busy at Constantine arranging the submission of the Arabs to French rule. He was Consul at Cairo in 1834-5, when the plague carried off half the inhabitants. He has worn the ribbon of the Legion some forty years. He helped to reconcile Mehemet Ali with the Sultan. In 1838 he was Consul at Rotterdam; in the following year he was transferred to Malaga; and three years later he was appointed to

Barcelona, where he so distinguished himself after the bombardment of the city, that he was covered with medals and orders from the grateful countries whose citizens he had taken under his protection. One of the first acts of Queen Isabella was to create our cheery host Commander of the Order of Charles III. All this before the Revolution of 1848!

That event carried M. de Lesseps speedily to Madrid as French ambassador, whence he was recalled to go to Rome to settle the difficulties between the Romans, the Pope, and the French Republic. He was a bold and an independent man always. He took a favourable view of the Roman Republic, and candidly stated his opinion, for which he was recalled. Hereupon he demanded to retire from public life; for already his length of service entitled him to take the step. Ay, nine-and-twenty years ago Ferdinand de Lesseps had earned a retiring pension. Then opened the great epoch of his life. In 1854 the new Viceroy, Mohammed Said, invited him to Egypt; and it was while traversing the Desert with his host that he poured into his ear the details of his project for a canal to unite the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. The Pasha listened, and saw all the advantages his country would reap from the enterprise. While he lived, De Lesseps had a staunch and an enlightened friend. The death of Said Pasha, however, opened a host of difficulties for the energy and diplomatic experience of M. de Lesseps to scatter. The new Viceroy brought the works to a standstill,

until Napoleon III., who consented to act as arbitrator, adjusted the differences between the Egyptian Government and his illustrious subject, and set the mighty dredgers and the colonies of workmen at their task again.

Of all this heavy sum of labour, with its curious incidents and varying scenes, M. de Lesseps talks freely and gaily over his cutlet and his omelette. A Liberal in politics, independent in his friendships, the servant of no *régime*, standing rigidly aloof from clubs, committees, and coteries, 'the Duke of Suez' is popular with all parties. He is a national man. Under deep obligations to Napoleon III., and connected with his Consort, he remains the friend of the Orleans Princes, and on good terms with the Count of Chambord. He has the travelled air which is alone generally wanting to make the cultivated French gentleman a perfect host or a model guest. M. de Lesseps has all the grace of bearing which is native to his race; but he has shaken off that exaggerated ceremoniousness which, to our English mind, mars the pleasures of social life in France. The ordinary Frenchman of good breeding makes you feel as his guest that he has done all that in him lies to honour your presence within his gates. Ferdinand de Lesseps, with a hearty spontaneous grace, gives you a welcome that sets you completely at your ease as his *convive*. His *acceuil* tells you that he is pleased rather than honoured in receiving you; and the way in which he makes his conversation travel round his

table from Frenchman to Englishman, Anglo-Indian, German, or Italian, proclaims the man of the world who has broken bread with many races of his kind.

Of course, in the Rue Richepanse the conversation reverts again and again to Suez and its Canal; for M. de Lesseps is either thinking of his return to Egypt, or he has just returned from the East. He travels always with his wife and young family. Breakfast over, you will delight your host by proposing to go to the Suez offices to inspect the perfect museum of plans and models of the Canal works which are arranged there. But first, on returning to the *salon*, you will have to remark and admire, as well you may, the superb monumental *coupe* in *repoussé* silver—the masterpiece of a Ladeuil or the pride of a Froment Meurice—which the Empress Eugénie bore to Suez, the insignia of a Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour glittering within it, and gave to her kinsman (the *coupe* from herself, the cordon from her Consort) on the day when the Canal was formally opened. Never was great event acknowledged in a more imperial manner; and who shall wonder that, let the *régime* be what it may in France, this trophy of French art and imperial gratitude to the subject who has done a work 'enough to make a reign illustrious' will remain the central splendour of Ferdinand de Lesseps' *salon!*

'But,' said M. de Lesseps, proud, smiling, and leading the way to an inner room, 'I have something more to show you.'

In a curtained room, by a sparkling wood-fire, sat two Sisters of Mercy, their faces shaded by their immense snowy caps or *capuchons*.

And each sister held a bouncing baby six weeks old in her arms.

They were M. de Lesseps' twins.

XVIII.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AT DRAYTON MANOR.

SIR ROBERT PEEL AT DRAYTON MANOR.

'Not my own invention, by any means. I am only the translator or adaptor of the phrase which you are kind enough to say I added to the English language. The original was by Louis Blanc, who proposed to carry on the Revolution *sans aucune solution de continuité*.'

This confession comes lightly from the tongue of one of the handsomest of robust Englishmen—a man of fifty-six, who looks ten years younger, broad of shoulder, deep of chest, muscular of limb. His costume at this moment is well calculated to display his proportions to advantage. A velvet jacket with braid loops, knickerbockers and hose, and a sky-blue shirt, with a broad collar turned back from a brawny neck, make up an effective dress in the cold gray light of a winter morning, just bright enough to enable one to appreciate the beauty of the Lawrence gallery at Drayton Manor, and to mark the strong resemblance between the present Sir Robert Peel and his grandfather, the first Baronet, in whose rugged face are lines of humour absent from that of the great convert to Free-trade. The late Sir Robert Peel was not a

man of many weaknesses. Cold, unimpressionable, and masterful, he held his own way in defiance of his father, and would pass hours with his son without vouchsafing him a single word. Yet he was even a passionate enthusiast to the pictorial art, especially when represented by Sir Thomas Lawrence. It was this admiration for the great portrait-painter of his day that led to the formation of the historic gallery in the manor-house at Drayton. The statesmen of preceding generations live in marble; those of the first half of the present century on canvas. On either side of the entrance are the massive features of Charles James Fox, and the delicate clear-cut face of Dr. Johnson's *protégé*, the self-tormenting Windham, of oratorical, prizefighting, and bull-baiting fame. Immediately on the left is a portrait of the late Baronet, taken in the prime of life, and in the high cravat, swallow-tailed coat, and short velvet waistcoat of the period, looking the true gentleman that he was. Proud of his family and his own great gifts, no man had more contempt for the elaborate ingenuity of professional pedigree-mongers. When he was shown a genealogical dissertation, intended to establish a connection between the earlier Lancashire Peeles and his own immediate ancestors, the Peels of Craven in Yorkshire, he made a characteristic remark upon the 'inconclusiveness of reasoning' from identity of surname, and preferred to derive his origin from the 'good yeomen whose limbs were made in England.' The Peels will have nothing to do with

Wardour-street and the Battle of Bosworth Field, being quite content with their four generations, and taking especial delight in a picture of Robert Peel's house in Fish-lane, Blackburn, A.D. 1750. This clever and energetic man founded the fortunes of his family by his partnership with Haworth and Yates, and was known at Blackburn as 'Parsley Peel,' from the sprig of parsley which figured on his cotton prints. There is no portrait of 'Parsley Peel' in the long gallery at Drayton Manor, but the late Baronet has testified that he was a very fine-looking man. That he certainly transmitted good looks to his descendants is proved by Lawrence's picture of the first Baronet, a portrait full of character, and magnificently painted. It was this man, with a face of power, who built up the great fortune of the Peels, and transferred the family from Lancashire to Staffordshire. About 1790 he began to acquire property in and around Tamworth, and shortly afterwards represented that borough in Parliament, a seat which has been occupied by the Peels in unbroken succession to the present day. Among his purchases was that of Drayton Manor from the Thynnes, into whose possession it had come from the Devereuxes. It was from the old manor-house at Drayton, pulled down to make way for the modern edifice, that Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex set forth on his ill-fated Irish expedition.

No trace of the old building now remains. The modern house is remarkable for the size of its apart-

ments, and especially for the noble picture-gallery, with the only feature in whose contents any fault can be found is an unfortunate alteration made in the portrait of Canning. As the picture now is, the great statesman who 'called a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old,' is represented as addressing the House of Commons and gesticulating *more suo*. On the bench at the back of the picture his handkerchief is thrown. As originally painted the portrait was far more characteristic, for the orator was shown with his handkerchief in his hand, passing it, in fact, from one hand to the other, in virtue of an irrepressible habit. The alteration was made at the suggestion of the late Sir Robert Peel, whose fastidious taste rebelled against a portrait so lifelike as to savour of caricature. In the centre of the gallery is the well-known portrait of the late Duke of Wellington, in the blue cape thrown back and showing the white lining. This is so generally acknowledged to be the best portrait of the great Duke, that his son had a copy made of it; for, strange to say, Apsley House at one time contained a far better representation of Napoleon than of Wellington, as all who have seen Canova's magnificent bust can testify. Another interesting portrait is that of Mr. Gladstone as a very young man, with abundant locks concealing a grand head. From a purely artistic point of view, however, the portrait of Lord Eldon is perhaps the finest picture in the gallery. It seems to have been entirely painted—hands as well as head—by

Lawrence himself, and is full of character and power. Far less meritorious as works of art are the portraits by Winterhalter of the Queen and the young Princess Royal and of the late Prince Consort, presented by her Majesty to the late Sir Robert Peel after her visit to Drayton Manor. Although the picture of the Prince Consort leaves much to be desired on the score of artistic treatment, the portrait is so truthful that, after his death, the Queen had a copy of it made for herself. In addition to the portraits now particularised are those of almost all the prominent English statesmen of the Lawrence period — Lord Grey, Lord Liverpool, Lord Brougham, and Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

Little less rich in historical and artistic treasures is the gallery which expands at the middle into a billiard-room. Here are the marble busts of Pitt, Voltaire, Wellington, the late Sir Robert Peel, and the famous head of Sir Walter Scott by Chantrey. In the dining-room hangs a noteworthy picture, poor Haydon's Napoleon at St. Helena, with the back of the chained eagle turned towards the spectator, who looks past him on to the wide immensity of the Atlantic. There is a kind of weird haunting effect about this picture. As one gazes upon it the horizon appears to open out, and one looks into the unfathomable eyes of the Corsican, as he casts his eager glance westward. As a specimen of the poetically indicative school, this picture is a masterpiece. Diametrically opposite in treatment is the superb Lawrence, which

hangs over the fireplace of the snug little morning-room, the favourite apartment of every member of the family at Drayton Manor. This remarkable picture is a *tour de force* of Lawrence. It happened that the late Baronet had just acquired Rubens' famous 'Chapeau de Paille,' and expressed his unbounded admiration of that ridiculously named and possibly overrated picture. Lawrence, perhaps a little piqued, determined to paint a pendant to the famous 'Chapeau,' and produced a splendid picture of the late Lady Peel—a daughter of General Floyd—in a crimson hat and feather. It is needless to say that the model was beautiful. The Peels, from the day when the first Sir Robert married Nelly Yates, have always wedded beautiful women. It is an excellent tradition to keep up in a family. Birth is a good thing, and so are good looks. The Peels succeed in getting both with their brides. Under the pendant to the 'Chapeau de Paille' much of the intimate life of Drayton Manor is passed. In the children's hour there is great fun going on in this especial sanctum, not unaided by an immense Collie dog, whose name has been gradually elongated from Scot to Scottieboy, alias Engel, the latter pet name being one of the outward signs of the German education of Sir Robert Peel's children. The eldest boy has had a hard time of it with his Latin, his father insisting that he must be taught the old before the new pronunciation. 'Bobby must learn to say Cicero before he advances to Kikero,' decides his fond parent. 'I should be

afraid to quote Kikero in the House of Commons. A day may come, but it has hardly come yet.' The member for Tamworth has no reason to complain of the House of Commons. From his maiden effort to his last well-considered speech that very critical assembly has invariably listened to him with attention. He possesses several important attributes of an orator. To the advantage of a good presence he adds that of a good voice and distinct utterance free from affectation of any kind. Moreover he has the knack of knowing what he is talking about, for the very excellent reason that he studies his subject carefully beforehand, and, taking time to assimilate his knowledge, reproduces it with that air of spontaneity always absent from the result of recent 'cram.' Again, he has an admirable method of arranging his points, and delivers them with a certain chivalrous dash quite as taking in the House of Commons as elsewhere.

At the end of the long avenue of araucarias, past the tall Wellingtonia which would raise envy in the ordinarily placid breast of Mr. Lowe, one strikes on the carriage-way to Lady Emily Peel's pet department. Her husband farms a little, shoots a great deal, and takes as much delight in planting trees as Mr. Gladstone does in cutting them down; but Lady Emily Peel has not forgotten that the Tweeddale country is the Newmarket of Scotland, that Matthew Dawson originally trained for her father, and that Bonehill Paddocks are yet haunted by the shade of

Orlando. Under the care of Mr. Scott her ladyship has a compact stud, consisting of Pero Gomez and seventeen brood-mares, among which are some notable animals. Pero himself is one of the handsomest and soundest horses at the stud, and, being by Beadsman out of Mendicant, is much sought after. His name was a puzzle invented by Sir Joseph Hawley for the benefit of his friends. Nobody knew precisely who or what Pero Gomez was until a persevering student found the names of Pero Gomez and Alvarez, the begging friars, in Ticknor's history of Spanish literature. Pero's head is singularly beautiful and intelligent, and a more amiable and well-conditioned animal never trod the turf. Sir Joseph thought to the day of his death that he won the Derby, but the judge gave the race to Pretender by a short head. Pero, however, showed Mr. Jardine's horse a clean pair of heels in the St. Leger, and is altogether a better-looking animal than his victor at Epsom. A stroll round the Bonehill Paddocks is a delightful morning's amusement, and an agreeable prelude to an after-luncheon cigar in Sir Robert Peel's own room, almost papered with portraits and caricatures of celebrities human and equine. Among these is the interesting document, a copy of which proves that the late Emperor was not the first of his nation to appreciate England and English statesmen:

'RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE.

Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.

ASSEMBLÉE NATIONALE.

Extrait du Procès-verbal de la séance du Vendredi, Juillet 5, 1850.

"M. le Président Dupin ayant pris place au fauteuil s'exprime en ces termes :

'Messieurs,—Au moment où un peuple voisin et ami déplore la perte qu'elle vient de faire d'un de ses hommes d'état les plus recommandables—Sir Robert Peel—je crois que c'est honorer la tribune française que de faire entendre dans cette enceinte l'expression de nos sympathiques regrets, et de manifester notre haute estime pour cet orateur éminent qui pendant tout le cours de sa longue et glorieuse carrière politique n'a jamais eu que des sentiments de justice et de bienveillance pour la France et des paroles de courtoisie pour son gouvernement.'

"M. le Président ajoute que, si l'Assemblée l'approuve, il en sera fait mention au Procès-verbal.

"L'insertion est ordonnée par acclamation.

"Pour extrait conforme, le Président de l'Assemblée Nationale,

"DUPIN."'

In the little morning-room is another document also much prized by the member for Tamworth. It consists of the citizenship of Geneva, presented to him in 1861 by the Genevese, grateful to him for having raised his voice in the House of Commons in favour of their independence, when threatened by the annexation of Nice and Savoy. Besides the grant of citizenship to him and his heirs, the Genevese presented him with a handsome silver cup and a rifle, the latter of which reposes side by side with the silver spade with which his father cut the first turf of the Trent Valley Railway. This instrument was handed to the demolisher of the corn-laws and inventor of the income-tax by Hudson, the Railway King, upon

whom the great statesman resolutely refused to turn his back. His son went beyond this, and befriended poor Hudson to the day of his death. 'A case of doubtful morality,' he remarks; 'but a very clever and energetic man, of whom my father had a very high opinion. He was glad to help Hudson except in one respect. Of course he would not touch the shares pressed upon him at the time when Hudson was making everybody's fortune as well as his own.'

Sir Robert Peel not only cherishes a kindly recollection of Hudson, but of another King—his late Majesty King George IV. 'When I was at school at Brighton,' he laughs out merrily, 'the old King often came to see us. I was a very little boy, but I recollect the scratching we made upon our slates as he came in. Then we all stood up, and he addressed us in this style: "Well, boys, slating, eh, slating? I'll give you a half holiday. Does that please you, eh?" On this we gave three cheers for the King. There was only one visitor I liked better than the King, and that was the old Duke of Devonshire, who was a sort of viceroy of Brighton, second only to the King in rank, and with a great deal more ready money. His tips were always two sovereigns, just double the regulation price. A princely man. I have never looked upon his like.'

It is this admixture of personal and family incident with *la haute politique*, literature, art, and a dash of the stud-book which lends to the conversation of Drayton Manor its peculiar charm. Sir Robert Peel

has a fund of animal spirits and genial humour sufficient for half a dozen ordinary M.P.s; and Lady Emily Peel, without betraying the slightest tinge of the *précieuse*, possesses the art of gliding from subject to subject in the easy fashion which reveals perfect knowledge. This acomplished lady is equally ready to amend a quotation from Varnhagen von Ense or Von Gentz, to set at rest the authenticity of an historic *mot*, or to enumerate the herds of wild cattle at present extant in England.

XIX.

LORD NAPIER AT THE CONVENT, GIBRALTAR.

LORD NAPIER AT THE CONVENT, GIBRALTAR.

The Governor of our great Mediterranean fortress has two homes on the 'Rock'—the Cottage and the Convent. The first lies round Europa Point, the southernmost extremity, and is nestled close under the crags which culminate in the peak crowned by O'Hara's Tower; below its terrace the straight wall of rocks falls sheer into the blue waters; all around it are huge gray boulders of oolite, intermixed with the tall spears of the spiky aloe and garlanded with luxuriant vegetation. This is essentially a country house visited only for relaxation and pleasure. The other, his official residence, is in the heart of the town, and is guarded by redcoated sentries, surrounded by barracks, casemates, batteries of guns. Before Rooke, with his seamen and marines, captured Gibraltar by a *coup de main*, this spacious building was a convent of Franciscan nuns. Still intact is its chapel, serving now for men of the camps; the high walls also, which once fenced off the fair *monjas* from the outer world, still girdle the magnificent garden,

which successive occupants have loved to beautify and enrich. In other respects its aspect has changed entirely. It is no longer the peaceful retreat of ascetic *religieuses*, but the centre of life in a world-renowned garrison-town. Busy officialism pervades it at every hour. The very day of the fortress begins at the Convent guard, where, and not under the Governor's pillow, as is popularly supposed, are lodged the massive keys—substantial emblems of possession—which are marched under strong escort to unlock the gates at sunrise, to be brought back again at sunset when everything has been made safe for the night. The main entrance to the Convent is opposite the guard, a wide portico beneath an ancient arch, through which a stream of people passes constantly in and out: orderlies in a hurry carrying in telegrams and reports from the signal-station, bringing away missive and despatch; now an aide-de-camp or an adjutant trots rapidly up, dismounts, and disappears within, bearing some specially interesting news. Anon come other staff-officers and heads of departments—the adjutant-general or military secretary with piles of papers for signature; the attorney-general with some draft ordinance for the regulation of trade; the police-magistrate vexed in his soul concerning the growth and conduct of the alien population; the colonial secretary bringing knotty points to be unravelled, questions of civil procedure, *guarda costas* once more meddlesome, international rights infringed. Hither too come foreign consuls—the

black-faced representative of Morocco, German, Frenchman, Italian, or the dignified Don wearing an air of reserve, as if in mute protest against English usurpation of his nation's property and soil. Next the captain of a German ironclad or the commodore of an Italian fleet arrives to make his bow. These are perhaps followed by his eminence the Vicar-Apostolic, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Gibraltar, in his violet robes; or by the senior naval officer, or the captain of the Port; by a deputation from the Chamber of Commerce, by the chairman of the Sanitary Commissioners, Gibraltar's municipal board; or yet again by any distinguished travellers paying a flying visit to the place.

The point to which all this bustle converges is a room reached by traversing the principal hall and descending a flight of steps into a *patio* or open Moorish court, which occupies the central space—a court refreshed by plashing fountains, brightened by giant oleanders or large-leaved plantains, and decorated with frescoes, fierce battle-pieces such as the storming of Badajos, the Balaclava charge, and others, executed years ago by an æsthetic subaltern, John Marshman of the 28th, under the advice and assistance of poor Henri Regnault, the young painter who met a soldier's death before Paris. Off this court are the ante-rooms of the aides-de-camp, to whom the visitor gives his name before he is admitted to the presence of the great man, his Excellency the Captain-General, Governor and Commander-in-Chief

of the fortress and territory of Gibraltar. But this is a mere formality. Lord Napier is always easy of access; he keeps up no straitlaced ceremony or pompous state, and all who come may have an audience if they please. The room he habitually occupies as his own private office looks out upon the Convent garden; it is of narrow dimensions, plainly furnished with the stereotyped official belongings, but is a bright sunny room with southern aspect, and through the open windows comes the scent of the roses even now in full bloom. Here, at a wide official desk covered with books, plans, papers, the General is seated, rapidly disposing of his correspondence; but at our entrance he rises to greet us with simple straightforward courtesy, speaking in quiet—almost confidential—tones, and with such an entire absence of stiffness or pretension that he makes us at once at home. A striking figure, rather above the middle height, erect and soldier-like, the full strong frame arrayed in uniform, his favourite dress being the blue patrol-jacket for field service, covered with broad frogs and braid, red-striped overalls, boots, and spurs. He wears uniform habitually while on the Rock and actually on duty, so to speak, within the limits of his command; only when he rides out into Spain does he appear in mufti, and it is that of the English gentleman about to appear in Rotten Row—tall hat, black coat, everything neat and *de rigueur*. A man clearly advanced in years is Lord Napier; a rugged face, somewhat seamed by lines

of thought, and tanned by long exposure in tropical climes; hair and moustache snow white; his eyes, which from the constant glare and irritation of dust and sand look dull and heavy, are screwed up tightly together as if in pain, and seem scarcely calculated at first sight to threaten and command. But there is no abatement in his physical vigour. The gallant spirit which made him the *beau idéal* of a leader of light cavalry, when with unflagging untiring energy he chased for days together, at the head of a handful of horse, the rebels Tantia Topee and Ferozeshah, during the closing scenes of the great Indian mutiny, is far from burnt out yet.

This office in which we see him now is his resting-place perforce; but when business claims him not, his favourite home is the saddle still. He is always well mounted, and has an admirable seat upon a horse neat, strong, and workmanlike; he rides boldly but carelessly, and with rather a loose rein. Now, as of old, he is on horseback continuously for hours and hours together. Gibraltar and its immediate neighbourhood is essentially a land of bridle-paths; turnpike-roads, except upon the Rock itself, are rare, and even there he who would explore all parts must forego the use of wheels. This suits its present Governor exactly. There is no more constant attendant at the meets of the Calpe hounds, no one keener among those enthusiastic sportsmen who are a source of endless astonishment to their Spanish friends. He takes his gallops regularly—often be-

fore breakfast—on the beach of Gibraltar Bay; he may be seen again and again riding along the Queen's or Upper roads, or threading the intricacies of the interminable fortifications. In coping with any prolonged mental exertion Lord Napier is perhaps not quite the man he was. He is apt to show signs of fatigue, especially after dinner. Yet a nap in the evening may be forgiven a man who has spent an arduous and eventful day; and Lord Napier's days are unusually long, beginning early and ending late. He clings still to the habits acquired in the East, where he spent so large a portion of his life. Like a true Indian he is up with the lark; soon after daybreak he issues forth from the Convent, mounted on his favourite Arab, and by breakfast-time has already accomplished a large amount of inspectorial work, closely and minutely performed. A painstaking and scrupulous attention to detail is perhaps the strongest point in his professional character. Nothing is too minute for his personal care and attention. He looks closely, for instance, into all matters concerning the personal comfort of the soldier. By reducing sentries, he has increased the number of 'nights in bed;' and he has improved and added largely to cookhouses and canteens. His is an organising mind; he is gifted with great and undoubted administrative capacity, but he is also thoroughly imbued with a progressive spirit. No one knows better than he that the safety of the stronghold he commands might easily be imperilled by any neglect of the great

truth that modern science is rapidly and continually changing the conditions of warfare.

Lord Napier goes with the times. While inviting readily the coöperation and advice of subordinates, of the scientific officers around him, and of his own intelligent staff, he himself originates, controls, improves. In all matters connected with armament—a constantly recurring question when, as now, guns grow daily more and more monstrous in size; with the construction and position of batteries when, as now, increasing ranges alter relative values; in the great questions of storage and supply—Lord Napier has proved himself eminently well suited for the post he at present holds. There is a prevalent superstition upon the Rock that certain dread secrets—the existence of concealed lines of unexplored galleries, invisible batteries masked like snakes in the grass—which are lodged in the breast of the Governor alone, would add materially to the defensive strength of Gibraltar were it ever again besieged. More valuable than such apocryphal secrets is the knowledge, patent to all, of the ability and military genius of Lord Napier himself. He is one of the best governors Gibraltar has seen for many a day. Although debarred from the widest experience as an engineer officer, having taken part in no greater siege-operations than the reduction of hill-forts, or as assistant engineer at the siege of Mooltan, he was the life and soul, scientifically speaking, of the defence of Lucknow, and his comprehensive views and fertility of

resource were fully exhibited by his triumph over the obstacles and difficulties of that march to Magdala which won him the title he bears. These qualities would probably stand him in good stead should Gibraltar be attacked within his time.

Lord Napier shines no less in his private and social relations than in his professional capacity. He is the most kindly of men. In no respect does this show itself more strongly than in his friendly encouragement of the rising young officers of the day. He loves their society, seeks them out, brings them forward, makes them the companions of his long rides, converses freely with them, pouring forth the while the treasures of his knowledge and experience, counselling, explaining, encouraging by turns. There are many whose feet are now securely placed upon the ladder of fame who still remember the patronage and support of the distinguished veteran. To members of his own corps, to Engineers especially, he has been ready always to hold out a helping hand; he welcomes gladly the news of fame won by his brother-officers; he presents a sword as a prize for the Woolwich cadets, and takes always the liveliest interest in corps success. But he is a soldier above all, and anxious always to indoctrinate Engineers with the paramount importance of the military side of their training. 'Put more soldiering into it and fewer girders,' he said to a young sapper subaltern at Chatham, who showed him with pardonable pride a piece of his work in which the civil had been exalted at

the expense of the military engineer. But there is no narrowness or class bigotry about Lord Napier; he extends the same good-natured sympathy to young officers of all arms, provided only that they are eager to improve themselves professionally. On this point, and on the necessity for educating all officers early and thoroughly well to their work, so that they may be the real instructors of the men they command, Lord Napier has very strong and decided views. The same generous spirit which has made him beloved by all the young men under his orders shows itself also in the liberal interpretation he has put upon the viceregal duties of entertainment in his present position.

Although by no means rich, he is the most hospitable man in the world. Never, perhaps, have the hospitalities offered by the Convent to society generally been on a larger scale than during the present *régime*. Lord Napier is ably assisted by Lady Napier, a thoroughly sympathetic and *prévenante* hostess; and he is fortunate to number among the officers of his staff an aide-de-camp like Major Gilbard, whose name from long association has come to be considered a household word upon the Rock. Under the able stewardship and supervision of the latter, his lordship keeps open house; balls, dinners, concerts, children's theatricals, follow each other in rapid succession, all admirably done, and regardless of expense. It is on such gala-nights as these that the Convent is seen at its best. Guards of honour, martial music

from regimental bands, military uniforms thronging the grand staircase, filling the long vestibules adorned with portraits of old military worthies, and scenes reproducing the great sieges and assaults; crowding also the principal reception-rooms, and the great banqueting-hall which Hope Crealock decorated with scrolls and banners and shields belonging to the various chiefs who have governed Gibraltar, from Moorish Tarik, its first sponsor, to the generals of our own day. But although in a large garrison-town the military element must naturally predominate, Lord Napier opens his doors freely and cordially to black coats. No Governor has done more to break down the artificial barriers which have existed between the various classes of society, and his full recognition of their claims to consideration and the hearty welcome he has given them to his house have won for him the unbounded goodwill of the civil community. Similarly he has laboured hard to establish the *entente cordiale* with the Spanish officials of the garrisons near, and has invariably included them in his invitations, and exhibited always a profound tenderness for their punctilio and *pundonor*.

Whether, in the event of our taking part in any great European struggle, Lord Napier would be left in the place he fills so well, or be translated to higher functions, it is difficult just now to decide. Three years ago a general consensus of opinion pointed to him as unquestionably the man who would be selected in any great emergency. The Duke of Cambridge

openly declared at a certain great banquet, given just then in Lord Napier's honour, that such would undoubtedly be the case; and the statement, when it went forth into the world, was very warmly indorsed and approved. With characteristic modesty Lord Napier is said to have deprecated the notion himself, feeling that he had had his opportunities and had done his best with them; it was better now to let others have their chance. This idea is perhaps gaining ground as time slips by; and yet, with one or two notable exceptions, it is not easy to name a general who more inspires greater confidence or who has greater claims than Lord Napier, so long as his energies continue unimpaired. He has not had, it is true, much practical experience of strategical movements on a very extended scale. What English general has? But he has been a steady and persistent student of the theory of war; he has seen much hard fighting; he has many of the highest faculties of leadership; and it may fairly be assumed that if intrusted with the supreme command he would increase, not tarnish, the lustre of the national arms.

XX.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON AT HIGHCLERE.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON AT HIGHCLERE.

'It is perhaps well that a gentleman should be able to do most things.' The sentiment is one that proceeds the more appropriately from Lord Carnarvon because a sympathy with a moderate and rational Crichtonism has in some degree affected all the Herberts since the day when 'Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,' became the ancestress of the two branches of this peculiarly distinguished family. Of that rough-and-ready faculty which made the Numidian king equally valuable in the council and in the field, the gallant Lord Carnarvon, best of the king's cavalry-officers, Rupert of the Rhine not excepted, who died sword in hand on the field of Newbury, was not the only Herbert who has given proof. For a century, however, they have shone as men of thought even more than as men of action, thus perpetuating the tradition of Lord Herbert of Cherbury and the gentler spirit of the pious author of the *Country Parson*. Even on the face of the cavalier who jestingly measured a gate with his sword, to see if Essex could pass under it, in the morning, and at night was brought to Newbury dead, stretched across a horse like the youthful

Sunderland and the blameless Falkland, there is visible the pale cast of thought which is the intellectual stamp of his race. In looking on his portrait in the dining-room of Highclere it is difficult to realise that this knight of austere visage led the cavaliers who rode in their shirt-sleeves to meet death at the hands of the grim soldiers of the Parliament.

Like his cousin, the accomplished Permanent Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, Lord Carnarvon distinguished himself at Eton and at Oxford; but he has achieved excellence elsewhere than in the purely intellectual field. He may at times be heard to complain that the friends of his youth who corresponded with him in the tongue of ancient Rome have dropped that elegant habit, and that his own power of Latin prose composition is rusting for want of use; but it will be long before his cunning with the breechloader is forgotten. A good rider to hounds, as he has often proved himself, he hunts but little now; he shoots, however, much, and with a precision which excites the envy of his friends. He is in many respects a sportsman of the old school, and loves the broken ground of Highclere because it affords opportunity for many a long and difficult aim. 'I preserve more or less here and in Somersetshire,' Lord Carnarvon may be heard to say at the end of a day on which a thousand head have been knocked over; 'but I cannot help thinking the excessive preservation of game a mistake, and a mere promiscuous slaughter of pheasants perhaps a little vulgar.' This

remark is strongly characteristic of a man who, born to high station, has intense reverence for skill and culture, physical as well as intellectual, and appreciates above most things the victories of art over Nature. One of the glories of Highclere, second perhaps only to its magnificent natural situation, on the top of a chalk tableland sloping away from it on every side, is its wealth of rhododendrons and azaleas. These superb shrubs—or rather trees—are not to be numbered by thousands or tens of thousands. There are drives of miles in length through perfect thickets of them, and for a few weeks in spring the air is faintly charged with their subtle odour. This magnificent possession has, in Lord Carnarvon's eyes, the charm of a triumph of skill and industry over natural disadvantages. Rhododendrons and azaleas do not grow upon chalk, and great basins have been scooped out of the natural soil and filled with peat-earth, brought from the lower regions of the domain of Highclere.

It is pleasant to see the late Secretary of State for the Colonies standing on the brink of a recently-made chalk-basin, listening to the report of his chief gardener, the most conscientious of Scotchmen in administering his employer's funds—one who, as Lord Carnarvon remarks, 'has either never read Swift's *Advice to Servants*, or if he has read it, has understood its matchless irony.' From his manner in his own house the superficial observer would draw the conclusion that Lord Carnarvon is one of the most light-hearted of men. Enjoying the keen contest in land-

scape-gardening between the Herberts at Highclere and the Grenvilles at Dropmore, a legitimate heritage of combat, he is proud of the antiquity of the eyrie of North Hampshire. There has been a house at Highclere from the Saxon times, albeit antiquaries fight over the very meaning of the word. The late Canon Kingsley, a frequent visitor at Highclere, had a theory of his own as to the meaning of 'clere,' not favoured at the castle itself, where the Carlylese rendering of 'High Clerkery' is more appreciated. The dwelling of William of Wykeham was a homestead long before the Norman domination, forming as it did an important strategical point in the chalk range. On the hills around are fortresses older than the Saxon period, telling of times when scattered Celts, hard driven by their foes, betook themselves to their hill-forts, and, if provided with water, could bid defiance to their enemies. There is a mighty well at Highclere, sunk deep in the chalk; but for all that the lake at Milford is called in to supply the wants of a household so remote from other homesteads as to resemble a garrison.

In the castle, designed by Sir Charles Barry, and devoted by its owner to ample hospitality, are many curious pictures and other relics of the Herbert family. Perhaps the gems of the collection are the famous 'Wood-gatherers,' by Gainsborough, and a portrait of the first earl of the present line, by the same master-hand. This same first earl was a noteworthy man, no other than he who belled that very wild, and at one

instant dangerous, cat known as Lord George Gordon. Poor Lord George was idiot enough to wear his red cockade in the House itself, and it was Henry Herbert, some time Lord Porchester and afterwards Earl of Carnarvon, who walked up to him and told him that if he did not take it off he would drive it down his throat at his sword's point. Lord George Gordon was not a very awful person in himself, but he represented a roaring mob outside, and the action of Lord Porchester was appreciated in his generation as a proper example of the *fortiter in re*. He was a hard-headed old gentleman this, if Gainsborough may be believed, and the inheritor of some of the qualities of his ancestor, Sir Robert Sawyer, famous for his defence of the seven bishops. The portrait of the latter worthy also hangs on the walls of Highclere, not far from that of his beautiful and richly dowered daughter, the wife of Thomas Earl of Pembroke, Lord High Admiral of England. Her pretty face—charmingly painted by Kneller—brought with it Highclere and Burghclere, and other lordships, messuages, and tenements too numerous to mention. In strong contrast to beautiful Margaret Sawyer is yellow-haired Ann Clifford, Duchess Dowager of Dorset—evidently a woman of character—who has crossed her arms with a determined air. This is the celebrated lady who penned the letter touching the election at Appleby: 'I have been bullied by an usurper and neglected by a Court, but I will not be dictated to by a Minister. Your man shall not stand.'

There are many memorials of sayers of good things at Highclere, to wit, the portrait of the Earl of Carnarvon of the first creation, which hangs in the study. It was this witty and fine gentleman who defined trees as 'an excrescence provided by Nature for the payment of debts.' In the drawing-room and library are other famous pictures, several of which are fine examples of Sir Joshua. One of these is a delicious example of the master, representing Lady Eliza Wyndham, Countess of Carnarvon, with her baby-son, Lord Porchester, the grandfather of the present Earl, and another is curious as containing the portraits of Colonel Acland and Lord Sydney as bowmen engaged in shooting red deer. This picture has a strange history. The two men were such intimate friends that they insisted on Sir Joshua painting them on one canvas in archery costume. Before the picture was finished they quarrelled, and hated each other so furiously that neither would have the picture—an awkward position for the artist. Lord Carnarvon, however, came seasonably to the relief of the man of the brush, and, out of regard for its two subjects, bought the painting for himself. Pictures, however, are not the only treasures of Highclere, enriched by the labours of successive peers of æsthetic tendencies. Family relics, such as the billiard-cues of Sir Philip Sidney and the quaint old watch of Lady Acland, are contrasted with historic fragments of more recent date—chief among them the chair in which Napoleon sat, and the table on which he

signed the abdication of Fontainebleau. The chair is doubly curious as having been that in which the Corsican sat habitually in council; and it will relieve the minds of American readers who may deplore the vulgarity of the national system of whittling to know that the arms of this throne are hacked and slashed about like the forms and desks at Eton. Built in the hideous taste of the Empire, this is a species of imitation of the curule chair of the Romans, and is ample enough to have held a brace of emperors. Hardly inferior in interest are the magnificent specimens of early Italian embroidery collected by Lord Carnarvon, and the memorials of his many visits to the East, among which are the banners of the janizaries, gleaming with green and gold.

Nothing becomes the lord of Highclere better than the duties of hospitality—understood as they are by him in the large and antique sense. The apparently artificial manner, which marks Lord Carnarvon in a London drawing-room and in a less degree in the House of Lords, disappears as he welcomes his guests on the Saturday evening at Highclere, whither they come for the Saturday to Monday holiday. In the great hall, hardly altered except in altitude from that of the old palace of William of Wykeham, he stands ready with a courteous word and a kindly smile for each and every one. At Highclere one is not allowed to drift to one's room to dress for the solemn sacrifice of a dinner, prepared by one of the best of all possible cooks, and perfumed

by the truffles which abound on the domain. The host, with the good old stately courtesy of English country gentlemen, escorts his guest to his apartment and sees him 'well bestowed' before rejoining the pleasant party assembled in the great central hall. Here may be seen representatives of all departments of thought and culture: historians like James Anthony Froude, divines like the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Westminster, scholars who have written their names on the roll of academic fame, intellectual Radicals, established pillars of State, and one or two peers or commoners who have yet to be included in that category.

Gifted with few of the more showy qualities of an orator, Lord Carnarvon's voice, clear and penetrating, if not clothed in thunder, has always been listened to with attention in the House of Lords. Without the advantage of preliminary training in the Lower House, he brought at an early age the result of ripe culture and observant travel to the assembly of peers, and in awkward circumstances proved a welcome and powerful addition to the Conservative party. It is true that with Lord Salisbury he declined to take that great 'leap in the dark' which has resulted in a Conservative triumph; but when the Conservative Cabinet was, five years ago, in process of formation, Lord Carnarvon's adhesion was, for special reasons, of an importance that is not yet perhaps fully recognised in the difficult and delicate negotiations which the Prime Minister had to conduct. As Colonial

Minister he has won the good-will of all with whom he has been brought in contact, mainly by his excellent judgment in treating colonial emissaries with none of the *morgue* which is not the less impolitic or ungracious because it is unfortunately far from uncommon. Lord Carnarvon had a short and pleasant way in dealing with colonial magnates. With admirable good taste, he made himself personally acquainted with them, extended the hospitality of Highclere to them, and, having established amicable relations, brought his really great business power to work upon them. He now enjoys a well-earned repose. In the spacious library of Highclere, beautifully decorated in semitones, he finds work enough and to spare. One compartment of this handsome room is occupied by the literary efforts of the Herberts, and above is a huge chamber filled with works on law and theology. In the bright sunshine that penetrates every room at Highclere, Lord Carnarvon can well afford to enact for a while the part of a statesman *en retraite.*

As a Freemason, Lord Carnarvon began life as a vigorous opponent of the constituted authorities. Twenty years ago the Earl of Zetland and his Grand Vizier, Mr. John Havers, had no more constant thorn in the flesh in Grand Lodge debate than was furnished by the *Observer* party, and the titular chief of the *Observer* party was the Earl of Carnarvon. Spurred on, it was said, by the brother who is now his lordship's spiritual adviser at Highclere, the Rev.

George Raymond Portal, the young orator inveighed, denounced, and threatened, until poor old Lord Zetland once complained pathetically to the assembled brethren that he, their Grand Master, should be treated with such scant courtesy by one with whose family he had been long on terms of affectionate intimacy, and who had been nursed in Lord Zetland's arms when he was a little child. But 'the Canada question' has passed away and is forgotten, 'Mark masonry' has become a peaceful ally of the craft; and Lord Carnarvon, having first served as Deputy Grand Master under the Earl of Zetland's successor, the Marquis of Ripon, became Pro-Grand Master when the Prince of Wales was elected to the Grand Mastership. Few would recognise in the calmly judicial occupant of the Grand Master's chair the quiet snuffer-out of heterodox proposals, the bland thrower of oil upon troubled oratorical waters, the gallant leader of a very forlorn hope, the forcibly-feeble catspaw of astuter tacticians than himself, whose name was a watchword and a rallying-point for the discontented, the disappointed, and the aspiring of Grand Lodge, in the far-off days when everybody was young.

XXI.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH AT DUBLIN CASTLE.

A CURIOUS collection of buildings and courts and towers of various ages and epochs, from the days of Hugues de Lasci, King Henry's first Irish Viceroy, down to this year of grace, Dublin Castle would furnish the theme of a story not inferior in interest and historic romance to the Tower of London. The present lord of the castle is a quiet easy-mannered English gentleman, of a rather short massive build, of graceful and dignified carriage, with firmly-marked features, large expressive eyes, and silky gray hair worn long. His face is that of a man of generous instincts as well as of resolute determination. His manner is unaffected and natural, observant and appreciative; in conversation he is somewhat reticent, but on an emergency he is quick at rejoinder, and has been known to be prompt at repartee. Only after much anxious thought did he undertake the post which he now holds, and which had been offered him more than once in the last ten years. Since the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough have been at the Castle the entertainments have been unusually brilliant, while admirable judgment has been shown in

the selection of guests and of court officials. A broad staircase, lined with armour and old pieces arranged as trophies, leads to the drawing-room, looking out on the courtyard, where the viceregal circle usually sits. Here are most of the modern family pictures, brought from Blenheim,—exceedingly interesting, but not of high artistic merit. There are two full-length portraits of the Duke and Duchess by Buckner—a pretty picture of Lady Camden as a little girl, in blue and swansdown, and her brother; amongst others a curious group, characteristic of the *genre* portrait-painting of that day, and composed of the present Duke, Lords Alfred and Allan in full Highland costume, and Lady Louisa Spencer in a white evening-frock. They are bright pleasant-looking children all of them, and as they recline languidly against a rock by a raging sea, the Duke, with a smile, points out the peculiar beauties of the hurricane. There is the usual pretty medley of a ladies' drawing-room; but the chief things noticeable are relics of the great ancestor of the house. Here, framed in glass and gold, is the famous Blenheim despatch, written in a large bold hand on what seems an old letter, but turns out on inspection to be an hotel-bill of the period—due by one Lieutenant de Boisson. It was written, so the story goes, on a drumhead, and is as follows:

'*Blenheim, August* 13, 1704.

I have not time to say more, but beg you will give my duty to the Queen, and let her know that her army has had a glorious

victory. Tallard and the other generals are in my coach, and I am following the regiment; and the bearer, my aide-de-camp, will give her an account of what passed. I shall do it in a day or so by another more at large. MARLBOROUGH.'

The characters are rudely traced in pencil, as the inscription duly records in quaint Latin: 'Hasce literas pencillo plumbeo, cum penna deesset scripturæ, manû suâ victrice exaravit.' The precious old bit of paper has had some strange adventures since it was first charged with this famous message. The Duke of three generations ago was once showing it with other family relics to some friends. Shortly afterwards it was mysteriously missing, and, spite of all search, was lost for many a long day, till the Duke himself lighted on it between the leaves of an old book at an Oxford book-stall, and it found its way back to Blenheim.

Next to the drawing-room is the anteroom. Here, when alone, the family dine,—the old soldier himself, 'John, first Duke of Marlborough,' frowning down on them in full armour and flowing peruque. There is a carved-oak mantelpiece worth looking at here, representing Marcus Aurelius and the 'thundering legion.' Close at hand is the throne-room, a spacious square chamber set with mirrors and rather floridly decorated, where, on drawing-room nights, the customary rites of presentation are gone through. This ceremony is peculiar, and now quite unique. His Grace stands in the centre of the room, the Duchess by his side, and round them, in a critical

semi-circle, the household. The fair *débutante* comes to the door, her train is let down, and she advances alone to his Grace, while her card is passed rapidly up a file of aides-de-camp to Mr. Lambart, the Chamberlain, who, with a certain hereditary dignity, announces her name; then, as she bends before the Viceroy, he takes her ungloved hand, draws her towards him, and gracefully kisses her on the right cheek. She then, after another curtsy to both their Graces, retires backwards, joins her chaperon who has preceded her, and sweeps on to St. Patrick's Hall. All state balls and dinners take place here, and on St. Patrick's night her Grace, with her bunch of shamrocks, will open the ball with the Chamberlain, according to ancient custom, and dance a country dance right down the room.

His Grace's study is a plain simply-furnished room, in which the chief objects are a writing-table covered with papers and a massive bureau. One little picture hangs on the wall, that of his Grace's schooner-yacht, the Francesca. A door opposite opens into another small room, where, when he is not flying about Dublin, is to be found the Private Secretary, known to all Dublin as Percy Bernard, than whom no official in the country works harder or is better liked. Passing through the corridor, one comes to her Grace's boudoir, a bright pleasant little room, fragrant with flowers, and looking out on a green grass-plot, that nestles in the very heart of the old gray walls. It is full of pictures, *bric-à-brac*, and

innumerable pretty and artistic things. This little miniature on the writing-table, in the snuff-box set with brilliants, was a Lady Sarah Marlborough, one of the beautiful Dashwoods. Here is a curious specimen of a rare and now extinct art, carving in tortoise-shell. It is a finely-touched bust of the first Duke in a bit of red-veined shell, and beside it a charming little miniature of the present representative of the name when a boy, painted by Ross—a soft face, with the same character in the rolling hair that we see in the large photograph that stands on the velvet easel in the corner. Opposite hangs a picture of the Marquis of Blandford, a child playing with a big dog, a little gem of a Claude, with delicate-toned sky, in a circular frame, with a Correggio as a pendant. Set in a velvet frame are some twenty miniatures in ruffs and coifs and farthingales, each of whom would have made a celebrity for the chronicler of the day; and two curious octagonal frames each side the mantelpiece hold many more. One of them has a special attraction. It is a pale rather sad face, large brown eyes, and fair hair;—a black dress, trimmed curiously with white fur. The inscription runs round in gold, 'Maria Regina Scotorum.' It is much like the portrait in the Bodleian, only the hair is lighter. There, in an alcove, is a little collection of ivory bas-reliefs and porcelain paintings; and, surrounded by all these pretty things, her Grace—her husband's ever assiduous partner in all duties of state as of private and personal beneficence—sits at her delicate

work of selection and choice, and goes over the list of names for the next week's dinners.

The Viceroy's daily life is one of simplicity, method, and hard work. The morning begins with service in the old Castle chapel; then comes breakfast at ten o'clock; after which his Grace goes to his own study, and works uninterruptedly till two o'clock. There is, perhaps, a Privy Council to be held; papers to be read and signed; Mr. Burke, or the Lord Chancellor, or some of the law-officers require interviews —the mysterious State mechanism that moves the wheels of all the Departments has to be wound up and set going—and Mr. Bernard is everywhere at once, as is his peculiar gift. The family and some of the household meet at lunch; and then, at three o'clock, the carriages and outriders sweep round the flag that flutters in the courtyard. Her Grace has to visit some hospital, or inspect some manufactory, or there is a charity bazaar at the Exhibition Palace to be attended, where, if perchance Lady Camden and others of the family who love green Valerie and old blue Japan are of the party, the china merchants among the fair stall-holders will find good customers. On a rare idle afternoon the Viceroy, attended by Mr. Bernard, will go for a country walk or a drive down to the Pigeon House, or in summer-time run down by rail to Kingstown for a stroll in the sea-breeze. Then work, perhaps, later on; then an hour's perfect rest before dinner at eight. Some music, or perhaps a quiet rubber, ends the well-spent day.

To-night, however, there is a large dinner-party. The guests, numbering about ninety, assemble in the drawing-room, and the aide-de-camp on duty presents you to the lady you are to take in to dinner. After a time there is a move at the door, and, preceded by the Chamberlain, their Graces pass down the room, stopping to shake hands with their friends. Then the Viceroy gives his arm to, say, the Duchess of Leinster, if she is there; and after her Grace all follow, or should follow, in due order of precedence, as laid down by 'Ulster,' to St. Patrick's Hall. It is carpeted in crimson, as are the two large buffets of plate, where, among shields and salvers, glitters the massive piece of silver presented to the first Duke by the nation. The table is arranged like an X; their Graces face each other where the arms cross; and here is grouped more of the old Marlborough plate—large repoussé-work urns, from which rise palm-trees shading the table; goblets and vases of cunning workmanship, and a curious centre-piece, that looks like early fifteenth-century ecclesiastical work. The service is of silver. A soft tone of light from innumerable wax-lights in candelabra is suffused through the room, and a band—concealed behind the foliage in the gallery—plays at intervals. After dinner there is a concert or a small dance in the Throne-room. The floor is in perfect order, the long rooms form a delightful promenade; and with a *petit souper* laid out sociably on many small tables ends one of the Castle Wednesdays. When in the country the Vice-

roy is thoroughly at home. He is an excellent shot, and in more than one way sticks to the old Irish tradition that the Lord-Lieutenant should be a true sportsman. If Lord Spencer ran straight with the 'Wards,' the Duke of Marlborough can kill a salmon as keenly and artistically as any man that ever threw a fly in Galway.

It must not be thought, however, that viceregal life is all dancing and dinners. It is said that because a Lord-Lieutenant holds no seat in the Cabinet he is nothing. The fact is that the Viceroy, who takes a conscientious and thorough view of his manifold duties, initiates all legislative action, and the Chief Secretary is his parliamentary agent. The one great distinguishing feature of the Lord-Lieutenancy should always be, as it is with Royalty, thorough independence of party. It is possible Ireland may in future days be governed otherwise than by deputy; but while Viceroyalty is as it is, working in its own way as a social influence for good in the country, instead of suggestions for its abolition, why not place it above parties and make it independent of Ministries? There is no reason why a Lord-Lieutenant should not be appointed for five or ten years instead of a possibly precarious existence of a few months. The result would be an increase in the dignity and weight attaching to the office, as well as of the time afforded to a Viceroy to master all the many vexed Irish questions with which he alone can grasp.

XXII.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY IN PORTMAN SQUARE.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY IN PORTMAN SQUARE.*

In a comfortable mansion of the old-fashioned type, just outside the busy turmoil of Oxford-street, yet within easy reach of the best that this best of cities contains, England's youngest, but not the least promising or noteworthy, general has fixed his home. Sir Garnet Wolseley lives in Portman-square when the Empire is tranquil and the world at peace, when no vigorous administrator is needed for a distant province, when no small war imperatively calls for prompt treatment, when no great one summons our best and bravest soldiers to give their whole energies to the service of the State. He is here, so to speak, at single anchor, with portmanteaus packed and war-paint always fresh, ready to go anywhere and undertake anything, however weighty and responsible the task. And yet this house—which, without a moment's hesitation, he would leave at the call of duty—is of a kind to tempt a man of less eager and adventurous spirit to make it his Capua, and to pass within its walls a life not of stirring usefulness, but of inglorious ease. From the threshold throughout it is an

* This was written in March 1878.

artistically-planned abode, furnished and decorated with the charming taste that speaks of a refined lady's governing hand. The spacious entrance-hall—room rather than vestibule, and of dimensions rarely seen in a London house—is carpeted with Persian rugs; its woodwork is an admirable tint of reddish brown; under the staircase, which closes in the view, is an alcoved recess full of good blue china. Good *plaques* hang about the deep wide hearth, on each side of which are the quaintly-carved wooden stools of African kings. A number of valuable old portraits hang upon the walls, and among them are trophies of arms, Kaffir assegais, and cowhide shields. Many other memories of the stirring scenes through which Sir Garnet has passed are to be found scattered here and there up and down the house. In the delightful dining-room, whose wall-space and dado of various tones of olive-green show it up well, is a large oil-painting which represents the landing of the Red River Expedition at the first *portage*, where the water had for a space to be perforce abandoned for the land. To the left of the picture are crowds of boats and canoes; to the right, the tumbling rapids; behind all, rows of primæval pines and the rosy clouds of a new world dawn. In the drawing-rooms again, amidst cabinets filled with old china and Salviati glass, amidst tapestry hangings and Chippendale chairs, are more quaint chairs, the badge of African royalty, with other treasures from Coomassie; here a splendid silver box richly chased, there a child's

rattle, covered with beaten-out plates of thin red gold.

There would be many more choice curiosities, but for the hard luck which robbed Sir Garnet of all his belongings when the Pantechnicon was burnt down. The news of this disastrous fire, which did him such grievous injury, was communicated to the General casually as he travelled up to London on the very day of his triumphant return from Ashanti; and the quiet *sang-froid* with which he received the unwelcome intelligence was one among many instances of his imperturbable good-humour. Yet in that fire he lost much which neither time nor money could replace —a valuable military library slowly and carefully collected in many years; treasures and trophies from many lands, Burmese and Crimean; Indian mutiny 'loot;' jade dragons and costly jewels from the Summer Palace at Pekin; furs, moccasins, and medicine bags of embroidered beads from the far North-West. Now but a single relic remains—a charred and mutilated French bronze figure, a Grenadier of the Old Guard—which Sir Garnet himself picked up when visiting the ruins of the conflagration, and which stands on the newel at the foot of the hall-stairs.

The room which the General calls his own is to the right of the entrance-hall, a small snug chamber pleasantly furnished, hangings of yellowish damask, the chairs and upholstery of the time of Louis Quinze. Here are a small but choice collection of books and works of reference, and a writing-table not overmuch

littered with papers; for the heaviest portion of his day's business Sir Garnet transacts at the India Office, where he spends six or seven hours every day. But here in his private sanctum are numerous red-leather despatch-boxes, filled doubtless with the most important papers, though in the first he opens, close to the lid, lies a case of cigarettes. The General is, and has usually been, a great smoker; but he is no slave to the habit, just as he is no slave to red tape or stereotyped methods of procedure. He will tell you that on the Red River Expedition, when every one was compelled to accept strong black tea as their only stimulant, and he found it impossible to drink it and smoke as well, he gave up tobacco without a pang. Yet he believes thoroughly in the fragrant weed; he calls it the best possible restorative after prolonged mental or physical exertion; and on great occasions, when it has been indispensable to remain awake and on the alert for many consecutive hours, he has found it the most effectual plan to light cigar after cigar and smoke steadily all the night through. This only on an emergency of course; at ordinary times Sir Garnet does not know what it is to have a sleepless night. He has the faculty of sleep, moreover, at odd hours and places, can snatch forty winks laying his head among the despatches and minute-papers on his official desk, or can take a refreshing nap in the cab which whirls him along the noisy streets. It would be difficult to find a man more absolutely free from what is commonly called 'nerves.' Indeed, in every

movement and in every line he displays the superabundance of health and energy that is in him. His physical vigour is to be noted in the clear calm eye of blue, not cold, but steady, penetrating, and observant; in the smooth face, still without a wrinkle or a furrow; in the spare light frame and brisk active step; above all, in the strong voice, its tones quite suave and courteous, but tinged with the decisive authoritative utterance of the soldier accustomed to command and to be unhesitatingly obeyed. His youthfulness is perhaps his chief and most noticeable trait. It gives the lie direct to, and makes quite a joke of, the silver which streaks already his still abundant hair; and it is to be discerned by all who observe him closely in the bias and processes of his mind, in his opinions and in his acts, no less than in his outward man. He is essentially a general of the new school, an exponent of the newest ideas, eager to give practical effect to the most recent improvements in warfare, to assimilate and adapt himself to the newest theories and the newest combinations.

Still more does he identify himself with the new men, with the younger and most capable members, of that new school of soldiers through whose earnest and consistent endeavours a new era of efficiency has been commenced for the army of this country. Sir Garnet Wolseley is the centre of this band, the sun of a solar system, surrounded by satellites who have, in a measure, taken their light and colour from him, but without losing their own individuality and special

attributes of worth. Among these—the men who rallied round him from the first, when as yet his fame rested rather upon promise than performance—are many already distinguished as the shining lights of the military profession. There are no more able and experienced staff-officers than Colonels Greaves and T. D. Baker; no soldiers more gallant and forward when there is fighting to be done than Colonels M'Neil, Evelyn Wood, or Baker Russell, the bold defender of Abracampra; Colonel Colley, whether as diplomatist, soldier, or administrator, has given already full earnest of the career that is before him; Colonel Home is one of the most scientific and indefatigable officers in the whole corps of Royal Engineers. Men like Butler of the *Great Lone Land;* Redvers Buller, who has just gone to the Cape; Lord Gifford, the fiery and intrepid young scout; Henry Brackenbury, Maurice, Dalrymple, Cecil Russell, and a dozen others,—have given him their best efforts in the past, and would to-morrow make any sacrifice, throw up the highest appointments, or travel a thousand miles to rejoin him, and fight under his orders again.

There is something of the spirit which attached the soldiers of the Tenth Legion to their Cæsar in the devotion which Sir Garnet inspires in all who have cast in their lot with his. This is partially to be explained by the subtle charm of manner that soon wins over those who are thrown much in his society; it is impossible to be uninfluenced by the eager chivalry showing itself in every gesture and every expression,

stirring the pulses of all other soldiers, setting them the highest example, and nerving them to the fullest endeavour. But the uncompromising loyalty of his followers and friends has a still deeper root, and is due no less to their earnest faith in his future and his powers than to his own grateful and ungrudging recognition of their help. Never has chief been more ready to acknowledge the assistance he has received from others, to admit the obligations under which he has been laid; never has successful commander been less selfish in regard to the distribution of honours and rewards. It has ever been an abiding principle with him that the labourer is worthy of his hire, that good work efficiently performed thoroughly deserves its full meed of reward. And he is above all petty jealousies. He recognises merit wherever he finds it, and utilises it to the utmost of his power. He could welcome and give employment to the subaltern who beat him in the competition for the Wellington Prize Essay, and he has nothing but good to say of officers more of his own rank and standing who have succeeded in any difficult emprise. It may be that his popularity lies rather among the juniors than the seniors of the service. The wise old Nestors, having been themselves tried in the fire, can afford to do justice to any man who, like Sir Garnet, has passed triumphantly through several crucial tests; but there must remain a certain number of less fortunate comrades who, in their secret hearts, grudge him a little of the success he has achieved. Yet luck, says the

Spanish proverb, is for those it meets, not for those who go in search of it; nor is it sufficient to meet good luck—it must be taken also by the hand and turned to the best account. Sir Garnet Wolseley has had more than one splendid opportunity, but he has made the most of them all. He has done more than deserve success—he has commanded and secured it.

The vicissitudes of a varied career have given Sir Garnet occasion for the display of qualities outside and beyond his own profession. He has proved himself equally efficient in council and in camp; he has administered, as a modern pro-consul, large territories beyond the seas, and at the present moment at the India Office they value highly his shrewd intellect and his natural capacity for affairs. But he is above all things a soldier; high military command is his chief aspiration, military renown his dearest dream. And it cannot be denied that he has already displayed many of the gifts of a born leader of men. The expedition to the Red River may have been a bloodless campaign, but it was surrounded with innumerable difficulties. His small force was in a measure amphibious, having to move both by sea and land. It was not easy to keep it supplied, so great was the length of its communications; yet from first to last there was no hitch, and the whole affair brought out into strong relief Sir Garnet's powers of organisation and administrative skill. It was the same, but intensified a thousandfold, in the Ashanti campaign. Here

success was only to be compassed by the completeness of the preparations for the decisive march; and in all these, from the moment of his first appointment to the chief command to the capture of Coomassie, Sir Garnet was the heart and soul of the enterprise, its moving spirit and strong backbone. He never quailed or lost his head even when met by repeated disappointment; when most harassed by a depressing and indeed lethal climate his pluck never deserted him. Sir Garnet is self-reliant almost to a fault; but those who believe thoroughly in themselves have made substantial advance towards making others believe in them too; and Sir Garnet's consummate self-possession and self-confidence have ever reacted favourably upon all around him. These have been shown no less in the stout-heartedness which supported him in the long struggle against the trying administrative conditions of the Ashanti war, but also in the more physical and more acute dangers of the actual fight. At Amoaful, for instance, his staff found him cheery and good-humoured even when matters looked ugly and great issues hung by a thread; at those who came, as relays of messengers did to Job, with news of fresh disaster he only laughed, bidding them stay away till they could show a pleasanter face. This faculty of high courage, combined with a perfectly cool head at moments of great emergency, augurs most strongly Sir Garnet's probable success as a commanding general in the days to come. Yet with this coolness he has much dash and *élan* when

there is scope for their employment; and a quick eye for the changing fortunes of a fight, a ready apprehension of the meaning of an enemy's movements, a full acquaintance with manœuvres on a large scale, although he has never yet had the advantage of manipulating large bodies of men. But one of his strongest points is his sound practical mind. He is the apostle of common sense; he has a hatred of pipe-clay, and may be expected some day to take rank as the iconoclast of all those false gods of wormeaten tradition and reactionary routine which have too commonly found devout worshippers in the powers that be. His is a quick dexterous intellect, versatile, perhaps, rather than profound, but rapid, almost intuitive, in its deductions, close in its reasonings, very patient and persevering in its efforts to establish the point to be proved. This may be read in every line of those exhaustive and well-considered papers on military subjects which appear from time to time in the most thoughtful periodicals of the day, yet more in the plain-spoken home truths and sensible language of his *Soldier's Pocket-book*, which is now generally accepted as a text-book by the service at large.

In his present post at the Indian Council, Sir Garnet Wolseley has been gathering together great stores of information and experience, which cannot fail to be of incalculable service to him should Fortune land him later on in high Indian command. This is more than probable, and in no remote future; but in the immediate present he will undoubtedly be

wanted nearer home. The recent announcement that he will be the Chief of the Staff of any expeditionary army sent from our shores has taken no one by surprise. It is a post he is peculiarly well fitted to fill. He has wide knowledge now of official business, and a prompt straightforward method of despatching it; he is deeply versed in the doctrines of the new science called military logistics, which may be taken to comprise all matters relating to the well-being of an army and the management of all operations of war; above all, his ready tact, his shrewd judgment of men's characters, and his knack of inspiring them with enthusiasm and of attaching them to himself,—constitute him exactly the proper person to give that strength and coherence to the general staff of our army which it hitherto has invariably lacked.

XXIII.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AT THE DURDANS.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY AT THE DURDANS.

Four years ago Lord Rosebery, accompanied by a friend, went down from London to Epsom, in order to inspect the historical home of the late Sir Gilbert Heathcote, which the recent death of Sir Gilbert's half-brother, Arthur,—better known upon the turf under the name of 'the Squire,'—had brought into the market, and of which the young Scotch Earl contemplated the purchase. It was a beautiful day in summer, and the bright sun lighted up the undulating grounds and ancient trees of the Durdans with its golden rays, setting off the sloping banks, the shrubbery, and the grassy meadows to the utmost advantage. Through the trees might be discerned the top of the Epsom grand-stand, planted at the end of that famous racecourse which has witnessed many a fierce struggle for victory between the most renowned thoroughbreds that these horse-loving islands have produced. The Durdans was not without many rivals to the notice of the intending purchaser within the limits of the pleasant county of Surrey. Burwood Park, near Weybridge, where the late Sir Frederick

Arthur, a Waterloo veteran, had recently ended his prolonged life, Lord Rosebery had already examined with hearty appreciation of its wild natural beauty, not unmingled with admiration for the quaint old library from which many an *editio princeps*, the property of its former owner, had not yet been removed. As the young Earl and his friend wandered about the shrubbery of the Durdans, and weighed the pros and cons of the contemplated investment, a wood-pigeon flew across the glade and lighted upon a neighbouring tree. Presently the clear soft notes of the cushat rang out from its leafy perch, speaking of sylvan tranquillity and peace. 'That will decide me,' said the attentive listener: 'to hear the wood-pigeons cooing within fifteen miles of Hyde Park Corner is in itself a sufficient recommendation.'

It was thus that the Durdans passed into Lord Rosebery's possession, nor has he since regretted the purchase. The princely home at Mentmore, which he is about to share, will not uproot his love for the delightful retreat in Surrey where so many of his recent hours have been happily and profitably passed; for the abundant books that surround him at the Durdans denote love of reading, which is hereditary, and which made him a special favourite with his uncle, the late Earl Stanhope. Two-and-thirty years have passed since his mother, then Lady Dalmeny, but now Duchess of Cleveland, gave to the world an *édition de luxe*, which has rarely been surpassed in costliness or in the splendour of its illustrations. 'A

daughter of the house of Stanhope,' says the *Quarterly Review*, in an article which must assuredly have come from the pen of Lockhart, 'has selected for her first publication a story of Spain, that country which, during the last century and a half, has been defended in war, sustained in peace, and illustrated in literature by an unbroken line of her kindred. Her volume gives us the text of our good old English ballad of the "Spanish Ladye's Love," with original designs, engraved in lithograph, on a large folio scale; and these it is impossible to examine without high admiration.' Such is Lord Rosebery's fondness for the Durdans that he frequently returns thither at night, after dining in London, for the purpose of sleeping in the crisp country air. The house and its surrounding grounds may be called 'historical,' seeing that the Durdans shares with Nonsuch the reputation of having once been the home of royalty. In a rare *History of Epsom*, published anonymously in 1825, 'by an Inhabitant,' is contained 'a succinct and interesting description of the origin of horseracing, and of Epsom races, with an account of the mineral waters, and the two celebrated palaces of Durdans and Nonsuch.' Other and more 'interesting descriptions of the origin of horseracing' may be found elsewhere, but the volume in question keeps its promise with regard to the Durdans, although its account of the palace of Nonsuch is somewhat flimsy.

To the westward of Cheam, and within the present park of Nonsuch, may still be traced the outlines

of the foundations of the ancient palace, commenced by Henry VIII., and completed by the Earl of Arundel, upon whom Henry's daughter, Queen Elizabeth, subsequently conferred it. Upon Lord Arundel's death the palace of Nonsuch reverted to the Crown, and, after sundry vicissitudes, it was granted to Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, by her royal lover, Charles II. Her Grace proceeded to convert the palace into money by pulling it down, and by selling the materials for a song, and dividing the park into farms. Among many other houses in Surrey for which Nonsuch Palace supplied materials was the 'Palace of Durdans,' built by the Earl of Berkeley, which, having passed into the possession of the Earl of Guildford, was selected by Frederick, Prince of Wales, the eldest son of George II., for his residence; and in the grounds now owned by Lord Rosebery, George III. passed no inconsiderable portion of his boyish days. In the shrubbery may still be seen, by the side of the grave of Amato, winner of the Derby for Sir Gilbert Heathcote in 1838, a small triangular pillar, erected by the third George's father to the memory of a favourite dog, while upon the smooth bark of the 'King's beech' may be traced some characters cut by the hand of the boy-prince.

It would not be easy to find a more congenial spot for the occasional home of a nobleman who gives fair promise of writing his name permanently upon the page of his country's history, and who, like many English statesmen of the past, is also an ardent

and liberal patron of the turf. Lord Rosebery's first act was to modernise the interior of his new purchase; and its former possessors would scarcely recognise their old home in the elegant villa, with its French furniture and decorations, which has taken the place of an ordinary Surrey country house. With admirable taste, M. Leys, a furnisher from Paris, has hung the walls of the bedchambers with *cretonne*, and adapted the ground-floor to the requirements and pursuits of the present owner of the Durdans. A long corridor lined with book-shelves leads to the billiard-room, which might more appropriately be called 'the Stubbs Gallery,' since it was Lord Rosebery's good fortune to purchase five pictures from the brush of G. Stubbs (the greatest horse-painter in England about a century ago), which had been in the family of their late owner since the day when they were painted. Lord Rosebery may safely be congratulated upon his possession of the best portrait in existence of the famous racehorse, Eclipse, upon whom Epsom and its neighbourhood conferred no small portion of his still undimmed renown. The matchless chestnut, of whom the present Lord Stradbroke says that his father reported him to be a horse capable of carrying fifteen stone to hounds, stands, portrayed by Stubbs, above the chimneypiece; and upon the adjoining walls, from the same brush, are the likenesses of Volunteer and Dungannon, two of Eclipse's best sons. Sweetbrier by Syphon and Pumpkin by Matchem complete the Stubbs Gallery;

and between Sweetbrier and Volunteer hangs a small picture, upon which is inscribed, 'Frampton, founder of the Newmarket Racecourse, by R. Pyle. To Archibald, Earl of Rosebery; from Charles, Lord Carington, 1877.' The cold unimpassioned face of Tregonwell Frampton is well calculated to convey the impression of cruelty and cupidity which swayed the hero of the darkest and most barbarous story which still survives among the traditions of Newmarket. But while the billiard-room at the Durdans bears testimony to the artistic prowess of Stubbs, the corridor and dining-room are devoted to equine pictures, which mark the superior finish and the improvement in horse-painting of the nineteenth, as compared with the eighteenth, century. The elder Herring and Harry Hall are here seen at their best; and it is incontestable that, if Lord Rosebery continues to pick up horse-pictures with the same zeal and success that have hitherto attended his efforts, he is likely before long to become possessed of the most valuable and interesting gallery of this description that England contains.

In the corridor may be found some half-dozen pictures by J. F. Herring, most of which are excellent, and give the likenesses of Jerry, with B. Smith in the saddle, and with Croft, his trainer, in a prodigious hat, at the St. Leger winner's head—a picture upon which, for reasons known to every old racing-man, Mr. Payne exclaimed that he could not look without feeling sick; secondly, of Theodore and his jockey,

Jackson; thirdly, of Jack Spigot and Bill Scott; fourthly, of Memnon and Bill Scott in the once invincible harlequin jacket of Mr. Watt; fifthly and sixthly, of Filho da Puta and Amato without saddle or bridle. This last picture was sold out of the Durdans upon the death of Mr. Heathcote, and, having been seen by Constable, was bought and restored by Lord Rosebery's favourite jockey, as a present, to the walls upon which it originally hung. Above the door leading out of the corridor into the billiard-room is hung Harry Hall's admirable portrait of the Earl and George Fordham, painted for the late Marquis of Hastings. The dining-room is reserved for Lord Rosebery's own horses. In answer to the expression of a hope that a Derby-winner would soon grace the walls of this room, its noble owner naïvely remarked that had the Derby been a donkey-race he would already in one instance have been first, second, and third. The sloping pastures which stretch between the house and the Derby paddock are enlivened by half a dozen brood-mares, among which the dam of Controversy, the dam of Touchet, and little Louise are conspicuous; while in the farther meadow eight yearlings, of which two or three are not without promise, gallop hither and thither, after a fashion which would have delighted the heart of Lord George Bentinck, who loved to scan the shape and action of young stock running at liberty in the fields occupied by them since their birth. Couronne de Fer, the only bearer of the primrose and rose hoops that has

hitherto got a place in the Derby, is led out from his box, and the whole *entourage* of the Durdans bespeaks the enthusiastic devotion of its young owner to what is, after all, a national sport. In addition to the blood-stock collected at his Surrey home, Lord Rosebery became by his marriage the proprietor of twenty brood-mares, which were once the delight of Baron Mayer de Rothschild, and of Macaroni, who was purchased after her husband's death by the late Baroness, and was undoubtedly one of the most valuable stallions in the world.

Few marriages ever elicited more letters of congratulation than that which was celebrated between Lord Rosebery and the heiress of Mentmore. The Old World vied with the New in hearty felicitations; and the best wishes of her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, were mingled with friendly compliments from the sons and daughters of the Transatlantic Republic, in which their noble recipient has attained such a *succès d'estime* as rarely falls to the portion of a British traveller in the United States.

XXIV.

MR. W. HARRISON AINSWORTH AT LITTLE ROCKLEY.

MR. W. HARRISON AINSWORTH AT LITTLE ROCKLEY.

VERY dim now are the boyish eyes which sparkled as Mrs. Keeley, in the part of Jack Sheppard, carved his name on the carpenter's crossbeam. The ears which strained to catch every word of 'Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!' and drank-in every note of Paul Bedford's voice as he thundered the praise of 'Jolly nose,' are hard of hearing. The curly heads which were stretched forward with eager terror as Abraham Mendez crossed the stage are gray, bowed, and full of care; while the author and actress of *Jack Sheppard* enjoy a green old age. Time has dealt kindly with Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and laid its finger but lightly on his handsome head. There is no difficulty in recognising in the well-preserved gentleman of more than seventy years the Adonis of the D'Orsay period, whom Maclise loved to paint. In the scanty gray hair, moustache, and imperial there is, it is true, but little to recall the 'fond Parisian aspect,' either of the juvenile dandy limned in 1827, with a profusion of curling lovelocks, or the more mature *élégant* of a few years later; but the well-cut features remain

the same, neither disfigured by fat nor corrugated with wrinkles. As one gazes on the eminently D'Orsay-like portrait by Maclise, which hangs next the headsman's axe and sword on the staircase at Little Rockley, one is struck by the surely indisputable fact that the costume of forty or fifty years ago was singularly elegant, with its gothic-arch collar rolling round the high necktie, and tight sleeves with the white wristbands turned back over them. It is only the very last dead-and-gone fashion that is absurd; and the portrait of a lady in leg-of-mutton sleeves now looks by no means so ridiculous as it did in the early years of crinoline. The men of the D'Orsay period had, either naturally or by virtue of their careful and artistic dressing, an unquestionable air of distinction, not altogether unalloyed by foppery, as may be observed in the well-known portraits of Dickens and Bulwer. Their air is superfine; and begets a suspicion that, to oil and curl them like Assyrian bulls, no little precious time and ointment were consumed. No better type of the dandy of the pre-Victorian age could be found than in the Maclise portrait of Mr. Ainsworth, taken just as the novelist had made his reputation.

This stroke he achieved at the age of twenty-nine, when he produced *Rookwood* in avowed imitation of the leaders of the French romantic school. From his first entry into literature, the dramatic character of the French romancists took a strong hold upon his imagination. Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas

were producing works which, whatever may be the verdict of posterity, for the time threw Sir Walter Scott and the English romantic school into the shade. The French writers spared their readers all description not absolutely necessary to the evolution of the plot and the proper comprehension of the situation; and in *Rookwood* Mr. Ainsworth strove to apply their method—only their method, be it understood—to English scenes and English characters. The result was *Rookwood*, with its famous Romany chant and ride to York—a work which ran away with the author and grew far beyond the ordinary proportions of a three-volume novel. The effect of the book on the public delighted, but at the same time surprised, the author. Nobody cared a jot for the fortunes of the Rookwood family, or the prophecies concerning them and their doom; but the ride to York at once seized the popular fancy. The curiosity concerning Turpin's famous exploit was heightened by the publication by Colnaghi of a set of illustrations by Hall of the principal scenes described by Mr. Ainsworth. These were sold with great rapidity, and completed the reputation of the book, which, like the majority of the author's works, has been translated into every civilised language. The French translator grasped the position at once, and altered the title from *Rookwood* to *Les Gentilshommes de Grand Chemin*, an elegant rendering of high-toby-men.

It is curious, but not the less true, that the introduction of the very subsidiary character of Turpin

into *Rookwood* not only made the success of that novel, but started an entire school of criminal romance. Since the days of Fielding and Defoe, it had not been sought to make heroes of highwaymen and burglars; but the very novelty of the idea struck both public and authors, and led to some very remarkable results. Both Bulwer and Dickens set to work on dramas dealing with the criminal classes, and each worked in his own fashion. With infinite toil Bulwer mastered the language and manners of professional thieves, and Dickens studied men and localities with his usual patient and keen observation. In the mean while, Mr. Ainsworth, strongly influenced by the tremendous success of Dumas, wrote *Crichton*, a story of the *renaissance* in the manner of that great novelist. The success of the day, however, was Bulwer's *Paul Clifford;* and Mr. Ainsworth, somewhat piqued at the invasion of the new land of romance discovered by him, determined once more to seek for a criminal hero, whose feats should rival those of Dick Turpin.

As Mr. Ainsworth stands on the library-steps in his snug retreat, and points to the works of Pierre l'Estoile as the great storehouse whence Dumas dug the materials of his historic novels, it is natural to ask him whether a story once current as to the rapid writing of the fourth book of *Rookwood* is true. 'True so far,' he rejoins, 'that I wrote it in twenty-four hours of continuous work. I had previously arranged the meeting at Kilburn Wells and the death of Tom

King—a work of some little time—but from the moment I got Turpin on the high-road, I wrote on and on till I landed him at York. I performed this literary feat, as you are pleased to call it, without the slightest sense of effort. I began in the morning, wrote all day, and as the night wore on my subject had completely mastered me, and I had no power to leave Turpin on the high-road. I was swept away by the curious excitement and novelty of the situation; and being personally a good horseman, passionately fond of horses, and possessed moreover of accurate knowledge of a great part of the country, I was thoroughly at home with my work, and galloped on with my pet highwayman merrily enough. I must, however, confess that when the work was in proof I went over the ground between London and York to verify the distances and localities, and was not a little surprised at my accuracy.' Possibly Mr. Ainsworth carried this care and thoroughness into all his works; probably, like Bulwer and Dickens, he interviewed numerous thieves and gipsies before he acquired his power to 'patter flash.' 'Not at all,' he candidly replies. 'Never had anything to do with the scoundrels in my life. I got my slang in a much easier way. I picked up the Memoirs of one Vaux—James Hardy Vaux—a returned transport. The book was full of adventures, and had at the end a kind of slang dictionary. Out of this I got all my "patter." Having read it thoroughly and mastered it, I could use it with perfect facility.'

The effect of *Paul Clifford* and *Oliver Twist* upon the author of *Rookwood* was the production of *Jack Sheppard*, which appeared in 1839, and in sale exceeded *Oliver Twist*, a circumstance to which he attributes a slight relaxation of the bonds of affection between himself and the late Mr. John Forster. 'It was difficult,' he explains, 'at all times to put up with the bluster of the "arbitrary" one. He had a knack of making people do as he liked, whether they liked it or not. You noticed Hogarth's Rake's Progress in the hall as you came in. Well, I missed a much finer set, almost complete, of all Hogarth's works through consulting John Forster. I discovered them, and found they were to be sold for five pounds, which I could not just then spare, or at least did not think I ought to spare. I took John Forster down to see the Hogarths; whereupon he actually said that he would and must have them himself, and as he had not five pounds of loose money at that moment, I should lend that sum to him. I pointed out the absurdity of the position—that I wanted the engravings for myself, and could not afford to lay out the money; how, then, could I lend it to him? It was of no use. He overruled me, had the five pounds of me, and bought the Hogarths I was longing for. I cannot explain to you the secret of his influence over people. With Dickens he deserved to have some weight, for his devotion to him was complete, and he was a helpful as well as an enthusiastic friend. I am sorry to think that the success of *Jack Sheppard* should

have led him to regard me as a momentary rival to his idol, but he assuredly treated me as one. My little burglar was certainly the lion of the day. The story was dramatised and played simultaneously at half a dozen theatres. Every street-boy yelled "Nix my dolly" and "Jolly nose," and large profits were made by managers. My own share of theatrical plunder was only twenty pounds, sent me by Davidge of the Coburg Theatre. For the Adelphi version, made by Buckstone, I never received a single sixpence, although it filled the house to overflowing, and people said that every errand-boy looked forward to the day when he should develop into a full-blown burglar.'

Indirectly, however, the triumph of *Jack Sheppard* rewarded Mr. Ainsworth after a moderate fashion. He was invited by the manager of the *Sunday Times* to write two stories—*Old St. Paul's* and *Lancashire Witches*—for that newspaper, at a thousand pounds each. Always a rapid writer, he made it a practice to think over his subject well and leave the execution of it till the last moment, when he came up to town to the Sussex Hotel, in Bouverie-street, and struck off the quantity required by the printer at a heat. At this period of his life he had removed from the Elms at Kilburn, where he wrote the ride to York, to Kensal Manor House, and enjoyed the friendship of a large circle of artists and men of letters. While engaged with the stories just mentioned he thought out the plan of the *Tower of London*. Illustrated by

George Cruikshank, this work had a great sale in monthly parts, and sells in various forms to the present day, like *Jack Sheppard*, the *Spendthrift*, and *Ovingdean Grange*. So long after its publication as the second half of the last decade, *Jack* found twelve thousand purchasers in five years. There is in Mr. Ainsworth's method of telling a story a dash which carries the imagination along with it. He is the *beau sabreur* of Cavalier novelists. 'I plead guilty to the charge of Jacobitism,' he says gaily, as, hunting for the *History of Monsieur Oufle*, he calls attention to a first edition of *Tom Jones;* 'I am a Jacobite, and am proud of it. I have read and written so much about that unfortunate party that I have become one of them in spirit. I am not in bad company. Dr. Johnson was a Jacobite at heart, and so was Scott. I think one of the best songs ever written is "Bonnie Dundee;" it has the true anapæstic canter in it, with the rattle of scabbards and the jingling of spurs. That glorious ballad was once in my possession. When I was editing the *Christmas Box* I gave Lockhart twenty guineas for it. It was almost the last thing Scott wrote, and I was delighted to produce some of his work. I gave the manuscript to Lord Francis Leveson-Gower, and the oddest part of the whole business is that in the *Christmas Box* the song appeared short of one verse.'

This incident is characteristic of Mr. Ainsworth, who, although in his seventy-fourth year, still preserves the off-hand generous manner of his youth. In his

pretty house near Hurstpierpoint, in the midst of the rolling South Downs, he loves to welcome his friends to a literary chat, and a more substantial refection of capons with egg-sauce—a dish that may be much commended—washed down with sound claret. He is full of life and spirit, and full of work; and if there be any truth in the well-worn saying, that a man is as old as he feels, there are few younger men of mark than William Harrison Ainsworth.

XXV.

LORD DERBY AT KNOWSLEY.

LORD DERBY AT KNOWSLEY.

A YOUTH of Blue-books, an old age of care, appears to be the scheme of existence laid down for himself by the burly thick-set man who sits writing at the window overlooking one of the lesser lakes at Knowsley. To this bright spot, devoid of family pictures or other memorials of the House of Stanley, but enlivened by a few choice water-colour drawings, Lord Derby retreats on all possible occasions. He is always busy. In the intervals of parliamentary duties he plunges into local business with the eagerness of a man whose capacity for getting through work is, earnestness excepted, his most remarkable characteristic. As he rises from his writing-table and stands between the visitor and the light, the traits of the Stanley race are thrown into strong relief—the intellectual forehead, the apparently sunken eye, the firm heavy jaw, and the large flexible mouth. His greeting is brief but courteous, and rather in the ceremonious tone of the last generation than the offhand style of the present. It is impossible not to mark the contrast between him and his father. The 'Rupert of debate,' brilliant and versatile, gifted with ready eloquence and scathing satire, the only man who

could stand up to Daniel O'Connell in his best day, and who rejoiced that he was born 'in the pre-scientific period,' despite his imperious manner, his impatience of restraint and political impracticability, was among the most typical of English nobles. Those who deprecated the almost savage strictness with which he preserved the beasts and birds of chase could not withhold their sympathy for the master of the black jacket and white cap, who, by some strange fatality, could never win the great race which bears his name. It is hardly too much to say that when Toxophilite ran second to Beadsman everybody in England, save those interested in the success of Sir Joseph Hawley's colt, was sorry that the finest orator in the House of Lords should once more have been defeated in the struggle for that other blue ribbon—he had that of the Garter—upon which he had set his heart. Commencing life as a Whig, according to the traditions of his family, he shocked nobody when, times and parties having changed, he became leader of the Conservatives. Nobody ever did more as he liked, and exercised his sovereign will and pleasure with more magnificent disdain for the opinions of others. Yet all sympathised with him as an ill-used father when, on being asked whether the present Earl had read his translation of *Homer*, he replied, he 'was sure Stanley had not, and as it was not a Blue-book probably would not read it.' The popular voice is ever for the swift mind.

It is not, however, entirely to the possession of a

mind of singular soundness and strength, unadorned by those lighter graces which enable their possessor to gild the pill of unpleasant truth, that the want of public support and sympathy so conspicuous in the case of the present Lord Derby must be ascribed. Men of books, even of Blue-books, are hardly popular with Englishmen of any rank. No more honest, thorough, diligent, and accurate worker than Lord Derby exists, and few possess anything approaching his capacity for dealing with subjects of exceptional difficulty. No local matter is overlooked by him, and least of all the mass of business which devolves upon a great nobleman who takes an active part in managing his estate. His great faculty for business has brought him some compensation for the lack of national enthusiasm. His invariable patience and devotion to local affairs have secured him even greater personal weight in Lancashire than was enjoyed by the two last Earls. Sensible Liverpool is inclined to disregard his indifference to the sports of cockfighting and horseracing in consideration of his sedulous attention to its interests, and dwellers around Knowsley are grateful for his relaxation of the rigid rules, once in force, for the preservation of game. Interest in Quarter Sessions is held as no mean set-off to neglect of the hunting-field; and if the splendid traditions of Knowsley hospitality are barely maintained, there is the consolation that its owner is ever ready when anything useful is to be done.

When at Knowsley his life is scarcely less laborious than in London. Except when walking in the park—more for exercise than pleasure—or when indulging in the rare relaxation of a day's shooting, he is perpetually at work. Buried in books and papers, he but rarely lifts his eyes to the beautiful prospect of wood and water, flower-beds and shrubberies, spread before the window of his snug retreat. He is intent on studying a State paper, or arranging his ideas for a speech. Conscious that he cannot rely on sudden inspiration, he prepares his more important utterances with the greatest care, and, unless when compelled by the sudden exigencies of that official position from which he lately retired, has rarely spoken offhand. The subject is thought out, the references to hard unyielding facts patiently made, and the argument carefully arranged. Hence that weightiness of utterance which—sometimes in praise, not unfrequently in disparagement—has been generally attributed to him. It is in some measure the result of a physical peculiarity. Endowed with mental faculties of a high order and with an excellent speaking voice, Lord Derby has, throughout his career, never quite succeeded in shaking off a nervous diffidence which at times approaches the gravity of a disease. When suffering from a severe attack of this constitutional malady, he finds enunciation difficult, and pronounces his words with obvious effort, the effect being that—to use a homely expression—of 'a tongue too large for his mouth.' The cruel conclusions which have, to the

shame of those who arrived at them, been drawn from this physical peculiarity, are beneath the dignity of refutation; and Lord Derby's friends hardly know whether to be irritated or amused by innuendoes born partly of ignorance, partly of intentional calumny. That a man who gets through a hard day's work on a biscuit and disposes of his well-earned dinner by the aid of a few glasses of hock or Sauterne should be compared with the three-bottle men of the Regency would be absurd were it not infamous.

At his splendid home at Knowsley, Lord Derby, saving the interviews incidental to the transaction of business, leads the retired life suited to his studious tastes. As might be expected from his type of intellect, his favourite reading is rather of a scientific than of a poetical, historical, or legendary cast. Yet his domain is rich in historic associations, and abounds with relics dear to the antiquary. The hall is an interesting specimen of what may be called the agglutinate order of architecture. It will be recollected that the home of the earlier Stanleys, kings and lords of Man, was Lathom House, memorable for the siege in which Charlotte de la Tremouille played an heroic part. It was only after the destruction of Lathom that the Stanleys made what had previously been a species of hunting-lodge their principal residence. The original dwelling has almost entirely disappeared. The first Earl enlarged the building to accommodate King Henry VII. on the occasion of the memorable visit during which Lord Derby's fool called to his master,

as the King was standing on the edge of the roof, 'Tom, remember Will,' in allusion to the execution of his brother, Sir William Stanley; and the third Earl made further additions. Such as it was, the old Hall was suffered to fall into decay during the Civil Wars, and was almost rebuilt by the tenth Earl, to whom the portion built of red brick, with white stone-dressing, may be safely assigned. This nobleman was a Whig, and a wit of the court of Queen Anne. When the repairs of Knowsley were finished he marked his appreciation of the ingratitude of the Stuarts by causing to be carved on a stone in front of it the celebrated inscription: 'James Earl of Derby, Lord of Man and the Isles, grandson of James Earl of Derby (by Charlotte, daughter of Claude Duke of Tremouille), who was beheaded at Bolton, 15th of October 1651, for strenuously adhering to King Charles the Second, who refused a Bill unanimously passed by both Houses of Parliament for restoring to the family the estate he had lost by his loyalty to him.' The author of this pithy inscription was the last peer of the direct line, after whose death the glories of the house devolved upon the Stanleys of Bickerstaffe, who had already inherited the Patten property, including Patten House, in Church-street, Preston.

There is very little architectural splendour in this part of Knowsley Hall, nor is the red sandstone façade, built to adorn the more ancient portion of the edifice, much more remarkable for beauty. Yet Knowsley

is full of interest from its very incongruity. Doric and Ionic columns, round and square towers, castellated and Queen Anne façades, hideous to the architect, yet make up a picture dear to the archæologist. Within, the house is not less interesting. In the most ancient part of the building, that known as 'the King's Chambers,' in memory of King Henry VII., is preserved the portrait of Charlotte de la Tremouille. The portrait of the undaunted Countess is, like that of her husband, by Vandyke, and represents a woman with a determined cast of countenance, but by no means so masculine in appearance as the portrait by L. de Heere at Hampton Court. She is richly dressed, and looks every inch the Queen she believed herself to be. Her husband, whose picture hangs in the Great Banqueting Hall built to receive King George IV., appears in complete armour, holding his morion in his hand. Unlike other members of his family the unfortunate seventh Earl is remarkable for the extreme lowness of his forehead, rendered more conspicuous by the combing of his hair straight down over it. Long lovelocks stream over his steel-clad shoulders, and the face, cleanly shaven except a slight moustache, is curiously mild and gentle in expression. Equally striking, if not equally authentic, are the portraits of Thomas, the first Earl, and his Countess, mother to Henry VII. The Countess, who was married under peculiar conditions, and is not an ancestress of the Stanleys, is represented with uplifted hands in the attitude of prayer, and arrayed

in the habit of a religionist. In the library of Knowsley, not only rich in books and a collection of family portraits in cases, is the carved low-backed chair in which James, the ill-used seventh Earl, sat when he was beheaded at Bolton. Black as ebony, this curious relic is really of oak. On a brass-plate affixed to to it is the following inscription: 'This chair of the great Earl of Derby, at his martyrdom, was presented by James Hardcastle, of Bolton-le-Moors, to the Right Hon. Edward Geoffrey, Earl of Derby.'

Less mournful associations are aroused by the portrait of the celebrated Miss Farren, who married the twelfth Earl, and whose daughter was the late Lady Wilton. Her husband, in honour of whom the famous race at Epsom was named, was remarkable as a Stanley who combined indifference for public affairs with a keen love for horseracing and cock-fighting. He was noted as the possessor of the best stud and the best breed of cocks in the country. At Preston he kept high state at Patten House during race-meetings, and fought many a main with General Yates, a rival breeder of gamecocks. His successor loved animals, but in a different way. The tradition of his aviary and menagerie yet clings to Knowsley as persistently as the fumes of St. Helen's, which exercise a baleful influence on the growth of the trees in the park. A hundred acres of land and seventy of water were once devoted to a magnificent zoological collection, which was sold off after his death, and attracted purchasers from every part of Europe.

His son was the brilliant orator who, endowed with all the honours that rank and genius could confer, sighed after 'the Derby' almost to his dying day.

Perhaps no nobleman's house in England can boast of more royal visits within the last few centuries than Knowsley. Noblemen who rebuild their mansions to receive their king certainly merit honours of this kind, and the Stanleys have entertained many royal guests. On the occasion of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in 1865, not only Knowsley but Liverpool itself put on a festive air. The late Queen of the Netherlands, the Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of Connaught also visited Knowsley on various occasions; entering that princely domain by the great archway, at the side of which is the following inscription, 'Bring good news, and knock boldly.'

XXVI.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL AT KENSINGTON.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL AT KENSINGTON.*

The white house standing in Wright's-lane, almost shoulder to shoulder with the hideous red-brick Hospital for Boys, has undergone a change of late years both as to its title and its tenant. It was called 'The Cedars,' what time those trees were represented in the plural number; but now that only one magnificent tree remains, the accurate ecclesiastic who dwells there prefers to call his home 'Cedar Villa.' The previous tenant was not troubled by scruples of this, or indeed of any other, kind, when fun and frolic were to be promoted. Before his guests arrived he would take a piece of soap and mark his largest mirror with a compound fracture, and on entering his dining-room would profess unbounded indignation at the carelessness of servants. It was at the Cedars that was arranged the elaborate series of anti-Davenport Brothers' experiments, which enabled the creator of Lord Dundreary to utterly demolish those dreariest of dull deceivers. But Mr. Sothern and his practical jokes have long since vanished from Wright's-lane; his billiard-room has been converted into a richly-decorated chapel; the place where his

* This was written in April 1878.

cues stood is ingeniously packed with gorgeous vestments; the odour of his huge cigars has been exchanged for that of benzoin, frankincense, and myrrh; and that most popular of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, the Right Reverend Monsignor Capel, D.D., reigns in his stead.

In the cosy room with the bay-window looking, not towards Wright's-lane, but on the solitary cedar standing in a rolling sea of verdant lawn, sits a cleanly-shaven gentleman, endowed with good looks and an unmistakable air of distinction. The thick gray hair—very gray for a man of forty-three—is thrown well back from a well-shaped forehead. Beneath a bushy or rather bristly pair of eyebrows gleam a pair of noticeable gray eyes; from a well-cut mouth proceeds a voice naturally rich and powerful, and trained to express the most delicate shades of thought or emotion. A priest's cassock, relieved by purple edging and buttons and a broad purple sash, —the insignia of the Prelature,—covers a strongly knit frame, slightly given to burliness. On the table lie books of a purely secular sort—the last new novel, the last book of travel, illustrated story-books, and the *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*. On the walls are a few pictures of a devotional character, and an admirable portrait of the late Pope, in whose favour the master of Cedar Villa stood high, both as preacher and theologian.

Monsignor Capel is very much in earnest at this moment, for he is explaining to a little knot of

friends, of whom nearly half, by the way, are Protestants, his hopes and plans for the Ladies' Home in Kensington-square. As one listens to him, the conviction grows that he is a man who chooses to express himself rather accurately than showily, although the flash of the gray eye reveals the fire of eloquence that lurks behind it. In admirably modulated tones he explains his views concerning that which he designates 'intelligent charity.' By no means disposed to check the open hand which showers a promiscuous dole to the poor and wretched, he holds that his work is essentially different from this—that his task is to see that those needing help really receive it in such form as to be of permanent benefit to them; that it is of no use for him to help them on to the first step of the ladder without taking some care that they do not slip off again into the Slough of Despond. More than this: his comprehensive scheme of charity embraces more than the absolutely wretched—the poor who have sunk so low that it is ungrateful work to try to fish them out of the depths and bring them to the surface. He expresses a strong opinion that all gifts should not be flung to the lowest, but that 'intelligent charity' should look sometimes on those who, without being filthy and starving, yet lead hard lives in the endeavour to do their duty and live cleanly. He has faith in the doctrine of helping those who attempt at least to help themselves. Pity, according to his creed, should not be reserved entirely for the hapless and vicious waif, its drunken father and drunken

mother. Something should be done for poor but decent people, who send their children to the Board Schools, but yet have a hard and bitter time to make both ends meet. Hence the establishment in Kensington-square, at once a temporary home for indigent ladies, a school of dressmaking, and a training-kitchen for servants. The indigent lady is most difficult to help. She is often not sufficiently well educated to be, in these days of high pressure, worth her board, lodging, and clothing in any scholastic employment. She is hardly fit for a housekeeper, and exercises all the ingenuity of the committee to place her in permanent shelter. Poor girls of less ambitious pretensions are taught to make dresses, but some qualifications are demanded from them. Before admission they must fulfil the requirements of the School Board, and must also be proficient in plain sewing. Then they are handed over to the care of two dressmakers imported from Paris—Monsignor Capel holding that, whether the matter in hand be dogma or dressmaking, the best staff procurable is a *sine quâ non* of success.

Yet charity is not the special mission of the eloquent preacher who attracts Protestant listeners to the pro-cathedral. 'Teaching is my particular pleasure. I have long been engaged in the work of education, and have a passion for it,' he says. He holds that charitable work is good as a relaxation, that it is good also as a preventive against intellectual pride and hardness of heart. He thinks it well to spend

two or three hours every Friday, and seven or eight on Saturday, in the confessional, and to listen every day to applicants for help, on the ground that 'it is well that our hearts and minds should be brought into contact with misery and poverty.' Nothing brings a brighter light into his eyes than a hint that, after all, his reputation with the outer world is that of a fashionable priest who has made some celebrated conversions. 'I hate a priest,' he rejoins, 'who is only a fashionable man. My life is spent in hard work. For a year and four months I have only dined out, except at public demonstrations, nine times. I cannot afford the time or the wear and tear of sitting up late; but I know that I have the reputation of doing so.' In general society Monsignor Capel, with equal tact and taste, while always recollecting that he is a minister of religion, never obtrudes his priestly functions. Such conversions as that of the Marquis of Bute and the Duchess of Norfolk naturally made a great noise in the world, and induced many Protestants to think that Monsignor Capel received a species of capitation tax from the Pope, as one of his friends puts it, 'as Caspar does from Zamiel.' Nothing can be more erroneous. The adhesion of wealthy nobles is of course prized by the Roman Church; the priest who converts them is valued as a successful soldier of St. Peter; he does his duty, and that is all.

With appetite whetted for teaching by his early experience at St. Mary's College, Hammersmith,

Monsignor Capel has thrown himself zealously into the work of founding the Catholic Public School for boys and for girls at Kensington, and the Catholic College. In this, as in other departments of his work, he has spared no pains to secure a strong working staff. Having been born in the Roman Church he is less fettered in the choice of professors than a convert from the English Church would necessarily be. A born Catholic is not called upon to make that profession of uncompromising zeal which is, or is thought by himself to be, incumbent upon the new brother. The man who has been successively private chamberlain and domestic prelate to Pio Nono is above suspicion, and uses the confidence reposed in him largely and liberally. The teachers in the boys' school are drawn with sole reference to efficiency from Oxford and Cambridge, from Roman Catholic colleges, from German universities, and the University of Paris. At the Catholic University College are found, side by side with such names as Mivart and Barff and F. A. Paley, those of Magnus, who is a Jew, and Oldfield, who is a Protestant. In the club or recreation rooms at the University the same liberal spirit prevails. All the chief daily, and most of the weekly, newspapers lie on the table in the reading-room, as well as those magazines which represent the most advanced stages of inquiry. The library of the college is very large and admirably selected, and the scientific schools are as well appointed as the library; even a botanic garden has

not been forgotten. The physiological department is, as might be expected, beautifully arranged, and for all purposes of teaching is complete, including even the strange leaf-insects which lend so much strength to the hypotheses of Darwin and Wallace. It is almost needless to say that both college and school have been arranged with the idea of making Kensington a spot towards which Roman Catholic families of narrow means should gravitate for the education of their children.

Much of the hard work thrown upon Monsignor Capel's shoulders by these institutions is got through in his working library, arranged, like every room at Cedar Villa, to let in abundance of light and air, two absolute requirements of its master. His writing-desk is thoroughly characteristic of the man, the keynote of whose mind is organisation. The doors of the desk flung back are pigeon-holed, ticketed with exact nicety, and stuffed with innumerable papers. Not, however, for the sifting of these has been accumulated the valuable theological library which loads the shelves occupying three sides of the room. A glance at these precious volumes explains why secular works fill the drawing-room. The working library might aptly be called a theological armoury, where arms for attack or defence may be sought and found at the shortest notice. Side by side repose the weapons shaped and fashioned by the great masters of dogma, St. Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, and Lugo, from whose vast store the modern polemic selects

the lance or shield best suited to his strength. On the farther side are the useful *Questions Historiques* and the complete literature of English Ritualism, from the first *Tract for the Times* to the present day. 'The wily ecclesiastic, who looks over into the Ritualistic orchard, and when he sees the fruit nearly ripe shakes the tree,' is especially proud of his profound knowledge of every shade of Puseyism, makes it his business and delight to watch every new development of Ritualism, and enjoys his reputation of wiliness very heartily. In his bedroom he has another library devoted entirely to the English classics handsomely bound. Opposite his bed are two rude pictures painted at Bethlehem, one of the Virgin and Child, and the other of the Saviour at the first consecration.

It may easily be imagined that a preacher and lecturer with an arsenal of theology at his back leaves little or nothing to memory or to chance. Yet in his sermons he prefers to trust for the clothing, the mere words and illustrations, to the inspiration of the moment. The skeleton of thought is prepared and fitted together with wondrous precision, and then the argument is carefully written out. To the remark that it would be as well to write the sermon completely out at once, the eloquent preacher and precise teacher, who never passes a day without devoting at least one hour to the study of dogmatic theology, will reply that a written sermon becomes a species of essay, and that a good essay may be a very poor sermon. Besides, the essay is all before the reader,

while the sermon must be recollected and the argument grasped as it is developed. This operation is not very simple to persons with minds too sluggish to trip lightly from syllogism to illustration and back again. Hence it is sometimes necessary in a sermon, if not to repeat, yet to restate, to resume, the argument, to drive it home and clinch it with a fresh illustration if the first have missed fire. It is an important part of the preacher's duty to look sharply to this, to watch the faces of his congregation to see whether they are dazed or convinced, on a level with the argument or hopelessly floundering in the rear. Should the latter be the case, it is his duty to enliven with illustration, to enforce with monition; in short, to employ that ornamental rhetoric which, so long as he can do without it, his good taste leads him to avoid. Precision is of the essence of preaching as of all other teaching, and the lucid arrangement of argument without rhetorical padding is the object to be aimed at.

Monsignor Capel is proud of the skill by which Mr. Sothern's sometime billiard-room has been metamorphosed into a chapel. His own taste inclines to the Gothic; but as the shape of the apartment would nowise accommodate itself to the exigencies of that style, he was fain to put up with the Italian. With a keen love of art, he has decorated the chapel with many choice works: the crucifix is a masterpiece; the figures on the altar are by Rossi; the dark face looking down upon it is a portrait of St. Francis of

Assisi by Francia, next to which hangs a lovely 'Assumption of the Virgin' by Domenichino. After early mass the celebrant betakes himself to the lecture-room, and then becomes the victim of public cares until the hour of luncheon. From this, the important meal of the day, two household pets are never absent—a beautiful mocking-bird and a great collie dog, grown somewhat obese by over-petting, and wearing a collar marked with his name, 'Beppo, Friend and Protector,' and the address of his master. Beppo is a learned as well as an amiable animal. He will turn his nose up at the most tempting of biscuits if he is told that it comes from Prince Bismarck; he will swallow a crust if told that it comes from the Pope. He is the delight of the pleasant Sunday afternoon gatherings at Cedar Villa, and moves among the assembled celebrities with wondrous majesty, especially after his master has retired for an hour's rest and silence before again appearing in the pulpit.

XXVII.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN AT RIDEAU HALL.

THE EARL OF DUFFERIN AT RIDEAU HALL.*

It is four o'clock on a bright January afternoon, and the reader will be good enough to suppose that he or she is one of a tolerably numerous company which has just arrived after a short drive from the capital of the Dominion of Canada on a visit—unhappily it is a farewell one!—to the favourite residence of that Governor-General whose term of office will so speedily have expired. The air is not only clear with a clearness such as is seldom known in British winters, but murmurous with a music that is strange to British ears. How sings Edgar Allan Poe?

'Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!'

And the sounds that now fill the air are produced by the 'jingling and the tinkling' of those bells, which our hosts of this afternoon will soon have heard for the last time. Well, it is better to say adieu, to the sounds of such an accompaniment and amid such a world of social gaiety as we have here, than environed by the gloomy accessories of conventional farewells.

* This was written in April 1878.

Better suited, too, is the bright scene to the elastic nature of the illustrious Briton—or should it be Celt?—who will place between himself and Rideau Hall the long leagues of the Atlantic ere many weeks are over, than any solemn, semi-funereal, parting ceremony; more appropriate to the brilliant future which surely waits him elsewhere, and to the visions of that future which all those who have known him in Canada instinctively form. The snow is thick and polished on the ground, almost as white as when it first fell, notwithstanding that many sleighs have already passed over its surface, and that, as we stand looking on at the animated and picturesque spectacle, fresh relays of these tintinnabulating conveyances arrive every moment.

Independently of the human figures in the landscape, independently of the wonderful grace of the sleighs themselves, of the glossy skin and faultless limbs of the steeds which draw them, and which, though they have had a smart run and no light load, stand tossing their heads and, in consequence, ringing their bells, as if proud alike of themselves, their equipage, and freight—as proud they well may be—the prospect is singularly attractive. It is, in truth, a thoroughly English home, this Rideau Hall, in a new world; embellished as to its surroundings with beauties partly English and partly American. The arrangement of gardens and park, flower-bed and grass-plot, is what might be seen in any neighbourhood of any English shire. The Hall itself, an irre-

gular structure of gray stone, is thoroughly English also. There is nothing that might not be English in the lake, unless, indeed, it be the thickness of the ice which coats it. But the forest of firs, with the frozen snow sparkling with all the hues of the kaleidoscope, is Canadian all over; Canadian, and not English, are the snow-clad summits of that miniature mountain-range in the background; Canadian too—of pure Canadian growth—are most of the trees that form the noble avenue, at one end of which is visible a line of sleighs in long perspective, while at the other stand the granite portals of Rideau Hall itself.

Lord and Lady Dufferin are both of them *par excellence* 'at home' to-day; and the visitors—after emerging from the masses of skin of seal, bear, wolf, opossum—enter the hall-door, are announced, and are welcomed. But it is not the custom at the Rideau Hall entertainments to rely on what the inside of the house can afford for the amusements of the afternoon. Indoor recreation will come a little later, and meanwhile we will mix in the multitude of *al fresco* revellers on the lake. The practice of figure-skating is being illustrated with the exactness and elegance of an art. It is the very poetry of motion, to which gentlemen and ladies alike contribute, exemplified on congealed water, as an hour or two later it will be on the floor of the Rideau ballroom. Would you have a somewhat ruder pastime? There are the curling rinks hard by. Would you take part in a sport which is exclusively native of the soil—of the soil as covered

with ice and snow? In that case, if you are young and fair and daring, you may essay the perilous ordeal of the taboggin, and will be at no loss for zealous and efficient pilots.

You are probably ignorant of what the taboggin is. It shall be explained. Taboggining, then, is wholly Canadian in its origin, and is most enjoyable when you have once got into the way of it. To begin with, imagine a steep incline—that at Rideau is partly natural, partly artificial—covered with snow, and traversed by a kind of groove or channel from top to bottom. This groove is sheeted with ice, and down it the taboggin slides—the taboggin being a sled made from a strip of bark about half a yard wide curled over in front, and containing a cushion on which the passengers sit or, to use the inelegant but more strictly accurate term, squat. The passengers are two in number—a lady behind, protected against summary precipitation by a gentleman in front. While they are seating themselves the taboggin is held in position on the top of the declivity. At the word 'Go!' the check is removed, and away it flies, sliding, rushing, jumping down the hill until the bottom is reached. It does not, however, invariably arrive at the goal without some mishap. When half of the lightning-speed journey has been accomplished the taboggin frequently goes off the track, and the passengers are at once thrown out into the loose snow on either side, amidst the laughter of the spectators. The taboggining arrangements are generally superin-

tended by Captain Hamilton, Lord Dufferin's A.D.C. and brother-in-law, who has by this time acquired a considerable experience of the sport itself, and of the demand it makes upon the nerves of the fair Canadians who take part in it. Apparently the first impression which the headlong motion of the tabogginn produces upon the feminine tabogginist is a conviction that she is launched upon the track of sheer inevitable destruction. This idea results in a movement akin to that which is the last effort of drowning persons—a convulsive clutching at the neck or waist of their rescuer. The movement is one which has generally the same effect on a Canadian snow-hill as it is calculated to have in water, and involves the two in a common ruin. Captain Hamilton could tell many a tale of tabogginns made violently to swerve from their track, and of the prostration of himself and his companion in consequence of the wild gesticulation of arms that have finally fastened in despair on his throat, or have made themselves felt on his waist in such a way that his equilibrium has been upset, and he has been hurled forth from the flying locomotive.

Bidding adieu to the perilous delights of tabogginning, let us spend the few minutes that have yet to pass before tea is announced in sauntering through the rooms of the house, which Lady Dufferin has thrown open to her guests. Never in viceregal or regal dwelling was more of the grace that is the outward visible sign of a mind to which art is a second nature and taste an hereditary instinct, blended with

such a richness of solid comfort and homely luxury. It is a noble chamber, this great drawing-room, admirably proportioned and beautifully furnished. Yet it is on the glories of nature rather than art that the eye first rests. Never, is the visitor's initial impression, was there seen in one room such a profusion of beautiful flowers. Great majolica vases are filled with bigonia in fullest bloom. Geraniums, heliotrope, and countless other varieties, cut or in ornamental pots, are scattered about through the carved amber vases, Sèvres, Bisque, and Dresden ware, on the various cabinets and tables. Many of the articles of *virtù* and pictures have interesting associations grouped round them. Some of this exquisite china once adorned the boudoir of the Empress Eugénie, and was purchased at the sale of the effects of the late Emperor Napoleon. That head of Father Winter is the work of the Princess Louise, and the design for a fan just above it, representing a skating scene, the figures wonderfully animated and life-like, is also the workmanship, as it is the gift, of the same Royal artist.

But we are entering on the second stage of the entertainment at Rideau Hall. It is nearly half-past five, tea has been served, and there is a general movement in the direction of the ballroom, where a cotillon is struck up. Never was a more dazzling variety of colour produced than from the dresses of the dancers whirling round like the satellites of Iris; quilted silk or satin petticoats of every conceivable hue, velvet skirts, and costly furs, are the dresses chiefly worn.

At one end of the room, which is the theatre of these gay and even splendid effects, are two chairs of state surmounted by a canopy. They are the destined thrones of Lord and Lady Dufferin. But their Excellencies prefer walking about, mingling with their guests, now entering into conversation, and now into the dance. The whole thing has about it an air of easy splendour and natural brilliancy which is singularly appropriate to, and suggestive of, the character of the host.

The second, or rather the third, feature in the Rideau Hall programme is a play performed by the children of the household. Since the commencement of Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty, a piece, more or less of the extravaganza order, has been annually 'put on the boards,' and has been the delight of the company. His Excellency's term of office expiring, as has been already intimated, the performance given this afternoon is the last of the pleasant series. The fortunes of *Fifine the Fisher-Maid* are the subject and title of the play, the older characters being taken by Colonel the Hon. E. G. P. Littleton, Captains Hamilton and Ward; all the other parts by the Blackwood and Littleton children. It is a great success. The members of the youthful company are perfect in their parts, and act with a vivacity and finish that astonish every one; and how describe the round of ringing plaudits at the end of the play, when all the performers, including little Lady Victoria Blackwood, the youngest of the family and her Majesty's god-

daughter, form a tableau, in a grotto illuminated with red fire? But something else has yet to come. The Hon. Terence Blackwood delivers the epilogue, which concludes with these lines:

'The years have slipped away so very fast,
This fairy tale is, sad to say, our last.
Before another merry Christmas-day
The "company" will all have gone away;
And ocean will divide our little band
From all but memory of your kindly land;
And when we meet again in after years,
Some may be Generals and some Premiers;
Some Nobodies—for some, you know, *must* be;
There'll be no ogres, though, I clearly see.
One thing is certain: we shall all have grown,
And some perhaps have "fairies" of our own;
But still we'll not forget, though old and tall,
"The Children's Christmas Play" at Rideau Hall.'

It would be strange if the announcement thus conveyed that the gifted and amiable family who during the past five years' residence have done so much to widen the views, refine the manners, and elevate the tone of Canadian society, were about to leave the scene of their generous hospitality and kindly labours, perhaps for ever, did not produce a visible and a touching effect. The plaudits which greet the delivery of the epilogue are succeeded by a momentary silence, more significant, more appreciative than speech.

By the exercise of a refined and genial hospitality, by treating with unvarying kindness and courtesy all who have come within their sphere, Lord and Lady Dufferin have won the hearts of the Canadian nation.

Thus the good work which the Viceroy has done in private will not be forgotten in the enduring memory of his great public services. This is not the place in which to dwell on the splendid results of the statesmanship and ability which Lord Dufferin has displayed, or the accumulated triumphs of his patriotism, his industry, his genius, and his eloquence. Lord Dufferin is one of the few men in whose existence the Solonian maxim may be disregarded, and who may safely be called happy while he lives. His administrative success is probably without a parallel in the history of our Colonies. It has certainly been illustrated by a brightness and a splendour that are without a precedent. But it is also a success which has been won by labours of huge magnitude. We have seen Lord Dufferin at home; to judge of his character and work aright we should be with him also on some of his great Colonial progresses. He has traversed thousands of miles of the Dominion to investigate personally the vast resources of the country, and from experience to form an opinion as to the best mode of their development. These undertakings have been fatiguing and costly. But they have resulted in what cannot fail to prove a permanent strengthening of the sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the English Crown, as well as in placing on a firm and secure basis the friendship happily existing between the great English democracy and English dominion which lie side by side in the New World.

The policy which Lord Dufferin proposed to

himself at the very outset of his Canadian career was to administer his government in strict accordance with constitutional rules. From the moment of his entering upon office up to the present time he has held himself from party politics or political partisanship; whatever Ministers were in power, to them he gave his complete confidence, and whenever they went out of office the same confidence was reposed in their successors. He stated in one of his earliest speeches that a Governor-General, as the head of a constitutional state, as engaged in the administration of parliamentary government, should have no political friends. Still less need he have political enemies; the possession of either—nay even to be suspected of possessing either—destroys his usefulness. As an orator Lord Dufferin is the true descendant and heir of his brilliant ancestor Richard Brinsley Sheridan—equal to any English speaker living for the breadth of view, the finish of style, the delicate touches of humour which he has imported into his speeches. Other statesmen and administrators have illustrated the claims of duty and the virtue of patriotism. To Lord Dufferin has it been reserved, not only to exemplify patriotism, but to identify it with loyal and joyous service; not only to show what duty is, but to gladden the conception of it among, to bequeath a bright image of duty to, the great and growing populations of our Empire in the West.

THE END.

Uniform with this Volume,

CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

First Series.

—o—

CONTENTS:

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at Sandringham.
Mr. Tennyson at Haslemere.
Mr. John Bright at One Ash.
Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden.
Mr. Henry Irving in Bond Street.
The Earl of Beaconsfield at Hughenden.
Mr. Spurgeon in Nightingale Lane.
Mr. Lowe at Sherbrooke.
The Duke of Beaufort at Badminton.
Mr. W. G. Grace at Downend.
Gustave Doré in the Rue St. Dominique St. Germain.
President Grant at the White House.
The Empress Eugénie at Chislehurst.
Thomas Carlyle at Cheyne Row.
The Marquis of Salisbury at Hatfield.
The Duc Decazes at the Quai d'Orsay.
Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B., at Hampstead.
The Earl of Shaftesbury at St. Giles's House.
Ouidà at Villa Farinola.
Marshal de MacMahon at the Élysée.
Captain Shaw in Watling Street.
Dr. John Henry Newman at Birmingham.
Mr. Charles Mathews in Belgravia.
Earl Granville at Walmer Castle.
Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Maxwell) at Richmond.
Earl Russell at Pembroke Lodge.
The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at Brooklyn.

LONDON:
ROBSON AND SONS, PRINTERS, PANCRAS ROAD, N.W

M. J. Goldschmidt.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
0315022935